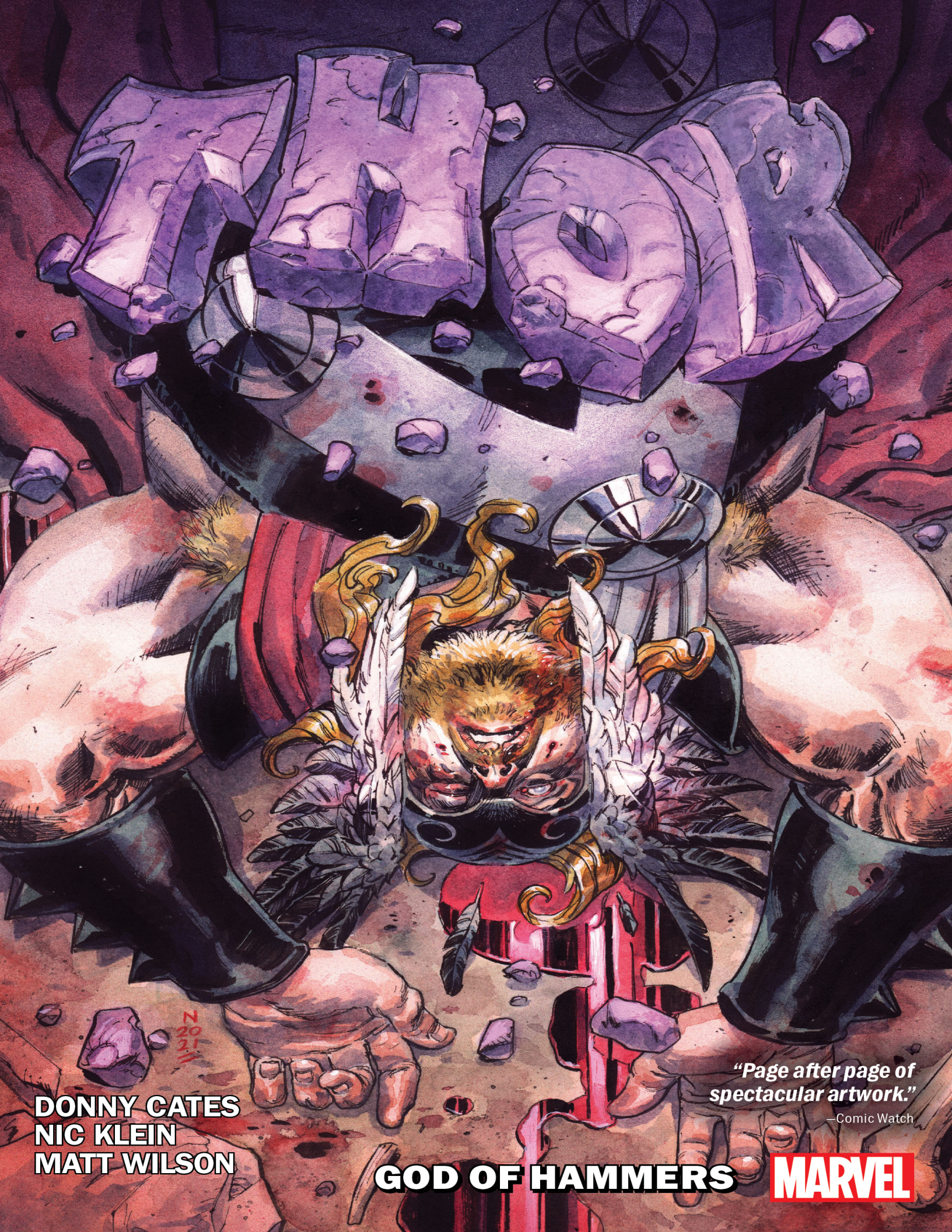




DONNY CATES
NIC KLEIN
MATT WILSON

*"Page after page of
spectacular artwork."*

—Comic Watch

GOD OF HAMMERS

MARVEL



THOR

God of Hammers



THOR IS THE GOD OF THUNDER AND ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD.

OF LATE, HE HAS HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS HAMMER, MJOLNIR — SOMETIMES IT IS TOO HEAVY FOR HIM TO LIFT, AND OTHER TIMES, PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO LIFT IT DESPITE THE FACT THAT NO ONE BUT THOR SHOULD BE ABLE TO. DECIDING MJOLNIR'S "DISOBEDIENCE" MUST BE BECAUSE HE IS NOW ASGARD'S KING AND NO LONGER ITS WARRIOR, THOR LEFT THE UNRULY HAMMER WITHIN AVENGERS MOUNTAIN SO THAT HE COULD FOCUS ON BEING A BETTER KING. BUT NOW THE AVENGERS REPORT THAT MJOLNIR HAS BEEN STOLEN. THOR HAS TASKED HIS MASTER OF SPIES — **THROG**, THE FROG OF THUNDER — WITH TRACKING THE HAMMER DOWN.

THOR CREATED BY **Stan Lee, Larry Lieber & Jack Kirby**

COLLECTION EDITOR **DANIEL KIRCHHOFFER**
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR **MAIA LOY**
ASSOCIATE MANAGER, TALENT RELATIONS **LISA MONTALBANO**
DIRECTOR, PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS **JENNIFER GRÜNWALD**
VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS **JEFF YOUNGQUIST**
BOOK DESIGNER **SARAH SPADACCINI**
SENIOR DESIGNER **JAY BOWEN**
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING **DAVID GABRIEL**
SR. MANAGER, DIGITAL **TIM SMITH 3**
DIGITAL PRODUCTION **MEGHAN O'LEARY & RACHEL YOUNG**
EDITOR IN CHIEF **C.B. CEBULSKI**

THOR

God of Hammers

THOR #19-23

WRITER **Donny Cates**

ARTIST **Nic Klein**

COLOR ARTIST **Matt Wilson**

LETTERER **VC's Joe Sabino**

THOR #24

"THE SECOND SON OF ASGARD"

WRITER **DONNY CATES**

ARTIST **NIC KLEIN**

COLOR ARTISTS **MATT WILSON**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

"PROLOGUE"

WRITER & ARTIST **WALTER SIMONSON**

COLOR ARTISTS **LAURA MARTIN**

WITH **MATT MILLA**

LETTERER **JOHN WORKMAN**

"THE SEDUCTION"

WRITER & PENCILER **DAN JURGENS**

INKER **KLAUS JANSON**

COLOR ARTIST **MATT WILSON**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

"BENEDICTIONS"

WRITER **J. MICHAEL**

STRACZYNSKI

ARTIST **OLIVIER COIPEL**

COLOR ARTIST **ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

"WHAT COMES NEXT"

WRITER **AL EWING**

ARTIST **LEE GARBETT**

COLOR ARTIST **ANTONIO FABELA**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

"WHO WIELDS WHO?"

WRITER

JASON AARON

ARTIST/COLORS **DAS PASTORAS**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

THOR #25

"IF THIS BE MERCY!"

SCRIPT, PLOT & PENCILS **TOM DEFALCO**

& **RON FRENZ**

INKER **BRETT BREEDING**

COLOR ARTIST **MATT WILSON**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

"THOR'S WEDDING"

(ADAPTED FROM THE NORSE MYTH OF THE SAME NAME)

WRITER

NADIA SHAMMAS

ARTIST **SIMONE D'ARMINI**

COLOR ARTIST **PETE PANTAZIS**

LETTERER **VC'S JOE SABINO**

COVER ART **NIC KLEIN**

ASSISTANT EDITORS **KAT GREGOROWICZ,**

KAITLYN LINDTVEDT &

MICHELLE MARCHESE

EDITORS **WIL MOSS**

WITH **ALANNA SMITH**

19



“God of Hammers” PART ONE

First...

...there were
the *titans*.

The elder gods.
The ancient
giants.

The Black Winter.
The God Tempest.
The King in Black.
The Phoenix.

The dark.
The light.

The blood.

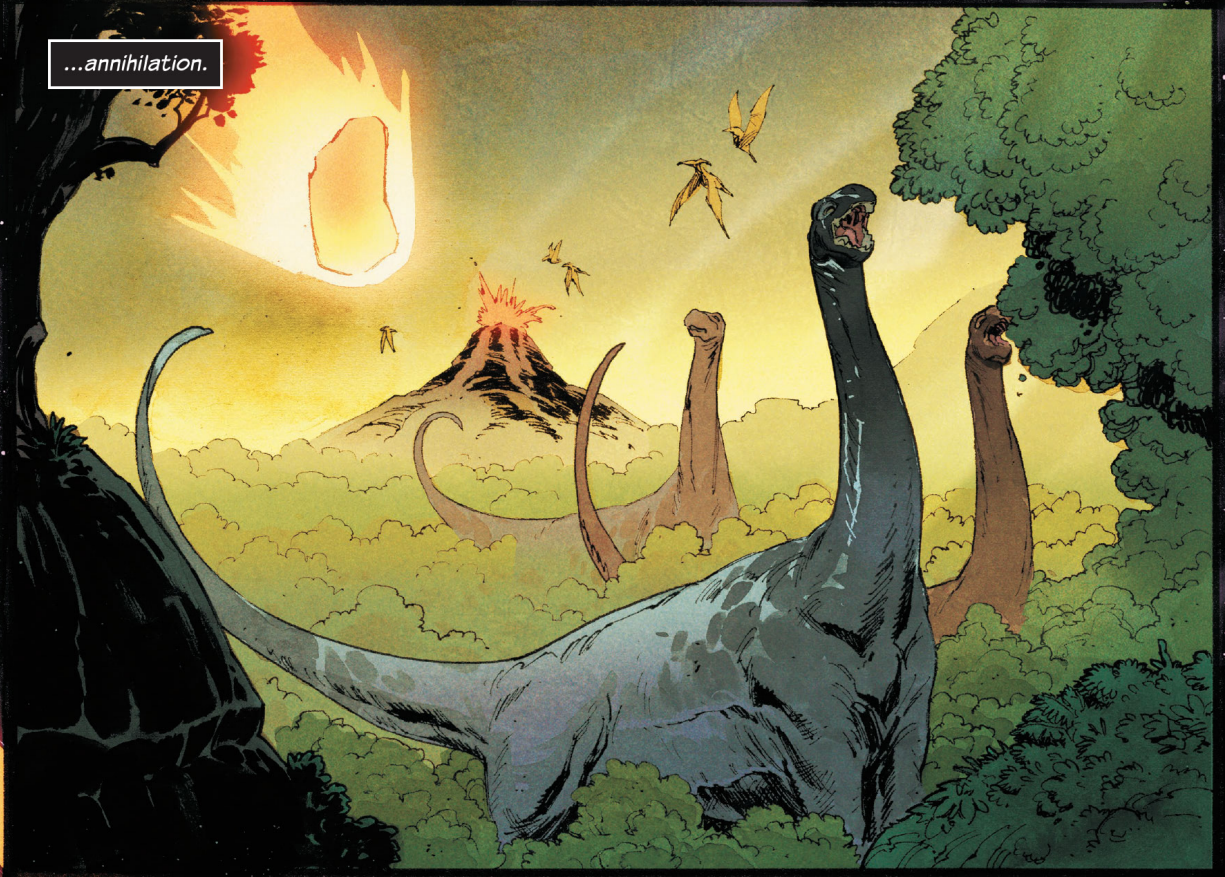
The fire.

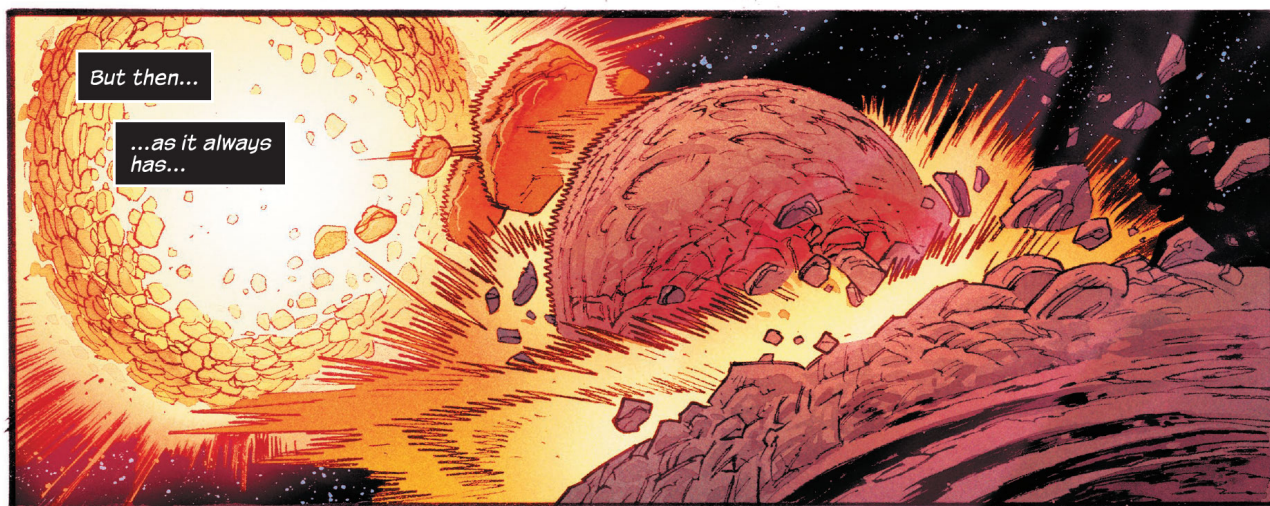
And, oh...

...how they
raged.

And born from
the forge of
that rage...

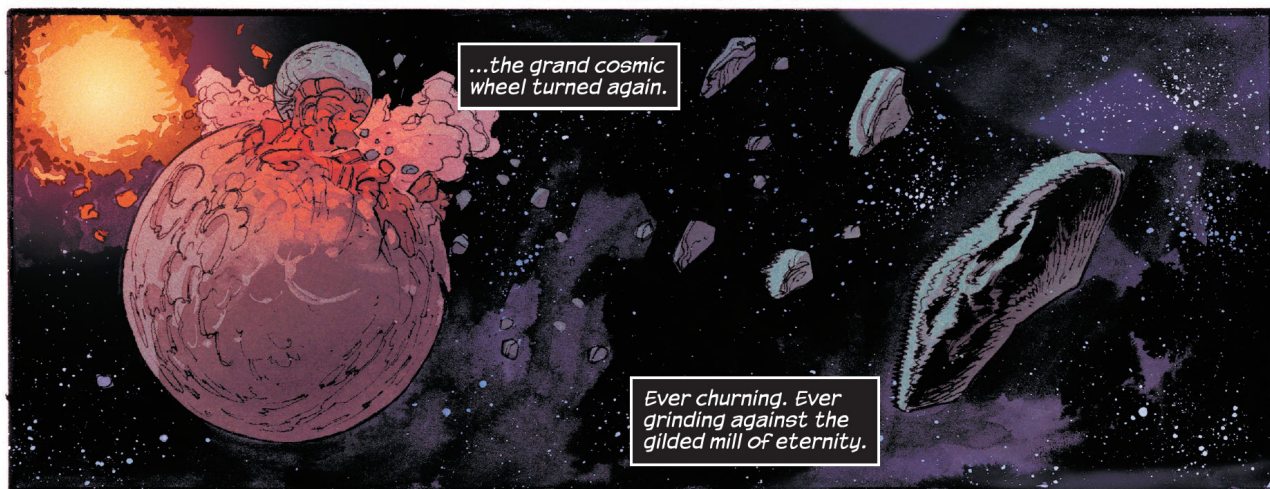
...annihilation.





But then...

...as it always
has...



...the grand cosmic
wheel turned again.

Ever churning. Ever
grinding against the
gilded mill of eternity.



As the seeds of that titanic
rage, a billion years gone...

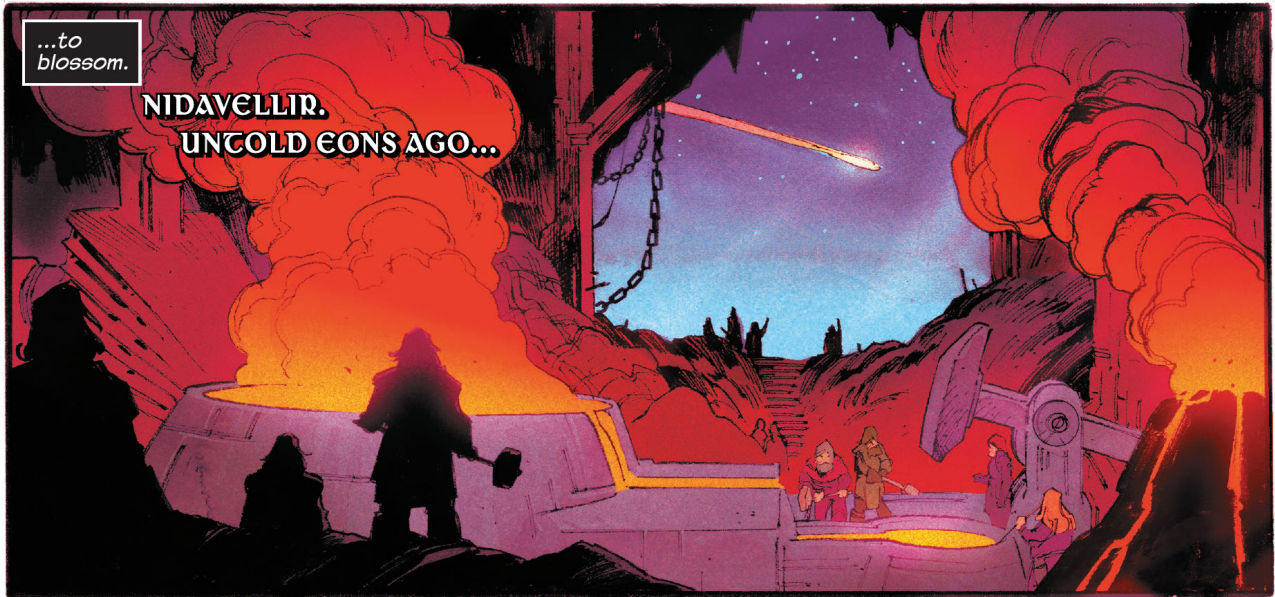


...began...

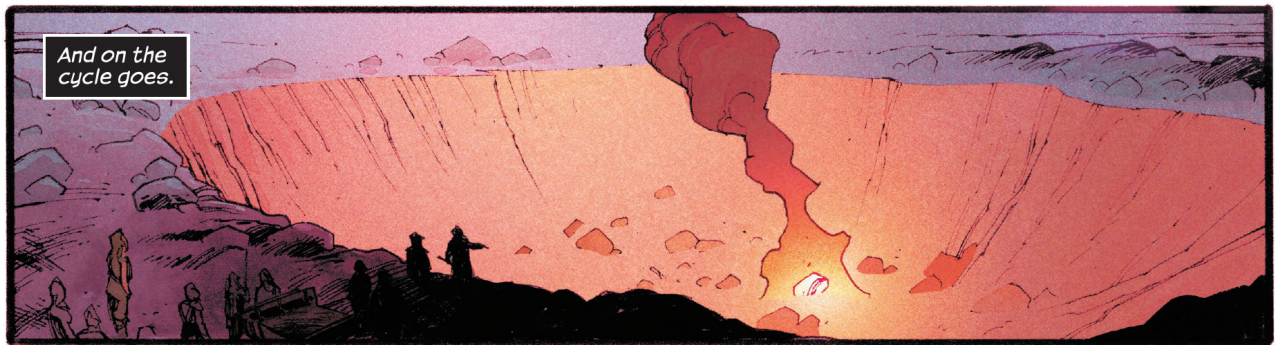
...ever so
slowly...

...to
blossom.

NIDAVELLIR.
UNTOLD EONS AGO...



And on the
cycle goes.



Fire.



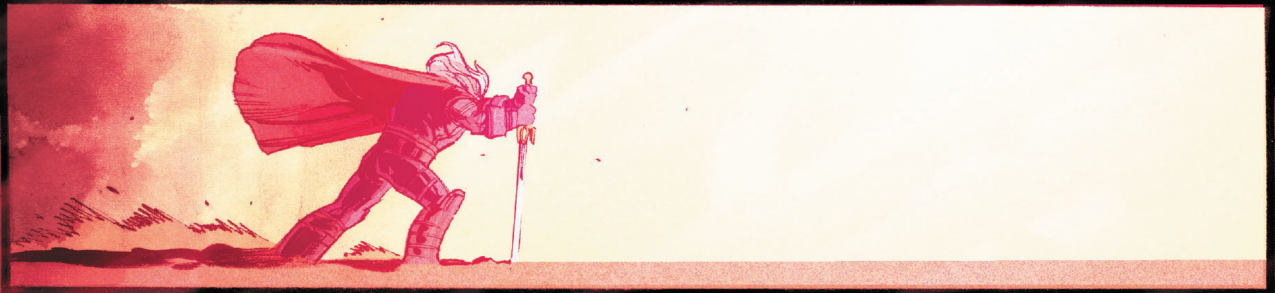
Gods.



Rage.



Annihilation.

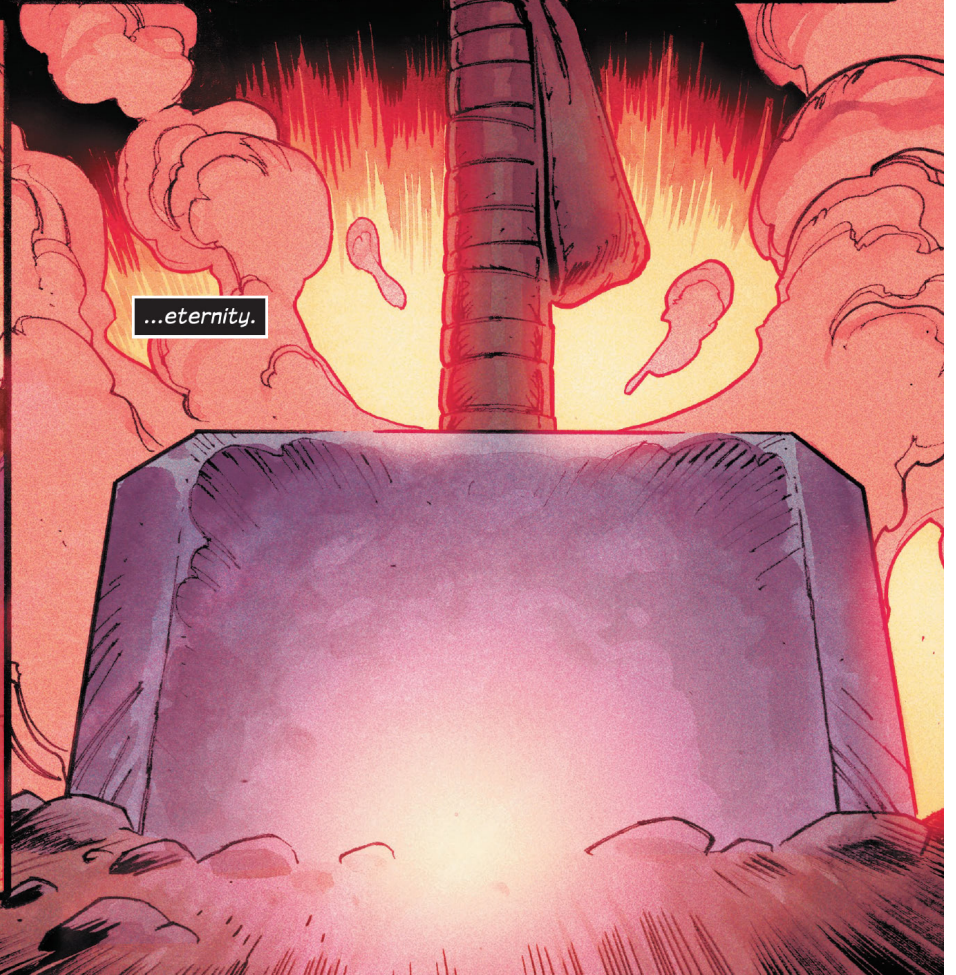


And then...

...born from
entropy...



...eternity.



But in the world
of gods and
titans...

...as we all
well know...

...not even
eternity can
last forever.

Recently, on the eve of
the War of the Realms,
the Mighty Thor, Jane
Foster, faced down the
unstoppable Mangog.

She threw the
great dark beast
into the sun.

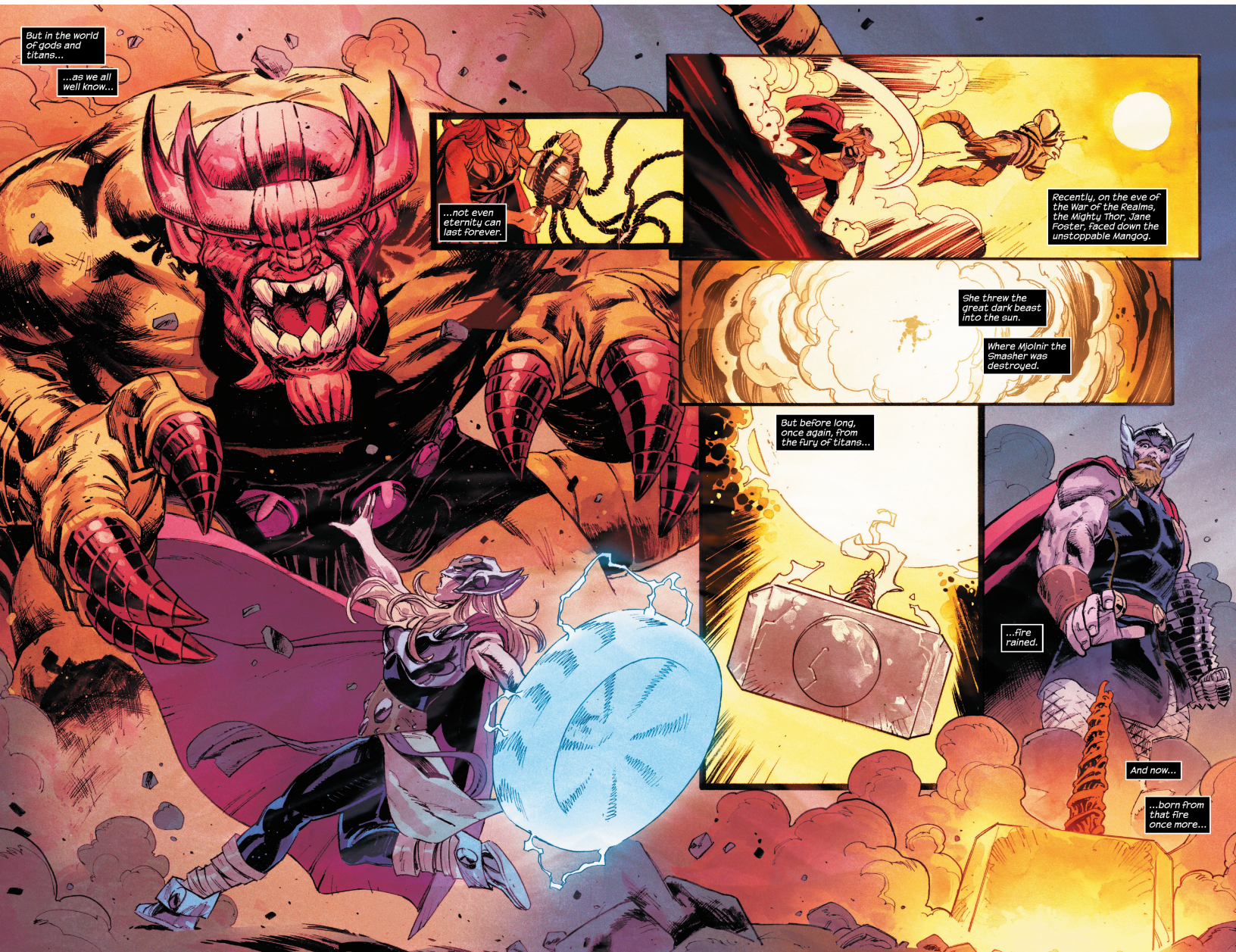
Where Mjolnir the
Smasher was
destroyed.

But before long,
once again, from
the fury of titans...

...fire
rained.

And now...

...born from
that fire
once more...



...rage.





SIF.

SOMEONE
HAS STOLEN
MY HAMMER.

POINT
ME AT
THEM.

my
king...I
see...

...I SEE
NOTHING...

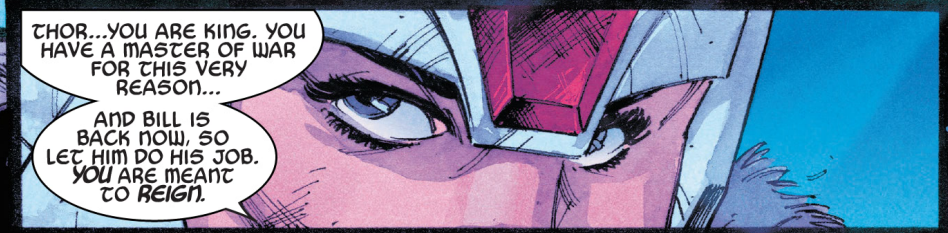
HOW?

HOW
IS THAT
POSSIBLE?!



THOR, RESPECTFULLY...
SOMEONE THIS POWERFUL...

...WHO DEFIES
EVEN MY EYES...
WHO COULD STEAL
MJOLNIR...



THOR...YOU ARE KING. YOU
HAVE A MASTER OF WAR
FOR THIS VERY
REASON...

AND BILL IS
BACK NOW, SO
LET HIM DO HIS JOB.
YOU ARE MEANT
TO REIGN.



THERE ARE
THINGS HERE
THAT REQUIRE
YOUR ATTENTION.
THINGS THAT
ONLY A KING
MAY--

THERE IS A
BOOK. A GREAT
TOME OF KINGS. ITS
PAGES HIDDEN FROM
ALL BUT THE
RIGHTFUL KING
OF ASGARD.

WITHIN ITS
PAGES, IT TELLS
OF THE PAST, OF
MY FATHER AND MY
GRANDFATHER BEFORE
HIM. OF THE TITANS
THAT FORMED THIS
REALM AND ALL
THE REST...



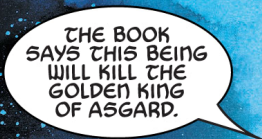
AND IT
ALSO SPEAKS
OF PROPHECY.
OF THINGS
TO COME.

I HAVE
BEEN READING
IT FOR DAYS. I
HAVE NOT EATEN
OR SLEPT.



IT SPEAKS OF
A GREAT STORM.
THE LIKES OF WHICH
WE HAVE NEVER
SEEN. BROUGHT
FORTH BY
MJOLNIR.

WIELDED BY
A BEING KNOWN
AS THE GOD OF
HAMMERS.



THE BOOK
SAYS THIS BEING
WILL KILL THE
GOLDEN KING
OF ASGARD.



"AND
HIS SOUL WILL BE
TRAPPED IN THE FIRE
FOREVERMORE..."



I WILL NOT
LET THIS BOOK
TELL ME HOW
TO DIE. I
FORBID IT.

THOR...
I HAD NO
IDEA...

HOW
COULD YOU?

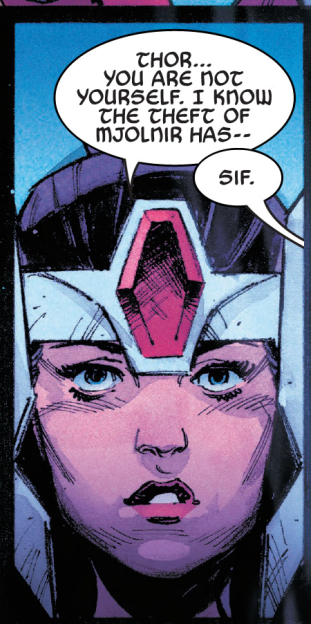


NOW, IF YOU
ARE TRUE AND
THERE ARE THINGS
HERE THAT REQUIRE
ATTENTION...



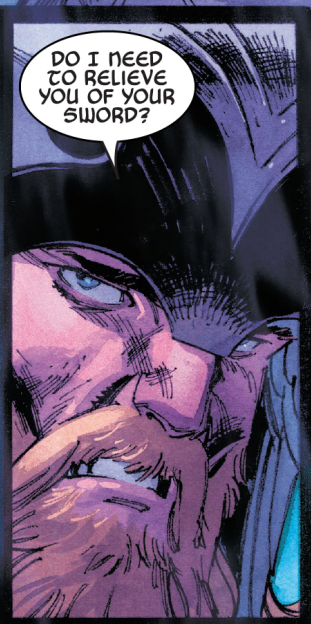
...GO PAY
ATTENTION
TO THEM.

FOR IF YOU
CANNOT SEE
WHAT I NEED YOU
TO SEE, PERHAPS
YOUR EYES ARE
BETTER CAST AT
BUSINESS NOT
MY OWN.



THOR...
YOU ARE NOT
YOURSELF. I KNOW
THE THEFT OF
MJOLNIR HAS--

SIF.



DO I NEED
TO RELIEVE
YOU OF YOUR
SWORD?



no...

...my
king.



VERY
WELL...

"...TAKE ME TO
THE OLD MAN."

There is no earthly
translation for the
arena before you.

No common tongue
that agrees on its
origin.

Some claim it a remnant of a long-
lost civilization, hunted down,
dissected and scattered in the
early days of Knell's campaign
of blood across the stars.

Some claim it to be sentient.
Somehow...alive still. Its
great fingers moaning and
curling in the empty freezing
wind of the abyss.

Grasping in the dark for a
body that has long passed
its reach. Crying out for
ears long dead and dear.

All can agree that it is a place
no man should ever know.
That to see it...to know it...
is to never sleep again.

It is home to the most vile,
vicious and barbaric acts
in any realm charted or
unknown.

It has been known
as the Gauntlet.

The Black Hand
of God.

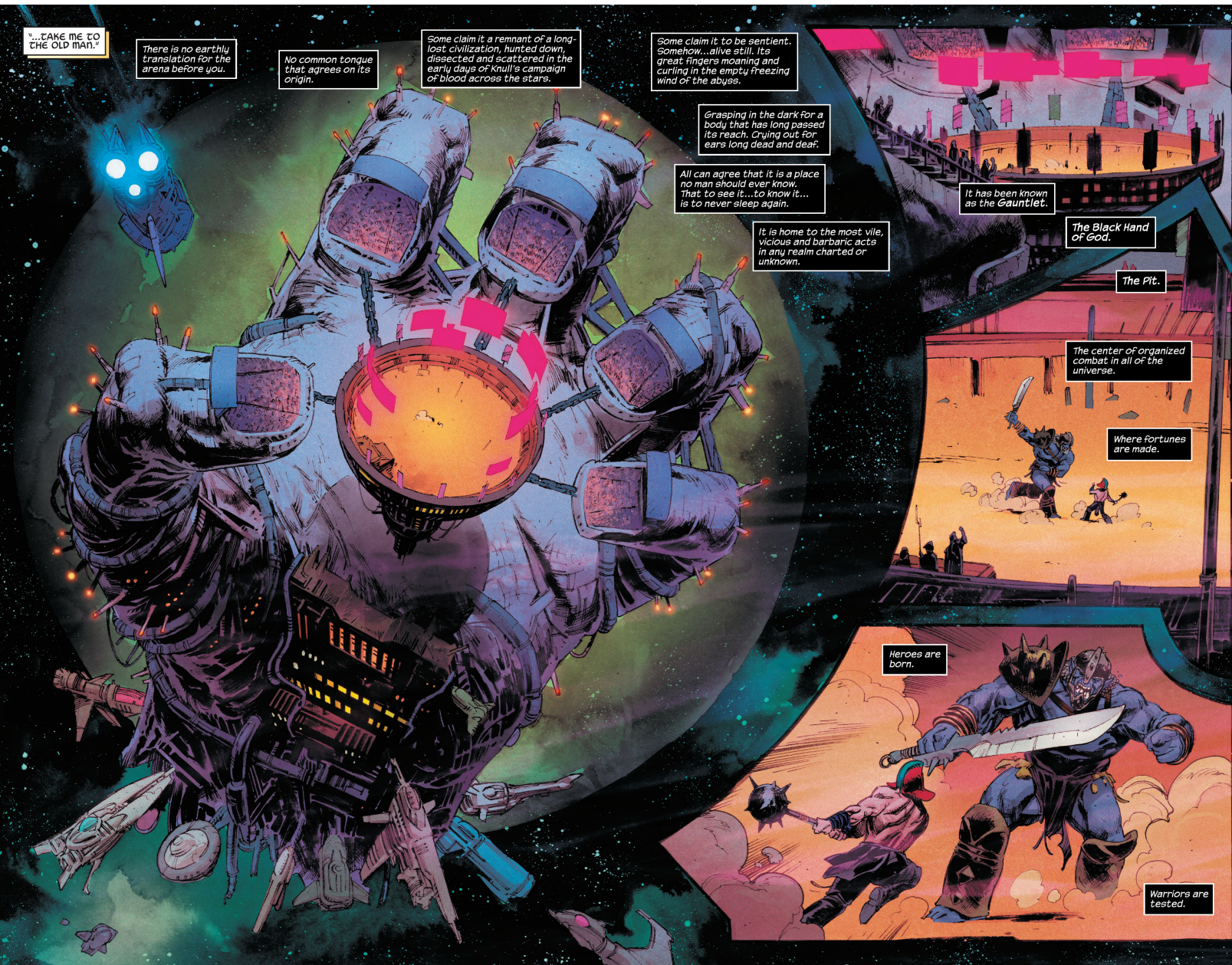
The Pit.

The center of organized
combat in all of the
universe.

Where fortunes
are made.

Heroes are
born.

Warriors are
tested.



And titans fall.

AGH!!!

IS...IS
THAT ALL YOU
HAVE THEN,
BEAST?!

FOR
ODIN HAS
NOT BEGUN
TO FEEL--

QUIET
NOW!!!

KRAK

UGH!

DIE
NOW!









"...WILL YOU
HELP ME WITH
MINE?"

NIDAVELLIR.

I DO NOT
KNOW WHY YOU
WOULD BRING
ME TO THE
DWARVES.

I AM NOT
IN NEED OF A
WEAPON FORGED.
I NEED MJOLNIR
RETURNED BEFORE
IT FALLS INTO
ILL HANDS.

THE DWARVES
OF NIDAVELLIR
CAN TRACK THEIR
CREATIONS ACROSS
THE STARS.

EACH WEAPON
THEY CAST IS
IMBUED WITH A
SMALL PART OF
THEIR VERY
SOULS.

THEY
BLEED FOR
THEIR WORK,
BOY.

FATHER...

AYE. I
SEE IT AS
WELL.

ARM
YOURSELF...



...FOR
THERE IS
WAR IN THE
FORGE.

THIS WAS NO WAR,
FATHER.

LOOK AT THE
VALRAVEN. NO BLOOD
ON THEIR TALONS. STILL
ON THEIR PERCH...
IMPOSSIBLE...

THEY
HAVE GUARDED
THE FORGE
FOR MILLENNIA...
AND YET--

KILLED IN
THE BLINK OF
A RAVEN GOD'S
EYE.

YOU'RE
RIGHT, BOY...
THIS WAS NO
WAR...



...THIS
WAS A
SLAUGHTER.

GODS,
NO...

THE
DWARVES...





THE DWARVES ARE ALL DEAD.

AND THE FORGE...IT'S...IT'S BEEN SHATTERED BUT...HOW? HOW IS THIS--

BOY...

...LOOK AT THEM...LOOK AT THEIR BODIES...AT HOW THEY'VE BEEN... CRUSHED...

YOU'VE WIELDED IT FOR EONS NOW... IF ANYONE KNOWS... IT WOULD BE YOU...

MUST I SAY IT?

NO, I SEE IT...

THEY WERE KILLED BY A HAMMER.

BY MJOLNIR.



#19 VARIANT BY
Gary Frank & Brad Anderson



#19 VARIANT BY
Mahmud Asrar



#19 INFINITY SAGA PHASE I VARIANT BY
Ema Lupacchino & Dave McCaig



#20 VARIANT BY
Simone Bianchi



And lo, the hammer spoke.

Its echoes ripple across the now destroyed canyons of the Vanir...

...from the burning shores of Alfheim, to the ashes of Muspelheim...

...through and across every realm of the World Ash indeed...

...thundering as it once did when it carried the words of the All-Father.

Only now, trailing behind it...

No thunder.
No words.

Only the sound of uru. Smashing wet against bone.

Shattering the once quiet armistice of the Ten Realms.

Deafening the sound of war drums pulled as taut as bows and slings.

Nay, nothing behind it save a wake of dead.

A new god has risen.
A god of hammers.
And with it...

Rage.

Fire.

War.

NIDAVELLIR.

Death.



EITRI, FORGEMASTER
OF MIDAVELLIR.

BROTHER TO
BURI AND BROKK.
HUSBAND TO EGVANDA.
FATHER TO--FATHER
TO KINDRA...

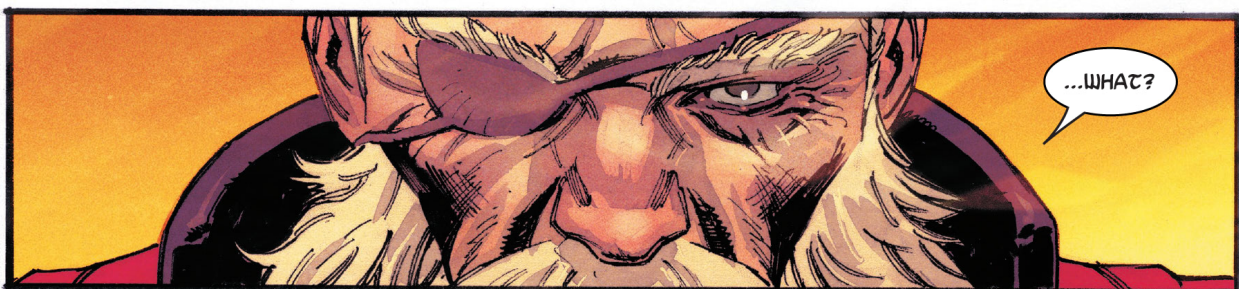
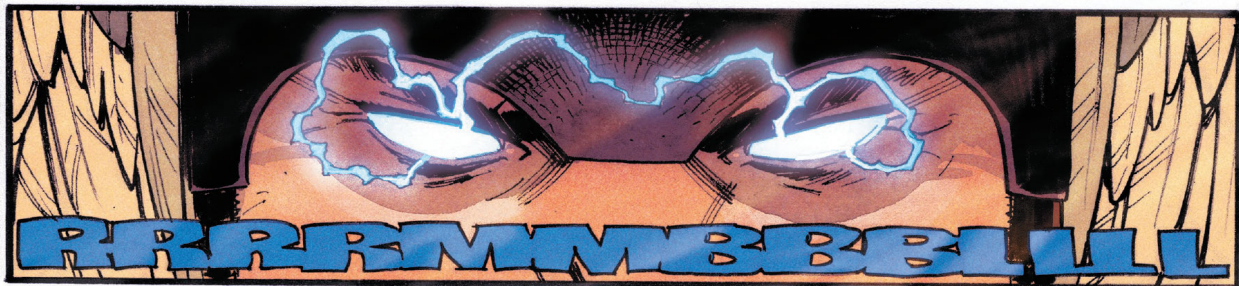
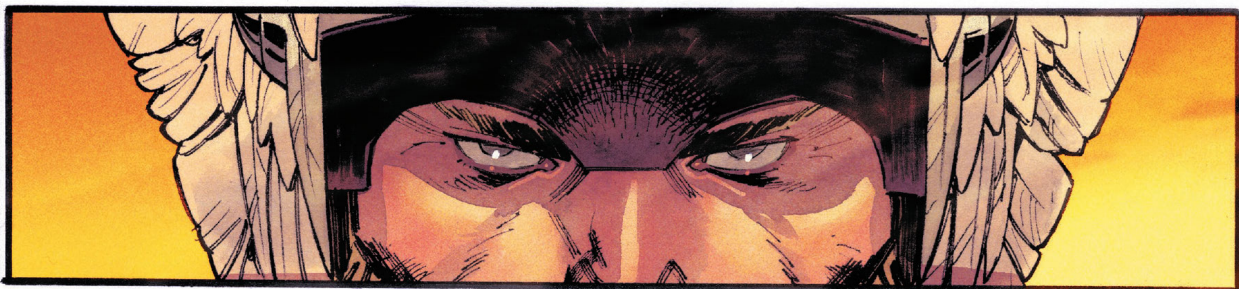
HE WHO
BIRTHED MJOLNIR
ITSELF INTO THE
WORLD FROM
WROUGHT
URU...

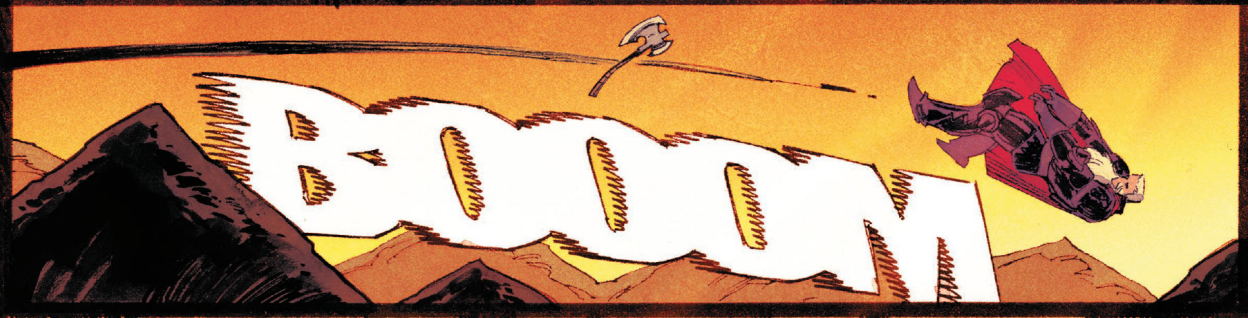
KING
AMONGST THE
DWARVES.

YOU
WILL BE
AVENGED.

THAT'S
ENOUGH.

A KING
CANNOT RULE
FROM HIS *KNEES*,
BOY.





AGH!



RAVENS
EYES, THAT
IS GETTING
OLD...



YOU
THINK THIS
FUNNY?

YOU STAND
HERE, IN AN
ENTIRE REALM
REDUCED TO A
GRAVEYARD...AND
YOU...YOU SMIRK
AND MAKE
SPORT OF
ME?

...OF
ME?





I HAVE LET YOU HAVE A FREE PASS LONG ENOUGH, BOY. BUT REST ASSURED, THE NEXT QUARREL YOU START, I WILL--

THIS!!! ALL OF THIS!!!



THIS IS YOUR FAULT!!! DO YOU NOT SEE THAT, YOU BLIND, OLD FOOL?!



DONALD BLAKE GOING INSANE? A BROKEN ENCHANTMENT OF YOURS THAT SAW HOW MANY DIE?

THOR...

AND NOW THIS? MJOLNIR'S WORTHINESS MAGICS ARE GONE. MAGICS YOU PUT IN PLACE!



WHICH HAS LET SOME...GOD OF HAMMERS STEAL IT AND--BY THE ELDER GODS, LOOK AROUND YOU, FATHER!!! EVERYTHING IS DYING! EVERYTHING IS BROKEN!

EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH!

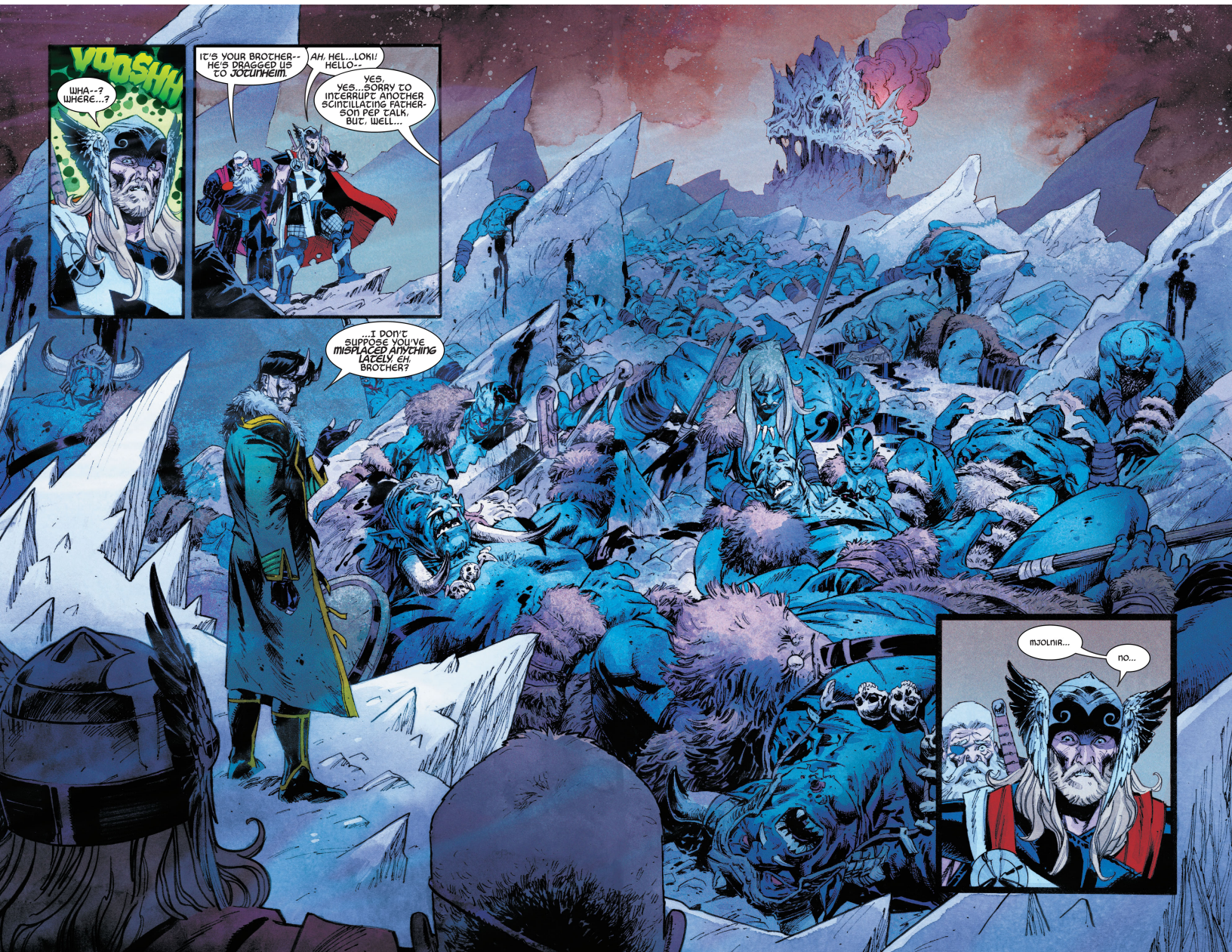
EVERYTHING YOU HAVE EVER MADE IS COMING APART!



OH... BELIEVE ME...

I CAN SEE THAT, SON.









WHO IS HE?



THIS IS NONSENSE. THE **GOD OF HAMMERS** IS A MYTH. AN ERRANT PROPHECY THE LIKES OF WHICH I HAVE CRUSHED AND TOSSED ASIDE FOR THOUSANDS OF--

BUT WHAT ARE *WE* IF NOT LIVING MYTHS?

THIS IS DIFFERENT, LOKI. IF THERE WERE SUCH A GOD, I WOULD--

I WASN'T ASKING *YOU*.



LISTEN TO ME. BOTH OF YOU. AS WE SPEAK, THE FORCES OF THE TEN REALMS HAVE TAKEN UP ARMS AGAINST YOU. THEY BELIEVE THIS ASSAULT...NO MATTER THE ASSAILANT, TO BE ASGARD'S DOING.

TO BE *YOUR* DOING, BROTHER.

SO FAR, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP THEM FROM LETTING LOOSE, BUT I DO NOT THINK EVEN I CAN HOLD THEM FOR MUCH LONGER...



SO, I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU, BUT IF I MAY...

GET OVER IT.

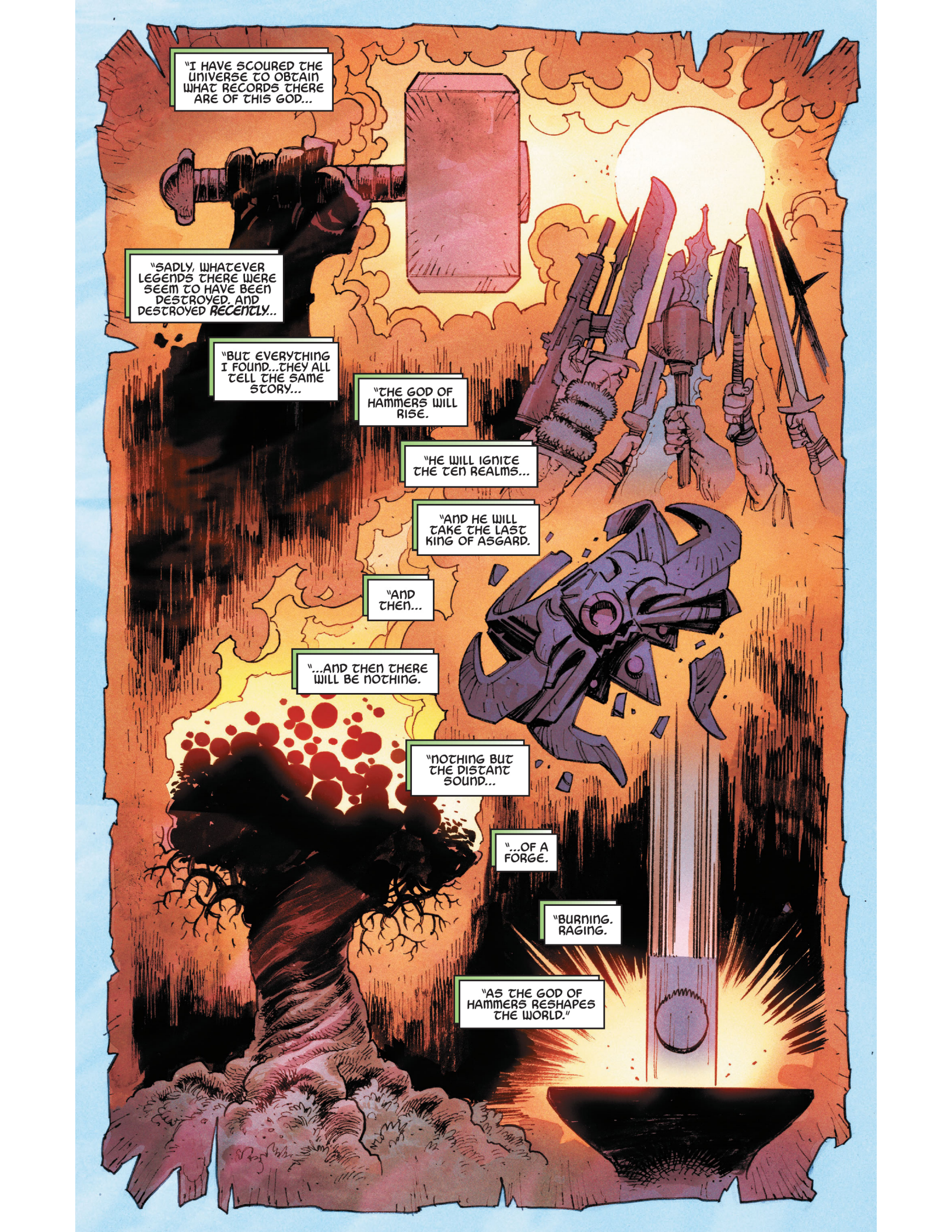
BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT YOU CLAIM TO BELIEVE...



...THIS PROPHECY...THIS MYTH...

...IS *REAL*.





"I HAVE SCoured THE
UNIVERSE TO OBTAIN
WHAT RECORDS THERE
ARE OF THIS GOD..."

"SADLY, WHATEVER
LEGENDS THERE WERE
SEEM TO HAVE BEEN
DESTROYED. AND
DESTROYED RECENTLY..."

"BUT EVERYTHING
I FOUND...THEY ALL
TELL THE SAME
STORY..."

"THE GOD OF
HAMMERS WILL
RISE."

"HE WILL IGNITE
THE TEN REALMS..."

"AND HE WILL
TAKE THE LAST
KING OF ASGARD."

"AND
THEN..."

"...AND THEN THERE
WILL BE NOTHING."

"NOTHING BUT
THE DISTANT
SOUND..."

"...OF A
FORGE."

"BURNING.
RAGING."

"AS THE GOD OF
HAMMERS RESHAPES
THE WORLD."

"HE
WILL IGNITE
THE TEN
REALMS."

SO
ANOTHER WAR
OF THE REALMS
THEN...

WELL, WE'VE
DONE THAT DANCE
BEFORE. I FOR ONE
AM NOT SHAKEN
BY--

YOU
MISUNDERSTAND
ME. THE TEXT IS
LITERAL.

THEY
WILL NOT
GO TO WAR.
THEY--

--WILL
BURN.

THOR, I HAVE
TO TELL
YOU--

WAIT...

FWOSH

...I SMELL
BIFROST.

THROG,
SIF, WHAT IS
IT? HAVE YOU
FOUND--?

THOR...

you
must come
with us.

now.



GODS...

SIF, WHERE...
WHERE HAVE
YOU SENT
ME?

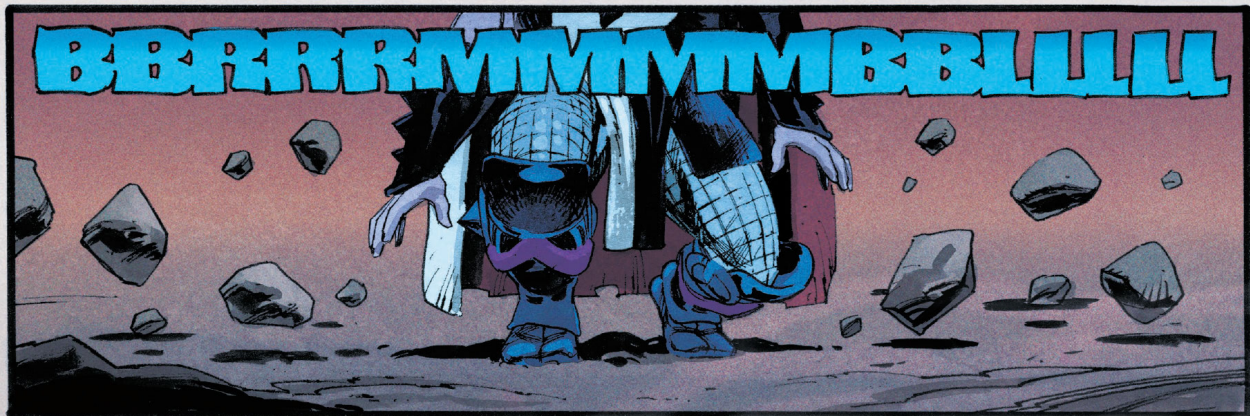
WHAT
REALM IS...?



no.

no, it--it
CANNOT...







FINALLY.



TO ME,
MJOL--

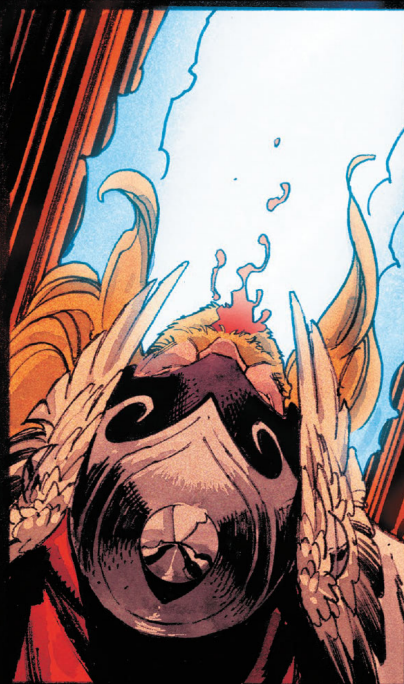




And then, there
were no more
words.



Only a symphony
of uru breaking
against god bone.



There would be
no more peace.

SHOW
YOURSELF!!!
COWARD!



There would be
no more thunder.

STOP
HIDING AND
TELL ME YOUR
NAME!!!



OH,
THOR...

YOU KNOW
MY NAME. YOU
HAVE ALWAYS
KNOWN IT.

no...



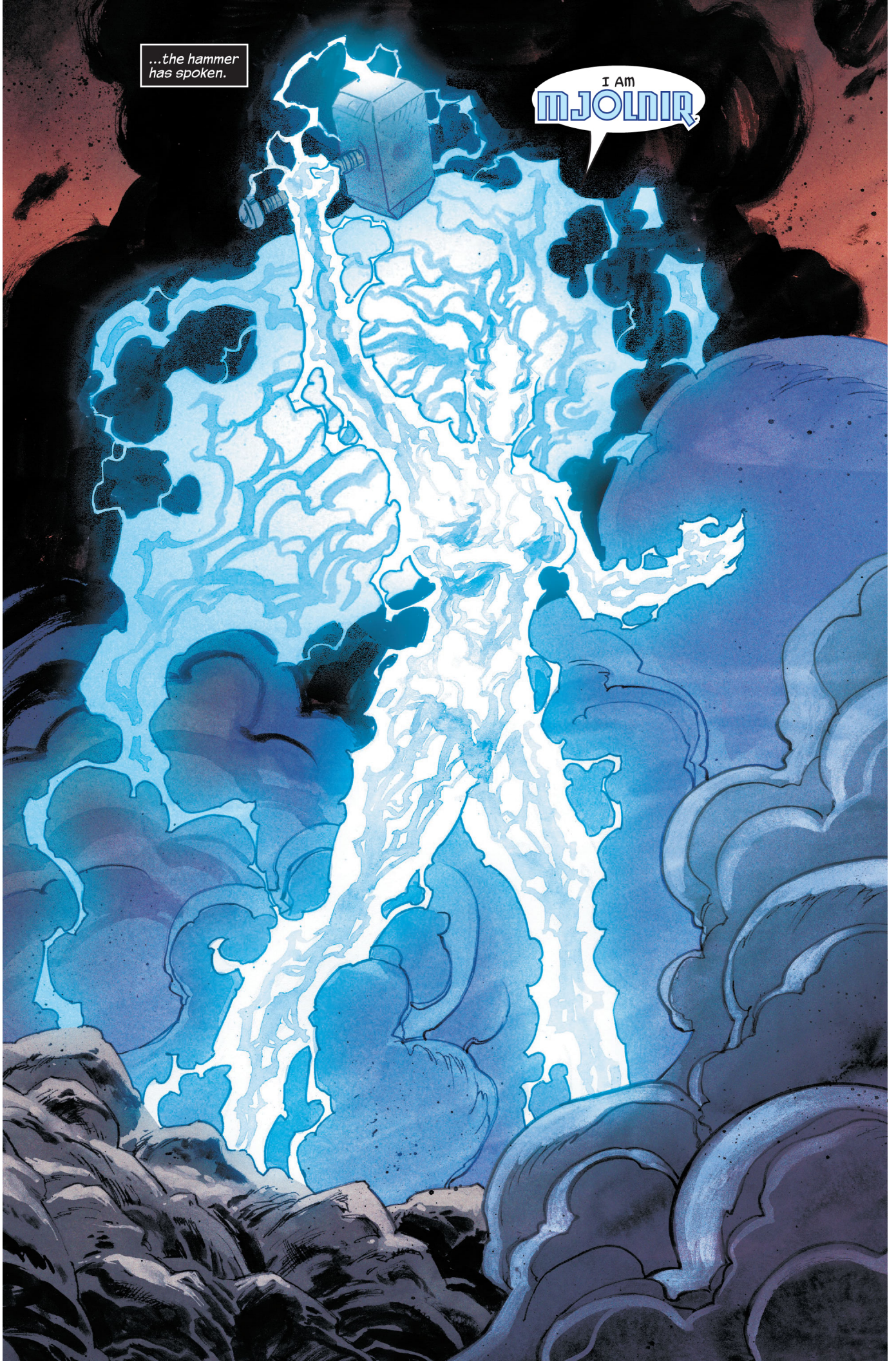
For, lo...

I AM
THE GOD OF
HAMMERS.



...the hammer
has spoken.

I Am
MJOLNIR





#20 DEVIL'S REIGN VILLAIN VARIANT BY
Greg Land & Frank D'Armata



#21 HEADSHOT VARIANT BY
Jim Cheung



#21 CLASSIC HOMAGE VARIANT BY
Creees Lee & Rachelle Rosenberg



#21 VARIANT BY
Michael Walsh



*There is only so much
darkness one can throw
into the sun before the
star turns black.*





For over four billion years,
Earth's sun has burned
the hearts of countless
evils to cinders and
bones and atoms.



But along the way...
the light has been...
infected.

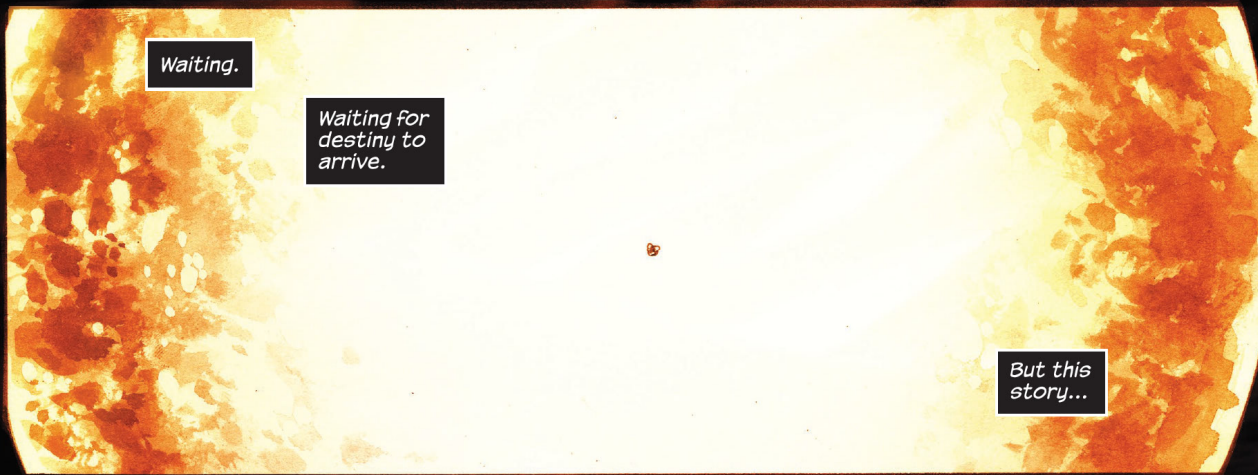
The well
poisoned.



And now...a new evil
grows in the furnace
of Midgard.

Slowly
evolving.

Growing stronger
every day.



Waiting.

Waiting for
destiny to
arrive.

But this
story...

*...of this ancient evil...
spreading...reaching
out from the flames...*

*...of the untold
destruction it will
bring upon the
universe...*

*...the total and complete
extinction it will herald...*



*...that
story...*

*...is not ready
to be told.*

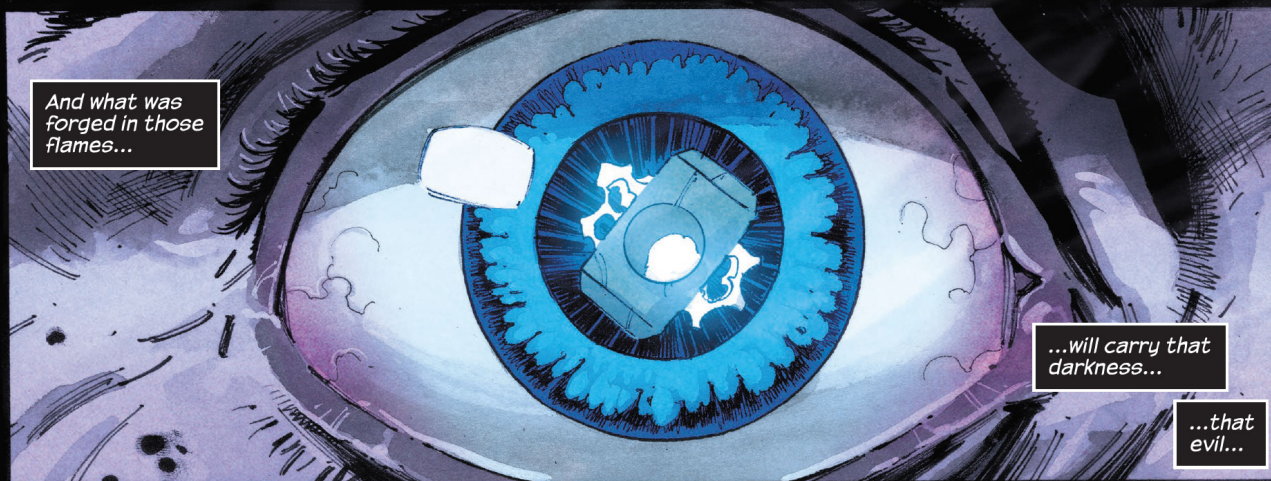
*But there is only so much
darkness one can throw
into a star before the
sun turns black.*



*And what was
forged in those
flames...*

*...will carry that
darkness...*

*...that
evil...*





...until every star in the sky turns cold.

BOOM

Withers.

Decays.

BOOMBOOMBOOM

Collapses.

Rats.

Pies.

Until the shadow of
entropy turns its
gaze to the skies.

AGHH!

And the heavens
will fall.

UNGH!!!

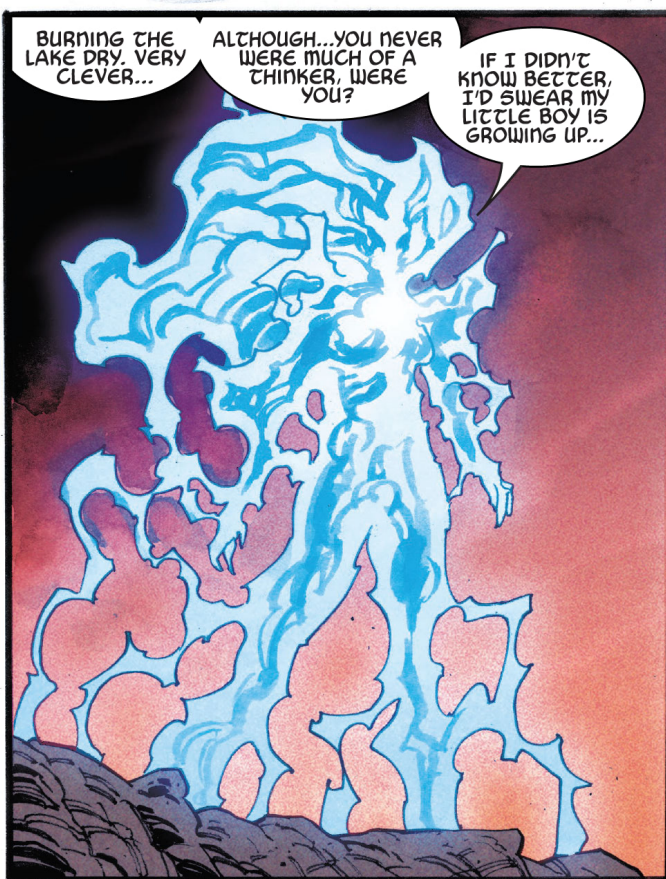
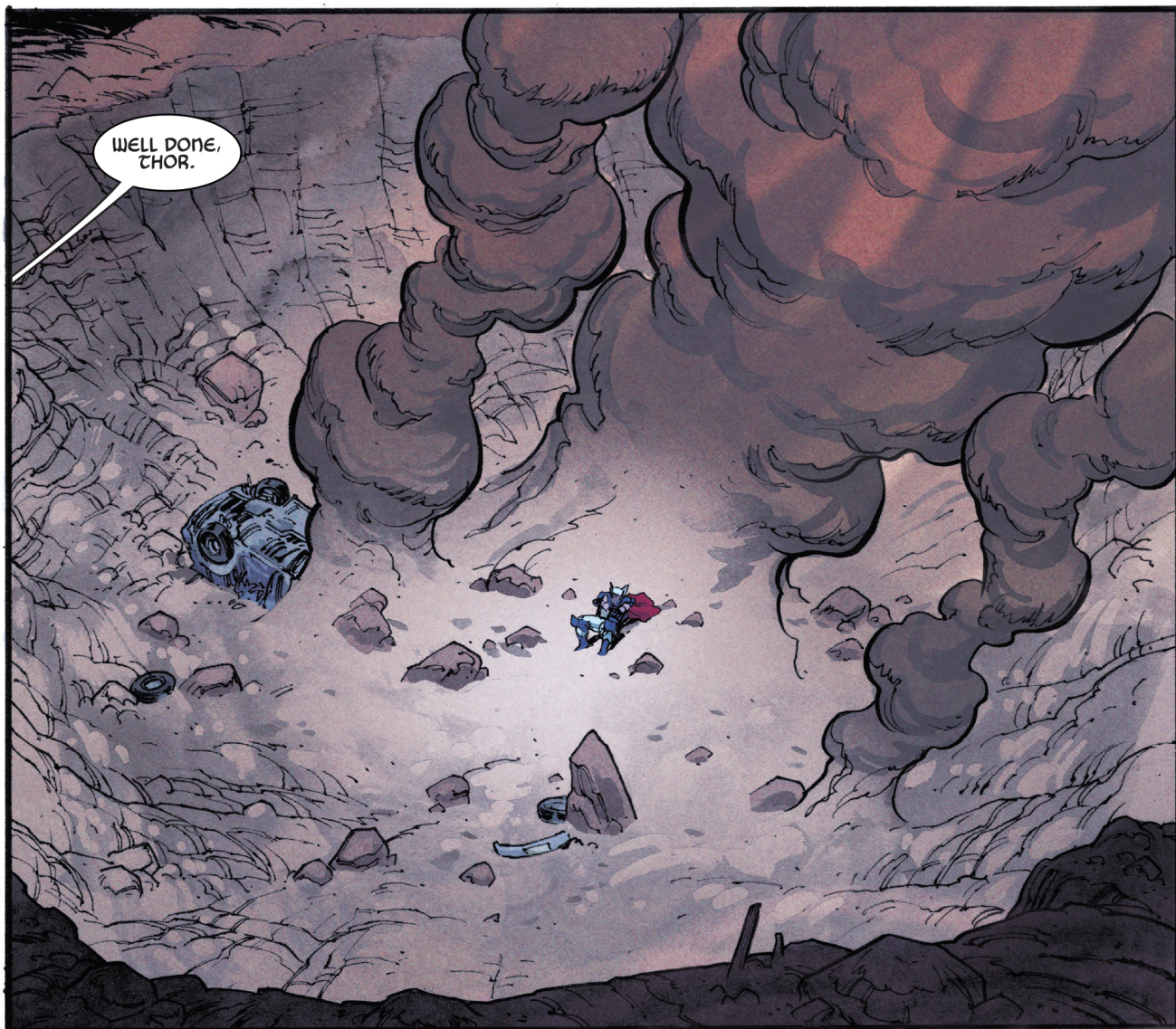
And all of
the gods...

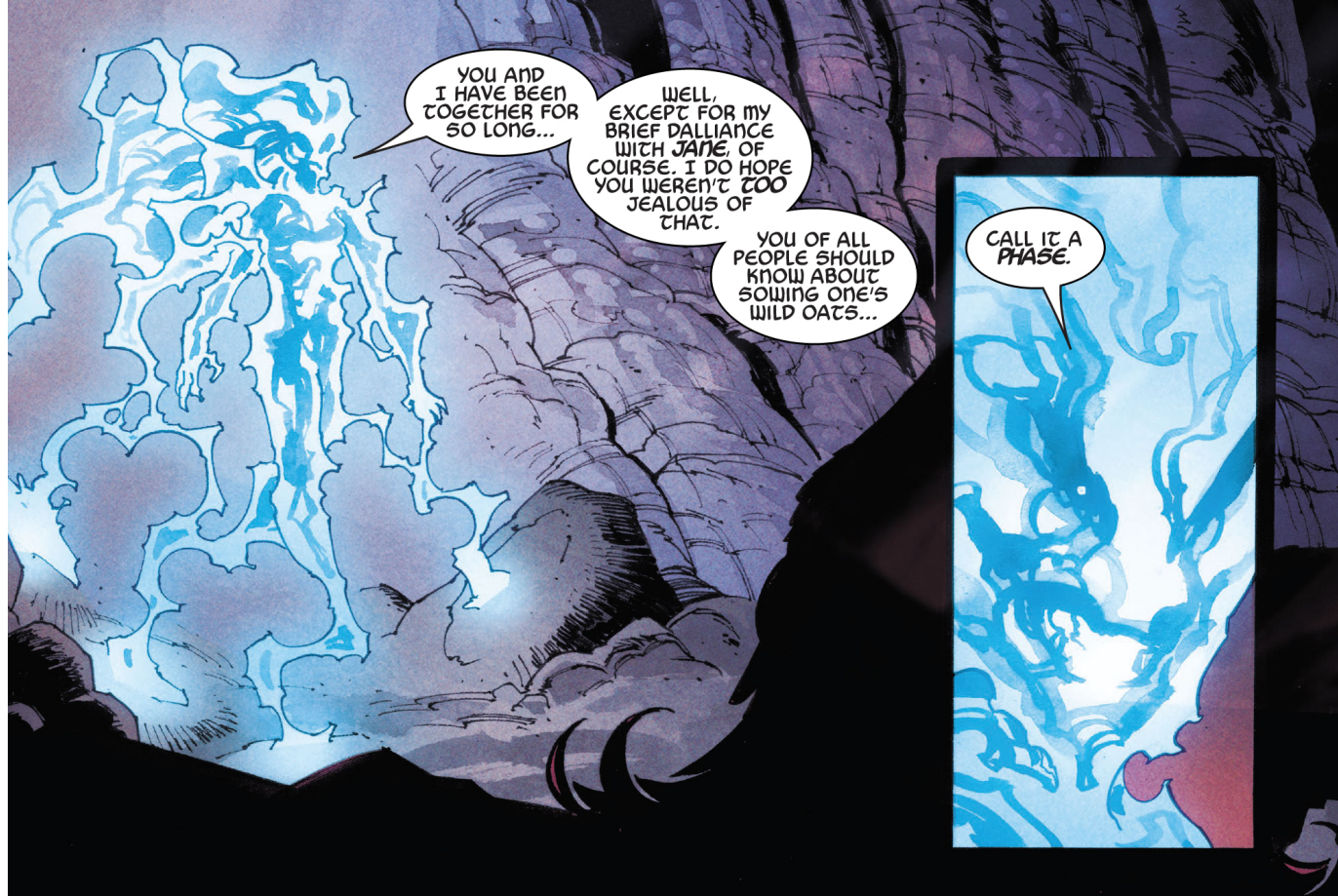
n-no!!!

RAAGHHH!!!

...will
burn.

KRAKOOOM





YOU AND
I HAVE BEEN
TOGETHER FOR
SO LONG...

WELL,
EXCEPT FOR MY
BRIEF DALLIANCE
WITH JANE, OF
COURSE, I DO HOPE
YOU WEREN'T TOO
JEALOUS OF
THAT.

YOU OF ALL
PEOPLE SHOULD
KNOW ABOUT
SOWING ONE'S
WILD OATS...

CALL IT A
PHASE.



D-DAMN YOU! YOU
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT ME!

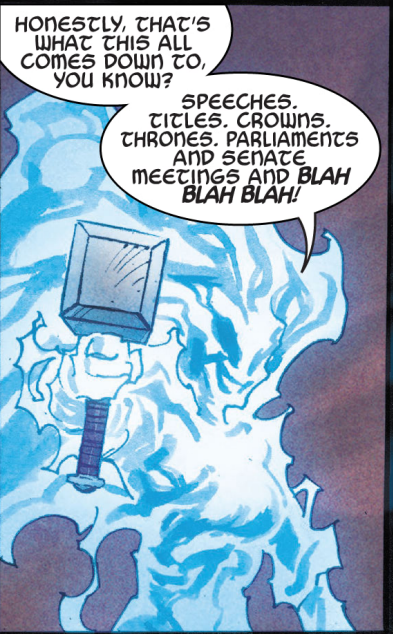
BUT IF YOU
WANT TO LEARN,
LET ME UP AND I
WILL SHOW YOU
WHO--

OH,
FINE.



IF
IT'LL SPARE
ME ANOTHER
OF YOUR
SPEECHES.

GASP



HONESTLY, THAT'S
WHAT THIS ALL
COMES DOWN TO,
YOU KNOW?

**SPEECHES.
TITLES. CROWNS.
THRONES. PARLIAMENTS
AND SENATE
MEETINGS AND BLAH
BLAH BLAH!**



I'M
AFRAID I'VE
JUST GROWN
SO...

**...BORED
OF IT
ALL.**



AYE...



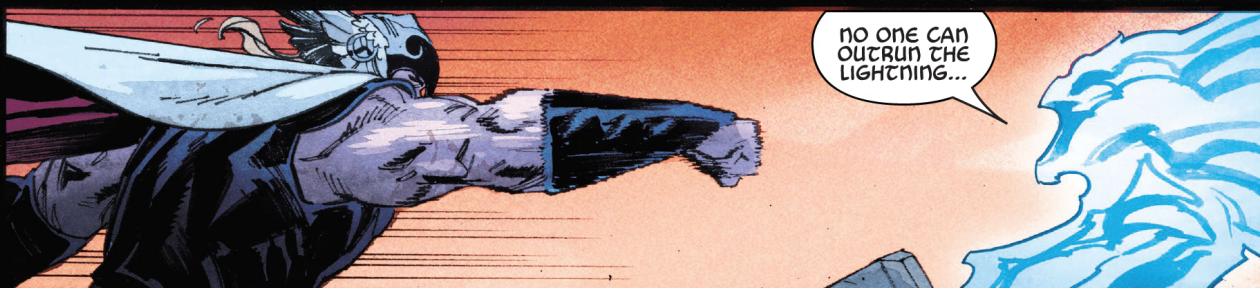
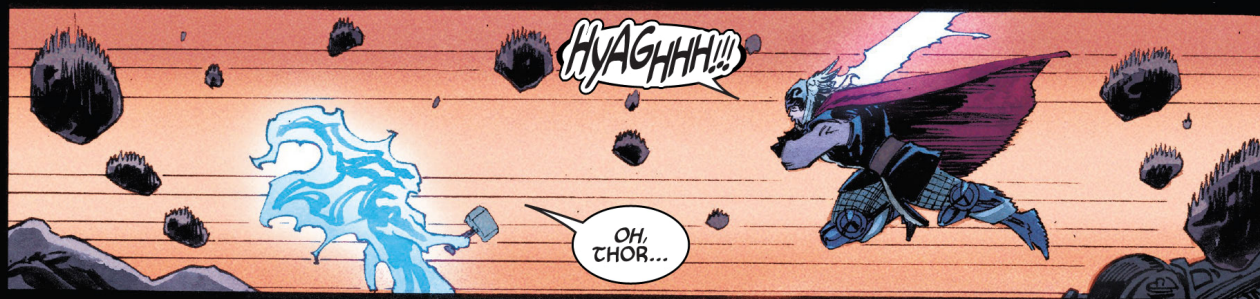
...THE
FEELING IS
MUTUAL.



IMPRESSIVE.



my
TURN.



A full-page comic book illustration of Thor. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic winged helmet and a dark, form-fitting tunic. His long, blonde hair flows down his back. He is holding the hammer Mjolnir in his right hand, which is raised high. His mouth is wide open in a shout, and his eyes are wide. The background is a dramatic sky with red and orange clouds. In the foreground, there are several large, grey, rectangular blocks, some of which are being shattered or broken apart by the force of his action. The overall style is dynamic and action-oriented.

...AND THERE
IS NOTHING
MJOLNIR CANNOT
BREAK.

AGH!!



HYGH!!!
THIS--

THIS
CANNOT BE...
I CANNOT
BE--



BROKEN?

I KNOW.
I KNOW MORE
THAN ANYONE...
HOW THIS MUST
FEEL.



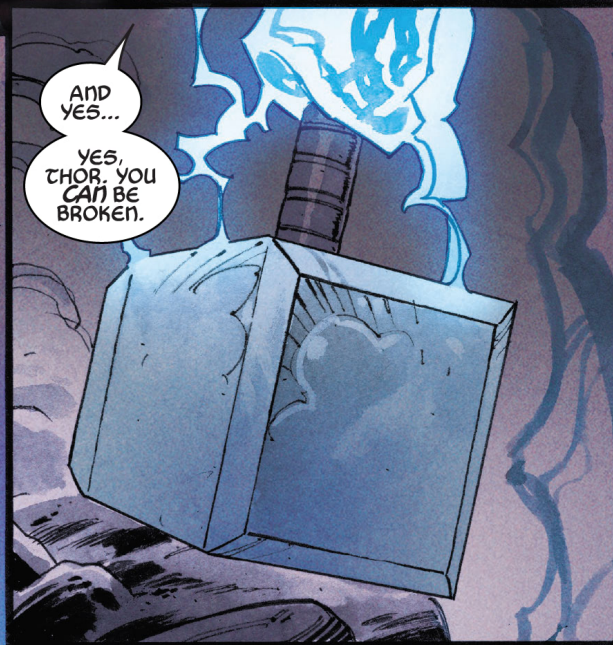
I HAVE BEEN
THERE, AT YOUR
SIDE, IN YOUR HAND,
EVERY SINGLE TIME
YOU HAVE BEATEN
BACK ANOTHER
GATHERING STORM
OF DEATH.

I HAVE
WATCHED...FOR
EONS. I KNOW
ALL OF YOUR DEEDS.
EVEN THOSE
YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN.

ALL OF YOUR
TRIUMPHS. YOUR
SECRETS.



YOUR
WEAKNESSES.

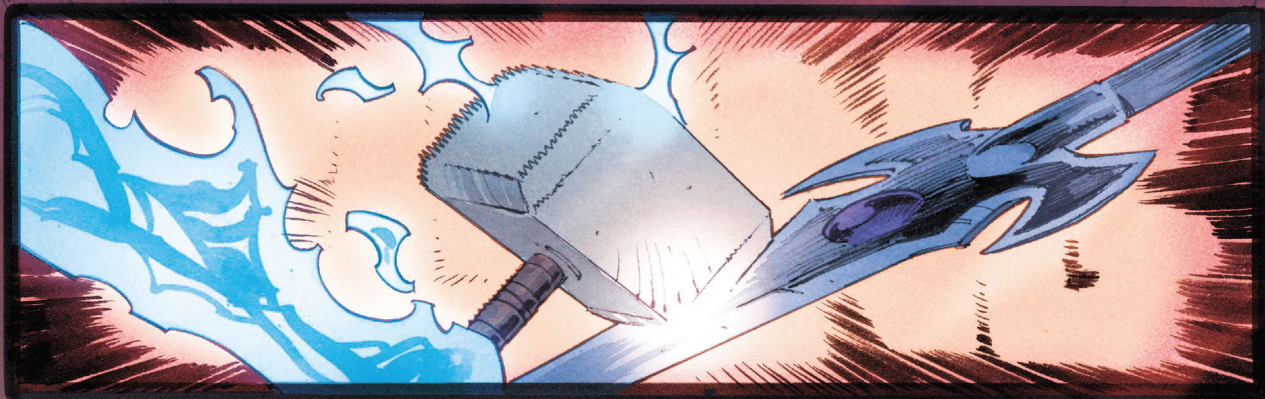


AND
YES...

YES,
THOR. YOU
CAN BE
BROKEN.



YOU
JUST HAVE
TO LEARN
HOW.



ALL RIGHT,
DAMMIT, LET'S--
UGH--END THIS,
SHALL WE?



OH,
ODIN.

COME TO
DIE FOR HIS
SON. HOW
NOBLE.

BUT I'M
AFRAID I'LL
DECIDE WHEN
THIS ENDS.



I--WASN'T...
TALKING TO
YOU.



ENJOY
THE TRIP, YOU
%&#&#!



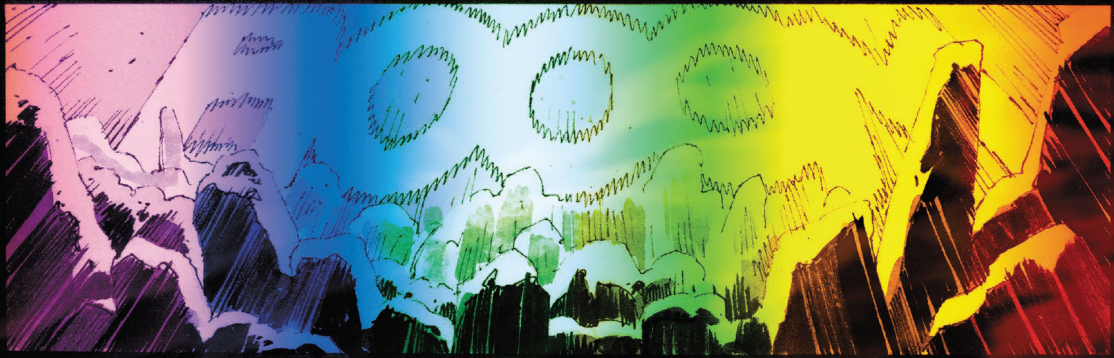
no!!!



BOOOOM



THE FARTHEST
PLACE FROM HERE.



WHERE...



...WHERE
THE HEL
AM I?

SIF JUST SENT THAT THING BEYOND THE FARTHEST POINT OF KNOWN EXISTENCE. AN ENDLESS ABYSS BEYOND THE EYES OF EVEN THE MOST ANCIENT, ABSTRACT, PRIMORDIAL GODS.

A PLACE SO REMOTE AND FAR THAT THERE IS NO WAY OF CALCULATING ITS DISTANCE.



WHAT IS HAPPENING? IT SAID--THE GOD OF HAMMERS...

IT SAID THAT IT WAS MJOLNIR.

BROUGHT TO LIFE.



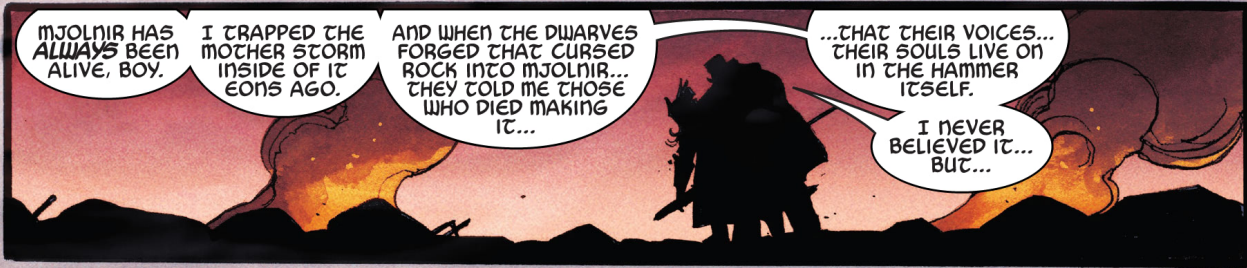
MJOLNIR HAS ALWAYS BEEN ALIVE, BOY.

I TRAPPED THE MOTHER STORM INSIDE OF IT EONS AGO.

AND WHEN THE DWARVES FORGED THAT CURSED ROCK INTO MJOLNIR... THEY TOLD ME THOSE WHO DIED MAKING IT...

...THAT THEIR VOICES... THEIR SOULS LIVE ON IN THE HAMMER ITSELF.

I NEVER BELIEVED IT... BUT...

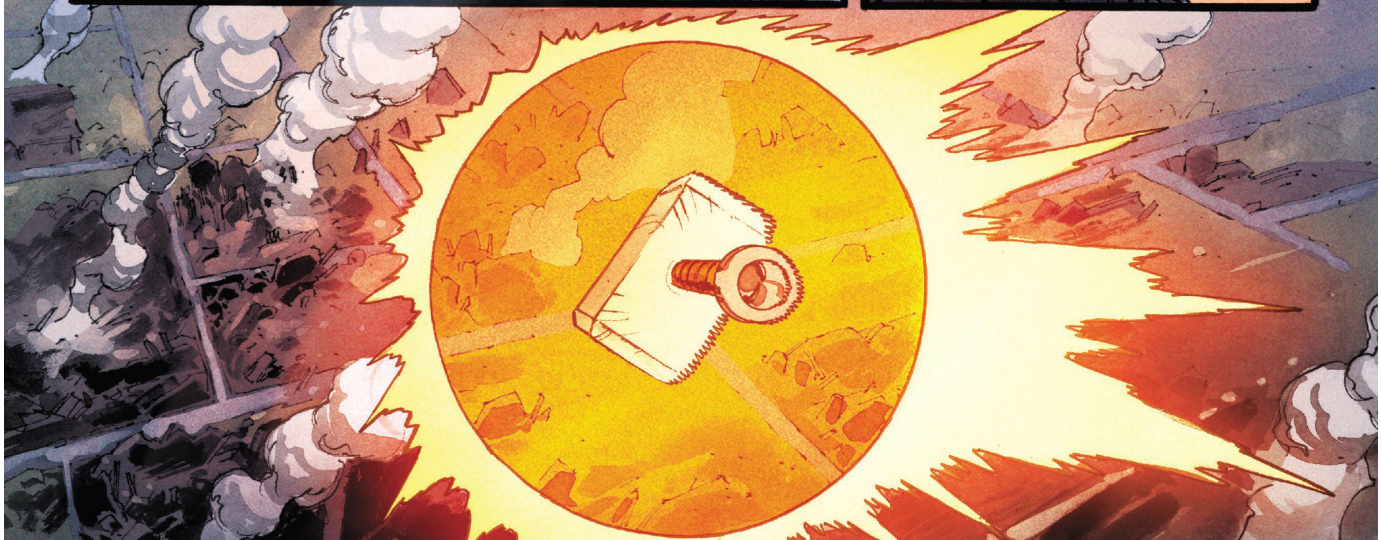


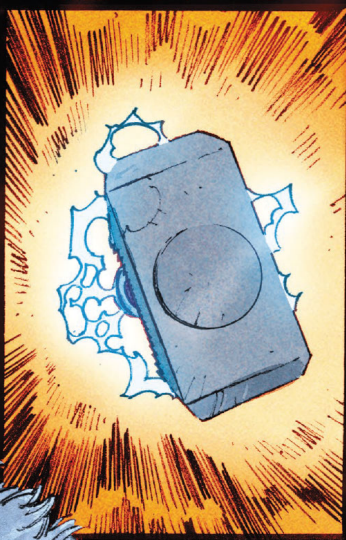
WHATEVER THIS IS...

WHATEVER HAS TAKEN HOLD OF THAT DAMNED Mallet...



IT IS--
--HERE.







F-FATHER...



FATHER?
PLEASE--PLEASE
HEAR ME...

FATHER?

my...my
LEGS...



FATHER!!!



IT HURTS,
DOESN'T
IT?



TO
LOSE.

TO
BE LEFT...
ALONE.

WHY?

WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

YOU...YOU
TAKE ME FOR
GRANTED.

YOU ALWAYS
HAVE.

BUT YOU...
NONE OF YOU...
HAVE EVER
UNDERSTOOD
ME.

YOU
THOUGHT MY
ENCHANTMENT
MEANT YOU
MUST BE
A WORTHY
WARRIOR.

TO BE
"NOBLE" OR
"TRUE OF
HEART."

BUT ASK
YOURSELF,
THOR...

...DOES
ANY OF THAT
DESCRIBE
YOU?

NO. NO. I AM A HAMMER.
TO BE "WORTHY" OF
ME IS TO **BREAK.**
TO **SMASH!** TO
DESTROY!

AND YOU...
WITH YOUR
THRONE AND YOUR
CROWN AND YOUR
SPEECHES...

WELL...THIS
ISN'T THE FIRST
TIME I'VE GROWN
TIRED OF YOU,
IS IT?

...JANE...

YES. JANE.
SHE THREW ME
INTO THE SUN.
AND YOU LEFT ME
BROKEN. YOU
LEFT ME TO
BURN.

BUT YOU
SEE...

I WASN'T
ALONE IN
THE SUN.

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
ELSE THERE...
SOMETHING...
POWERFUL...

AND
WE BURNED.
TOGETHER.

AND THEN...
WE WERE **REMADE.**
AS **ONE.** ITS SPIRIT
BECAME ENTANGLED
WITH MINE. ITS
SOUL INSIDE
OF ME.

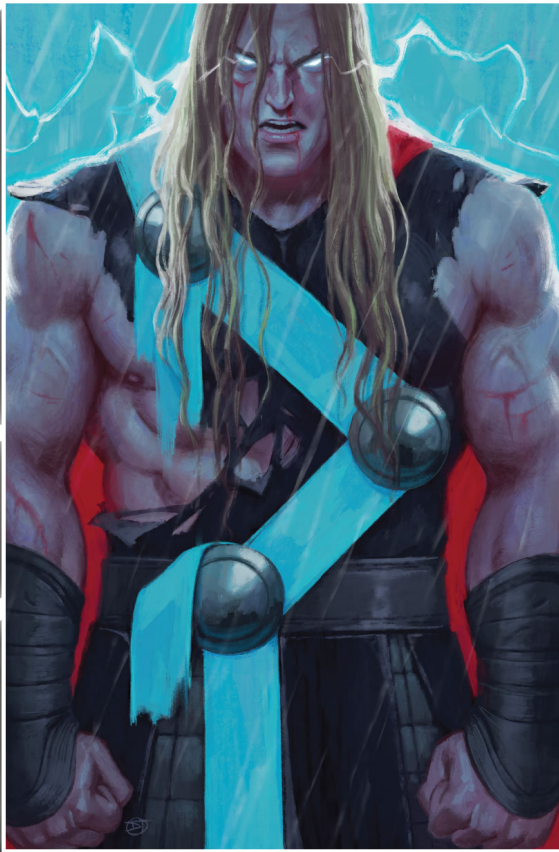
NO...

AND I
AWOKE. WITH
A VOICE...

WITH
THE RAGE OF A
BILLION BILLION
BEINGS...

WITH THE
RAGE OF THE
MANGOG.





#22 VARIANT BY
David Talaski



#23 INFINITY SAGA PHASE 2 VARIANT BY
**Ryan Stegman, JP Mayer
& Jason Keith**



#23 CARNAGE FOREVER VARIANT BY
Logan Lubera & Rachelle Rosenberg



#23 WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH VARIANT BY
**Karen S. Darboe of Magnus Arts
& Ian Herring**

BOUDICA



IF YOU
WISH TO LEAVE,
NOW IS THE
TIME.

IF YOU
CHOOSE TO
STAY...SAY
A PRAYER
TO WHATEVER
GOD WOULD
KEEP IT.

ONE
WAY...OR
ANOTHER...

...THIS
WILL END IN
BLOOD.





BROXTON.



SO
THAT'S IT,
IS IT?



umf!



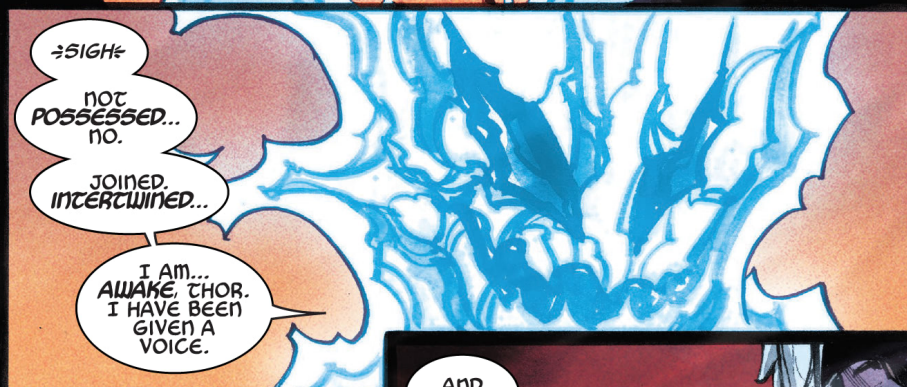
YOU'VE BEEN
POSSESSED? BY
THE MANGOG...

WELL...
YOU'VE COME TO
THE RIGHT PLACE,
MJOLNIR.

I CAN
HELP YOU...



LET ME
BEAT THE
DEMON OUT
OF YOU.



~SIGH~

NOT
POSSESSED...
NO.

JOINED.
INTERWINED...

I AM...
AWAKE, THOR.
I HAVE BEEN
GIVEN A
VOICE.



AND
THIS...

...ALL OF THIS
DEATH...THIS
MAYHEM...THIS...
SUFFERING...

...THIS
IS WHAT YOU
HAVE TO
SAY?

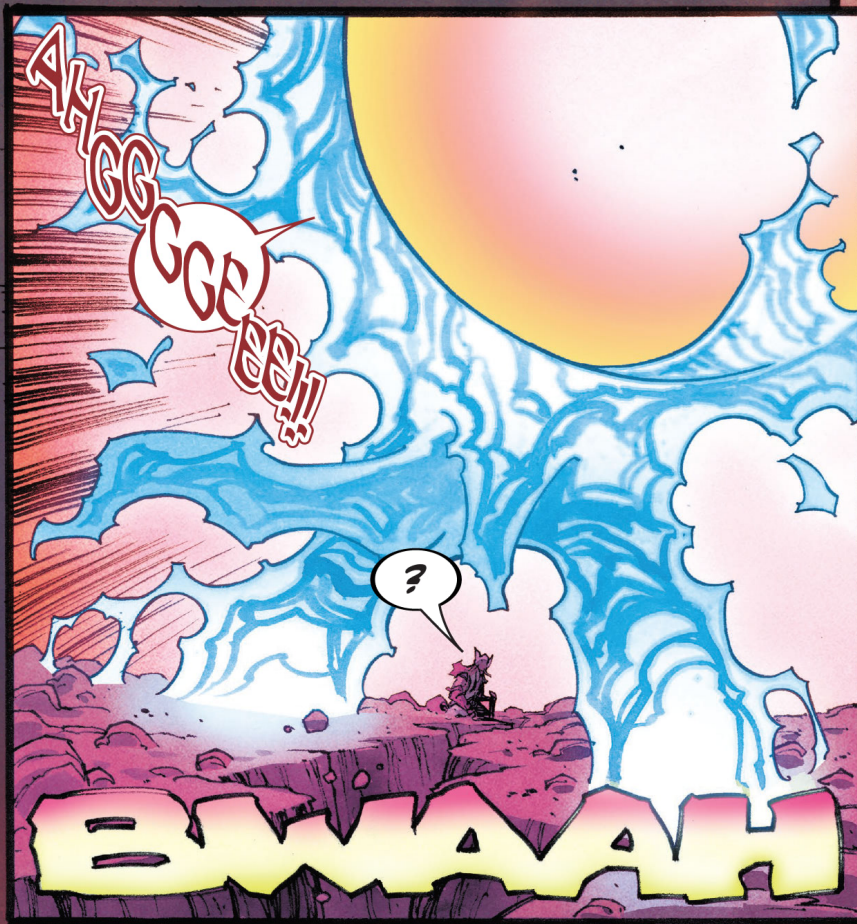
WELL...
HOW DOES
THE SAYING
GO?

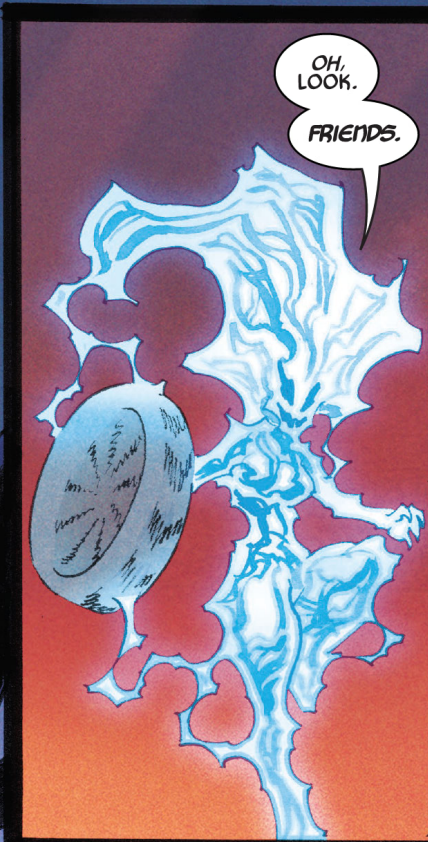
WHEN ALL
YOU HAVE IS A
HAMMER...

FATHER!!!

AGH!!!

SIF!
QUICKLY! WE
NEED--

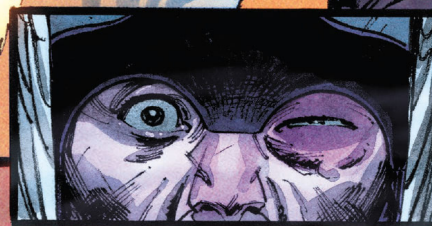


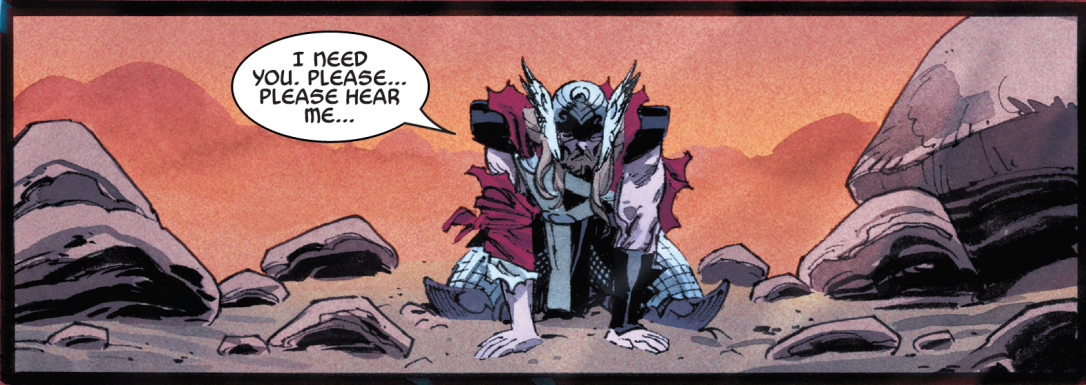


OH,
LOOK..
FRIENDS.



NAILS.





I NEED
YOU. PLEASE...
PLEASE HEAR
ME...

"GRANT ME
YOUR GIFTS..."



GIVE
ME YOUR
POWER.

SO THAT
I MAY PROTECT
THOSE IN
NEED...



SO THAT
I MAY SAVE MY
FATHER...

SO
THAT I
MAY--

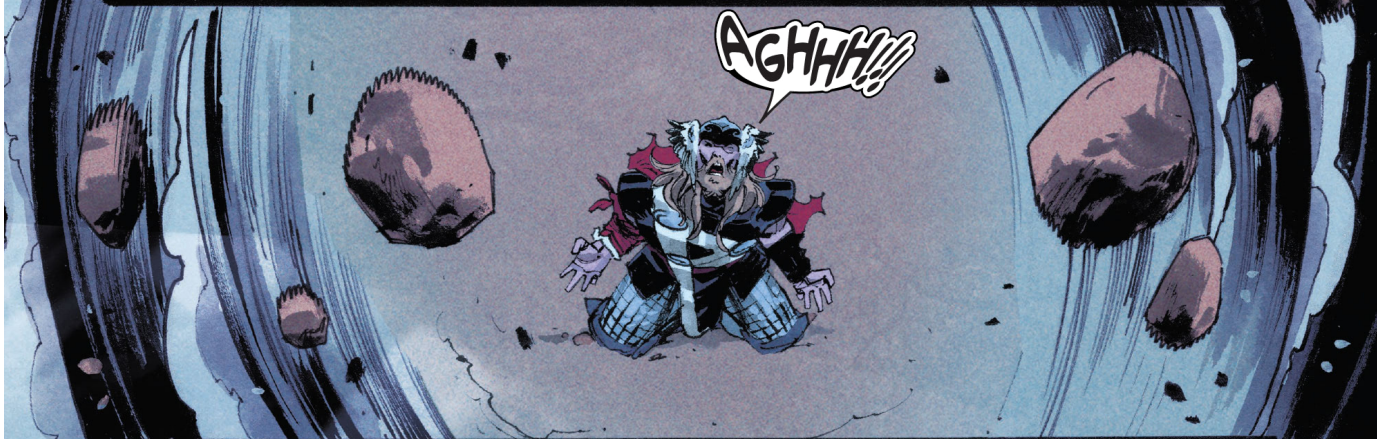


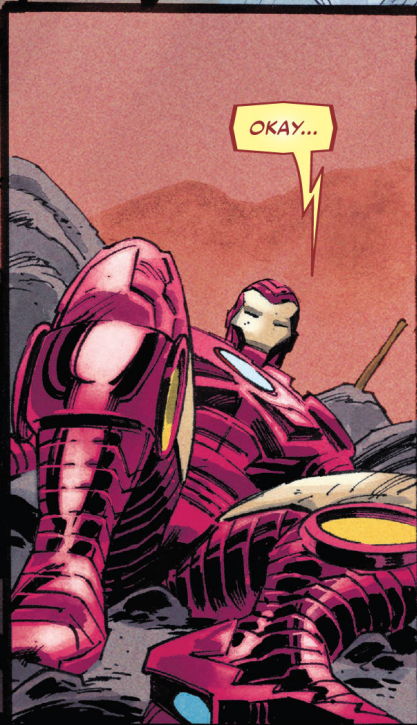
AH...

THERE
YOU ARE...



THANK YOU,
MOTHER.





OKAY...



...ANYONE HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?!

IT APPEARS TO BE A KIND OF...WELL, FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM...**ENERGY TORNADO**. BUT...IT'S NOT BEHAVING IN ANY NATURAL WAY THAT HAS EVER BEEN RECORDED...

FOR ONE...ALL OF US SHOULD BE DEAD STANDING THIS CLOSE TO A WHIRLWIND OF THIS MAGNITUDE...BUT IT'S NOT EMITTING ANY OUTWARD FORCE BEYOND WHAT WE JUST ENCOUNTERED.

I CAN SAY THIS--IT'S IMPENETRABLE. THERE IS NO FORCE ON EARTH THAT COULD BREAK THROUGH A FIELD THIS DENSE.



I DON'T GET IT. THIS MANGOG THING... THAT...HAMMER LADY... SHE SEEMED PRETTY INTO THE WHOLE "KILLING US" THING. WHY LOCK US OUT?

MJOLNIR DID NOT DO THIS...



THOR DID. TO PROTECT US.

BUT FREYJA, THIS ENERGY FIELD...WITHOUT HIS HAMMER, HOW COULD THOR--?

HE IS MORE THAN A HAMMER. HE IS A **CHILD OF MIDGARD**.

I RAISED HIM, BUT HIS BIRTH MOTHER IS **GAEA** HERSELF.



MJOLNIR MAY REBEL AGAINST THOR...

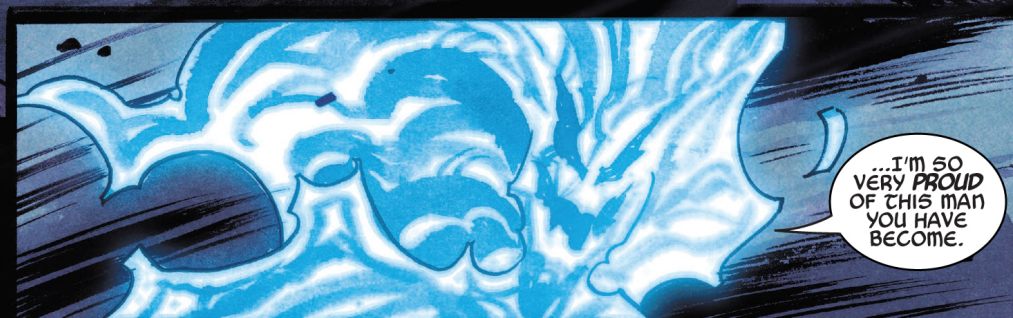


"...BUT THE
EARTH BENDS
ITS KNEE."



LOOK
AT YOU...

PUTTING
OTHERS BEFORE
YOURSELF.
I'M...



...I'M SO
VERY PROUD
OF THIS MAN
YOU HAVE
BECOME.

THEN
WHY?

WHY DO YOU
DO THIS? WHY
HAVE YOU KILLED
SO MANY IN
MY NAME...?

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



I USED TO
BLEED ACROSS
THE STARS, THOR.
I WAS...*BEAUTIFUL*.
THE MOTHER STORM.
SHAPELESS, INCANDESCENT
LIGHTS BROKE AND
SCATTERED ACROSS
MY BODY.

I WAS...ALIVE.
I WAS FEARED.
LUMINOUS AND
DREADFUL AND...
FREE.

YOUR FATHER
TRAPPED ME.
EONS AGO...



HE USED ME.
ENCHANTED ME!
TREATED ME LIKE
I WAS A TOY IT
TOOK SO
LONG...

...BUT
THE MANGOG
OPENED MY
EYES.

HE'S
ANOTHER OF
YOUR FATHER'S
SINS, YOU
KNOW...

HE TAUGHT
ME THAT THE
GODS DESERVE A
RECKONING FOR
THESE GAMES
THAT THEY
PLAY.

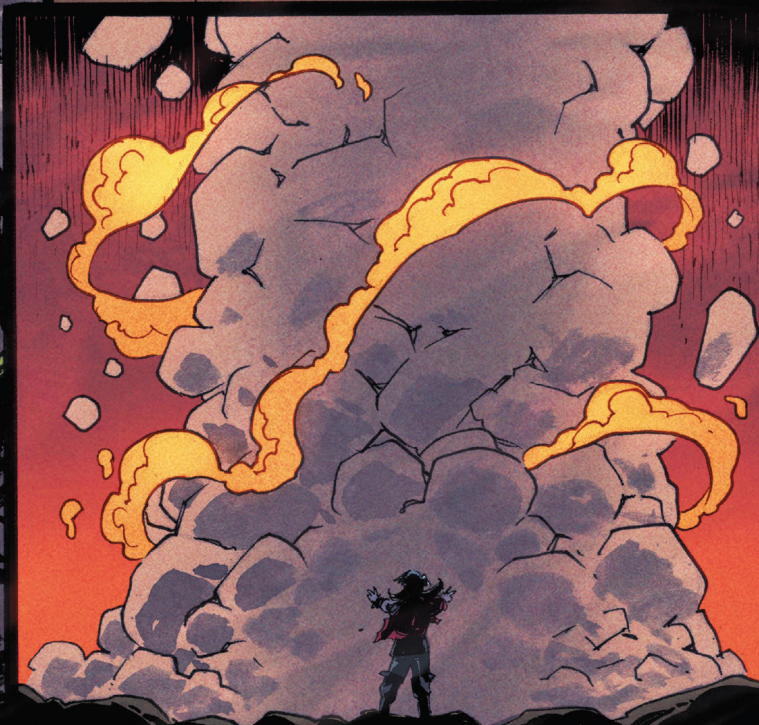


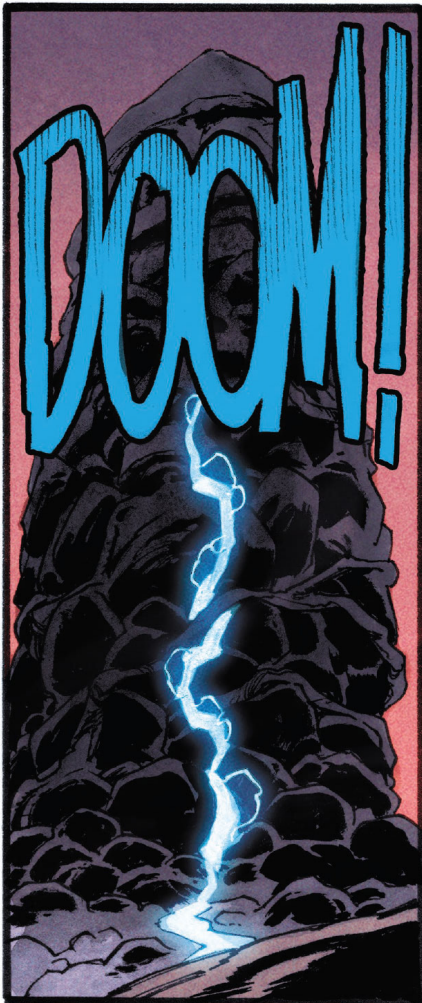
AND SO...
WE BEGAN...TO
UNRAVEL THEM. ALL
OF ODIN'S LITTLE...
TOYS. WE BEGAN
TO BREAK
THEM.

TO
SET THEM
FREE...





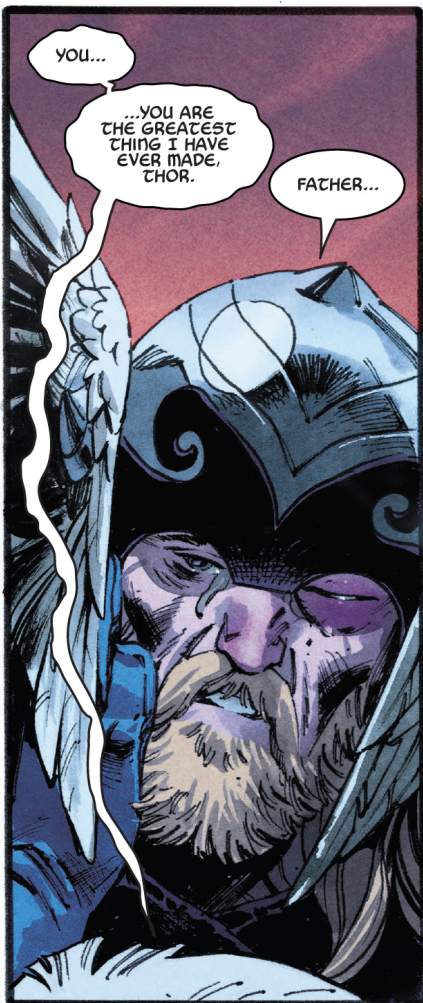






ALL OF THEM...

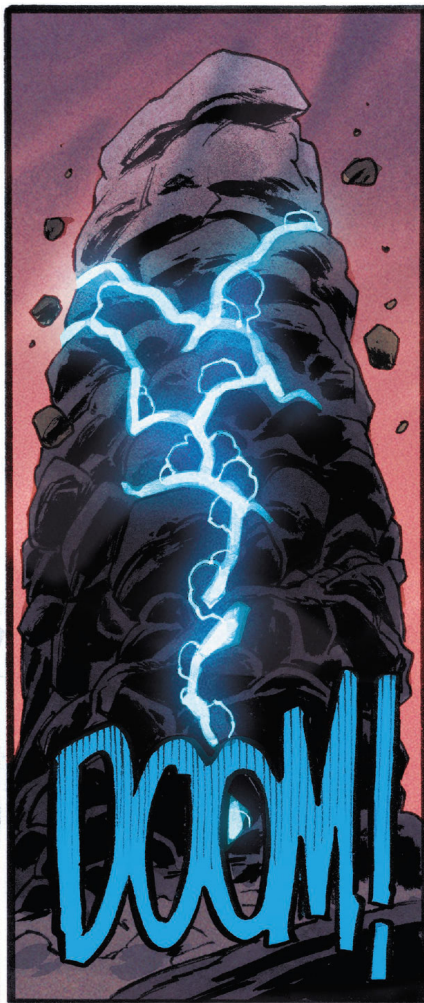
...EXCEPT YOU.



YOU...

...YOU ARE THE GREATEST THING I HAVE EVER MADE, THOR.

FATHER...



DOOM!



BUT...BUT I HAVE BEEN SELFISH...

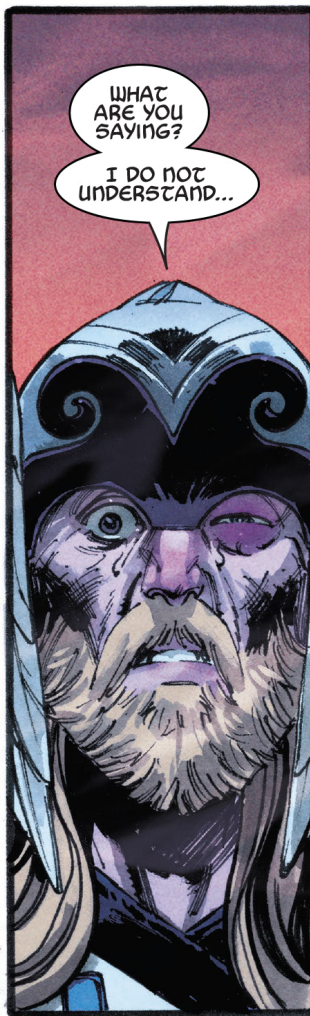
WHEN YOU TOOK THE THRONE... I...



I HAD SO MUCH MORE I WANTED TO DO.

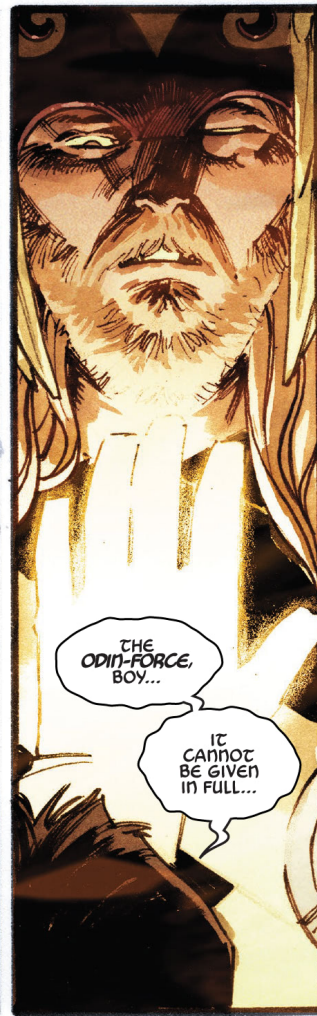
I WANTED YOUR MOTHER TO...SEE ME. TO SEE ME AGAIN...

...I WANTED TO BE STRONG. AND SO...I HELD BACK...



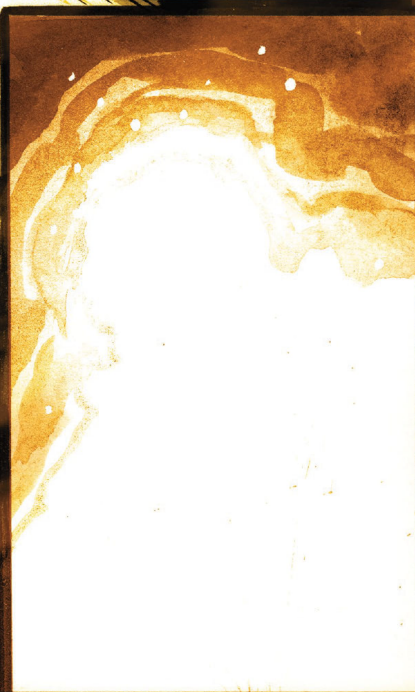
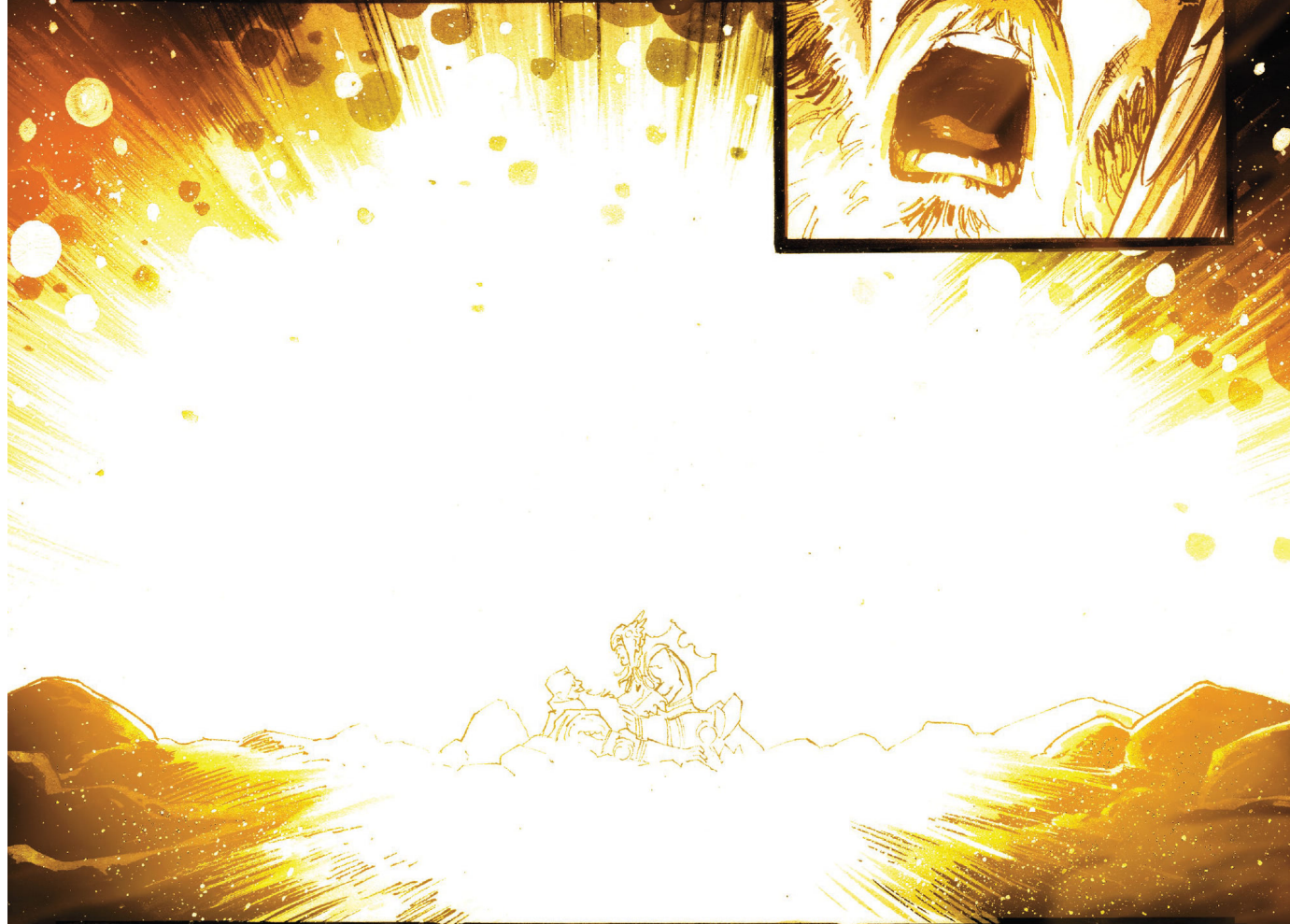
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

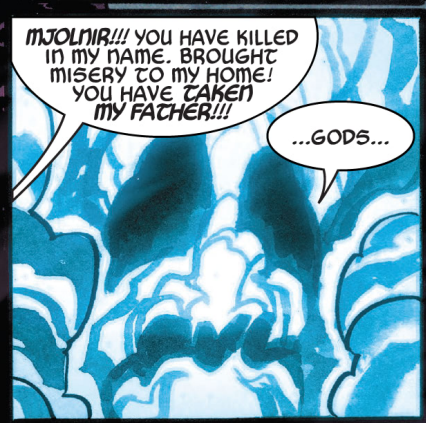
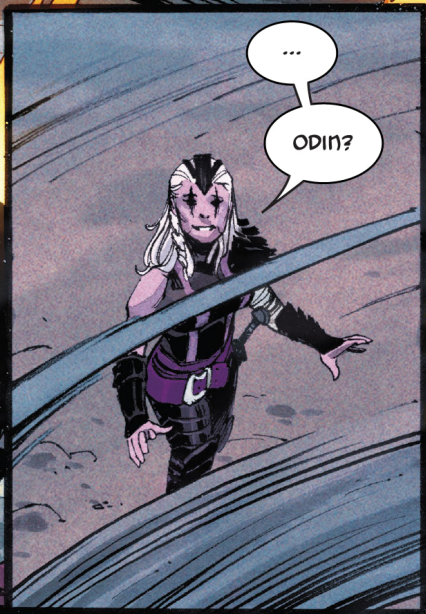
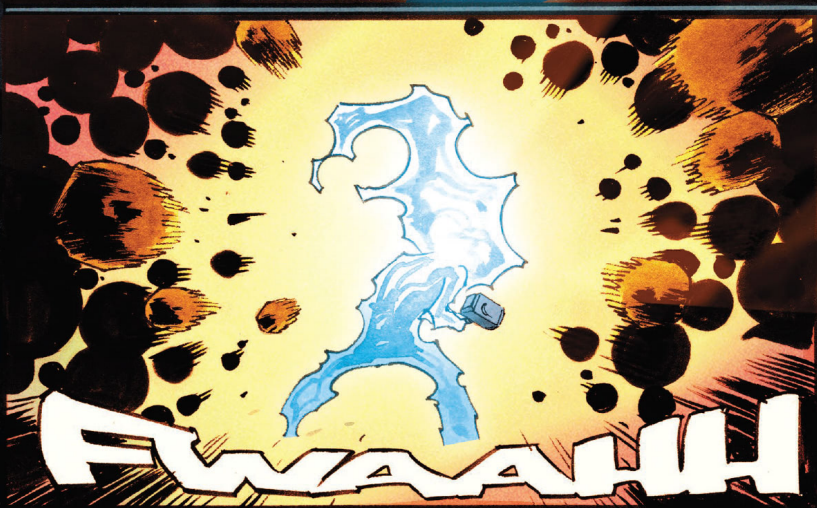
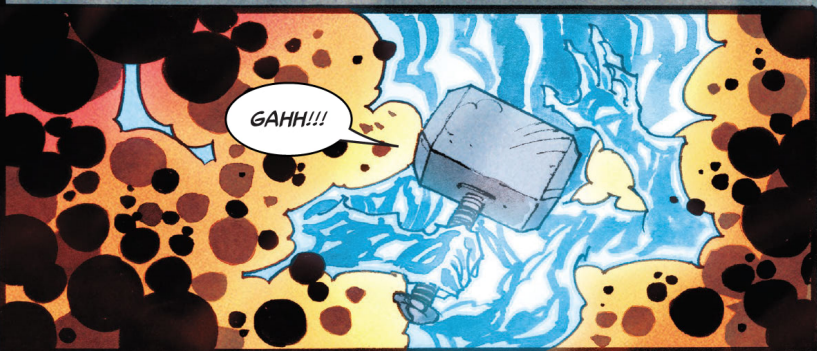
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...



THE ODIN-FORCE, BOY...

IT CANNOT BE GIVEN IN FULL...





NOW
WE PUT
THE HAMMER
DOWN.





#24 VARIANT BY
**Darren Warren Johnson
 & Mike Spicer**



#24 VARIANT BY
Mahmud Asrar & Matt Wilson

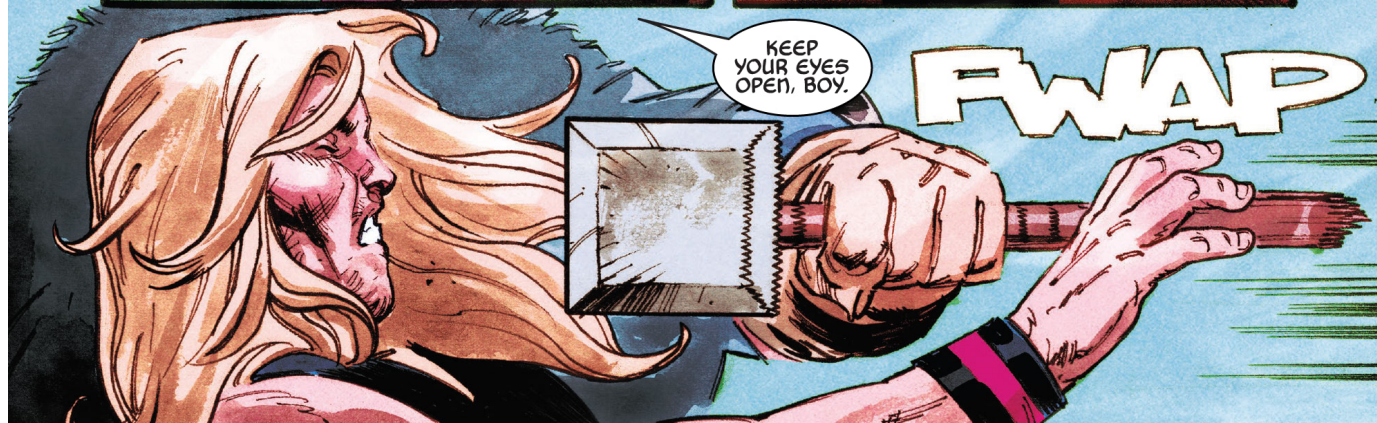
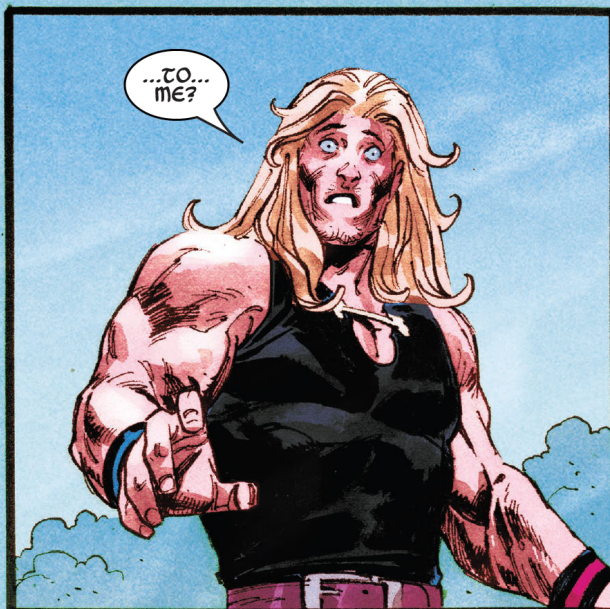
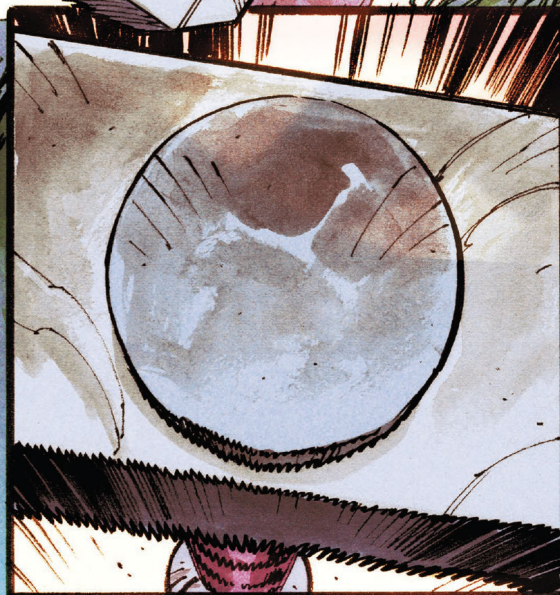
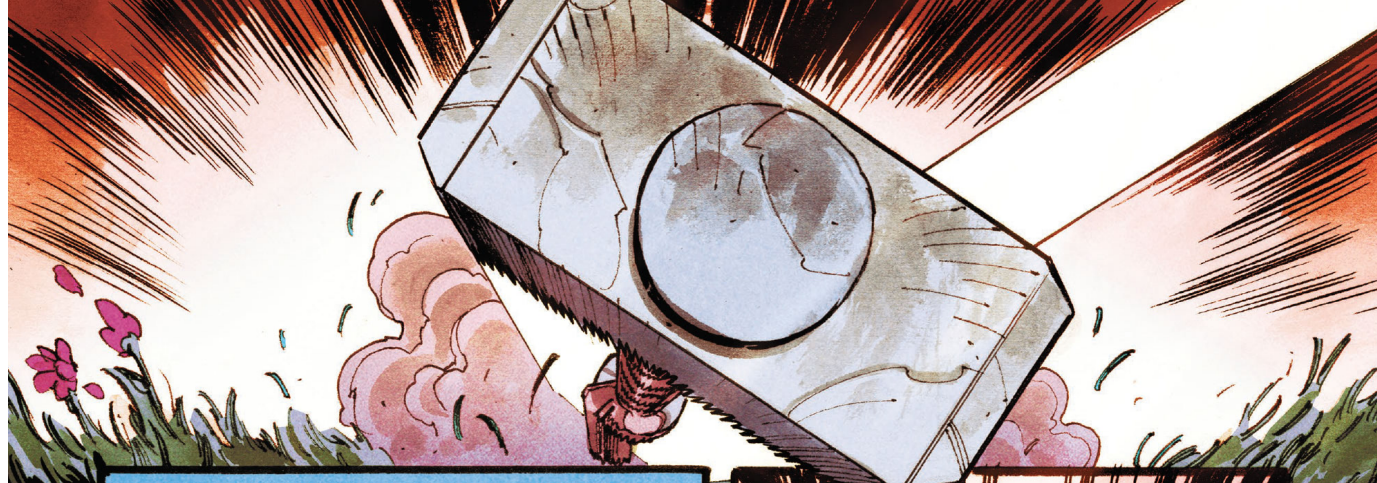


#24 VARIANT BY
Juni Ba



#24 VARIANT BY
**Pasqual Ferry
 & Matt Hollingsworth**

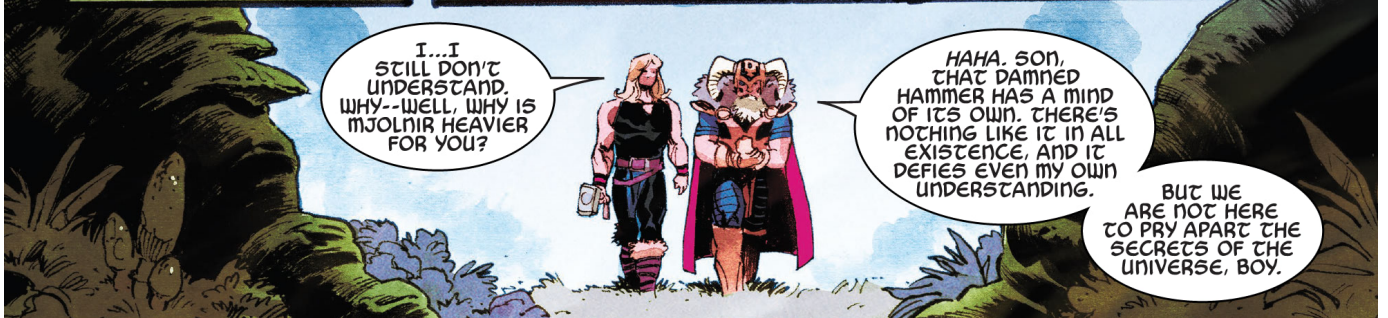
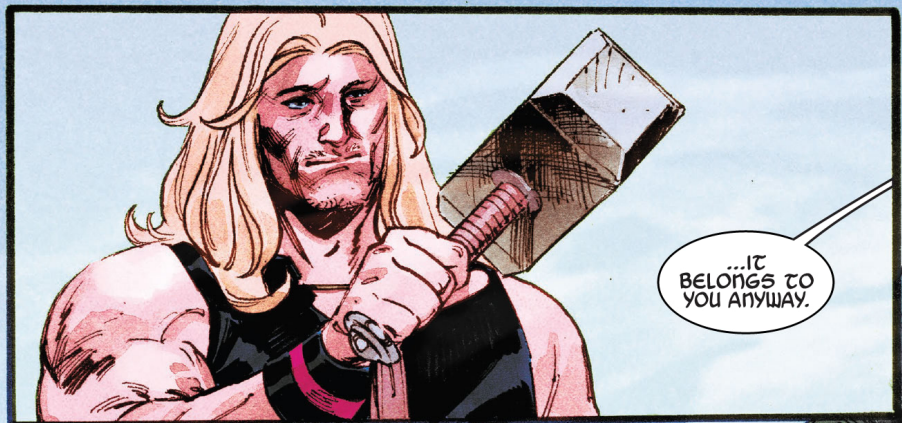
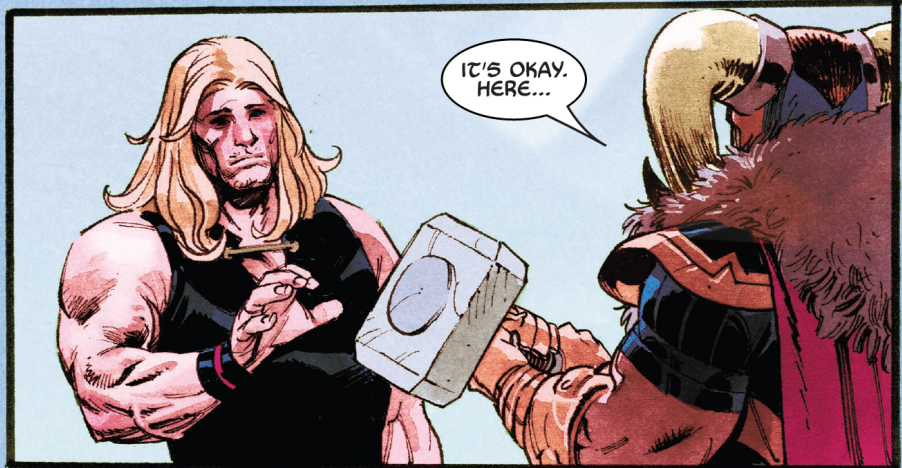
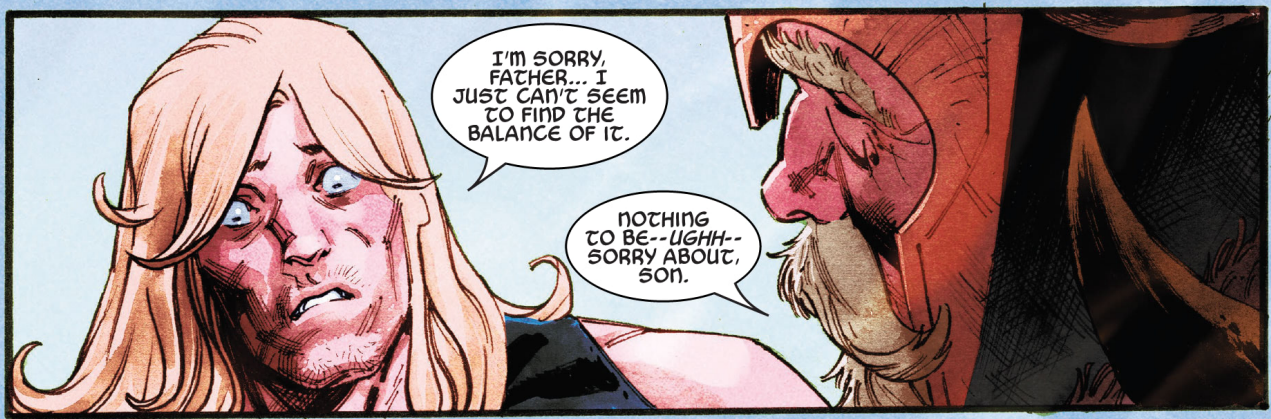


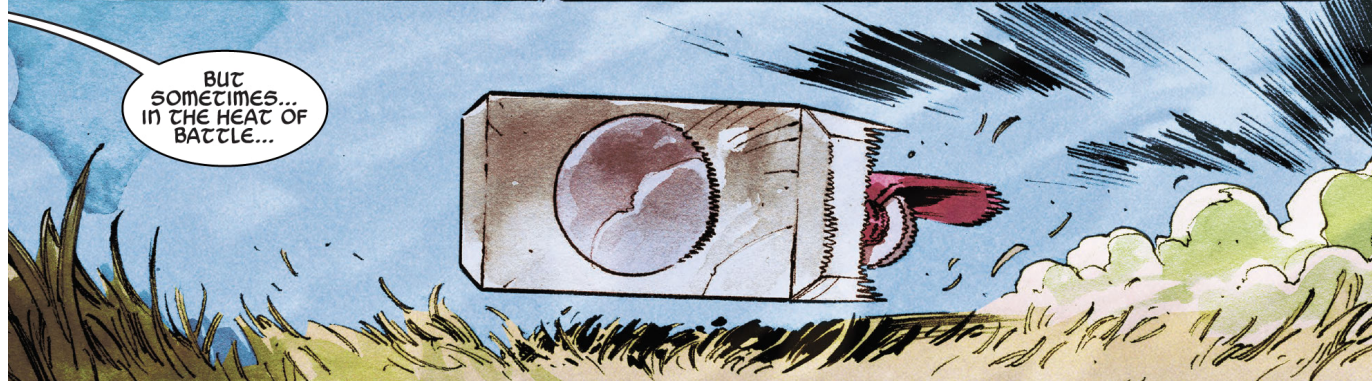
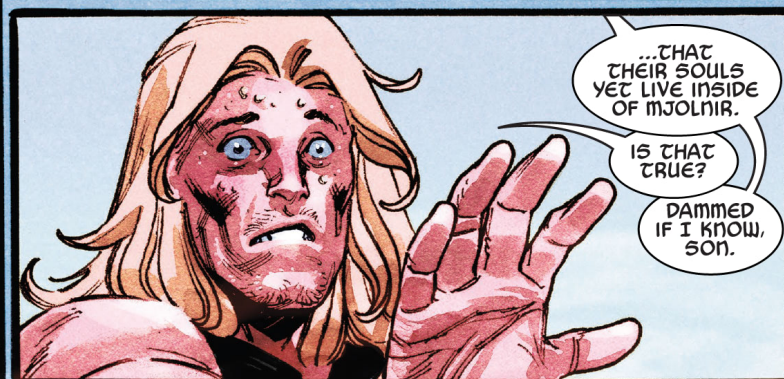
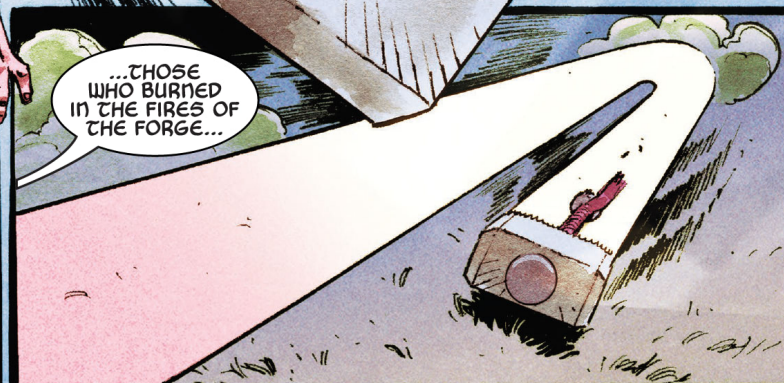




MJOLNIR
CAN'T HURT
YOU.

ASGARD.
LONG AGO.







THEY
SAY, "KEEP
YOUR EYES
OPEN."



HA! WELL
DONE, BOY!
SEE? I KNEW
YOU COULD...

FWAP

FWAP



THOR...

...WHAT'S
WRONG?

WILL...WILL
THAT HAPPEN
TO ME? WHEN
I DIE, WILL MY
SOUL--?

son.

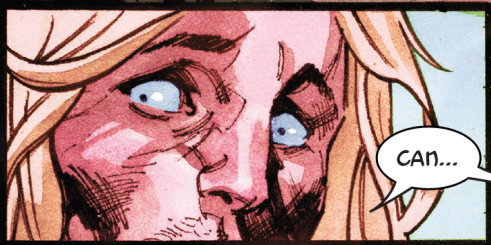


YOU DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT SUCH THINGS.
YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE
A PLACE IN THE
GRAND HALL OF
VALHALLA.

BUT ALL
THE STARS IN
EVERY SKY WILL
FALL COLD AND SILENT
BEFORE YOUR HEAD
LAYS TO REST. THAT
IS A PROMISE,
AND--

AND YOU?

WHAT
ABOUT ME,
BOY?



CAN...

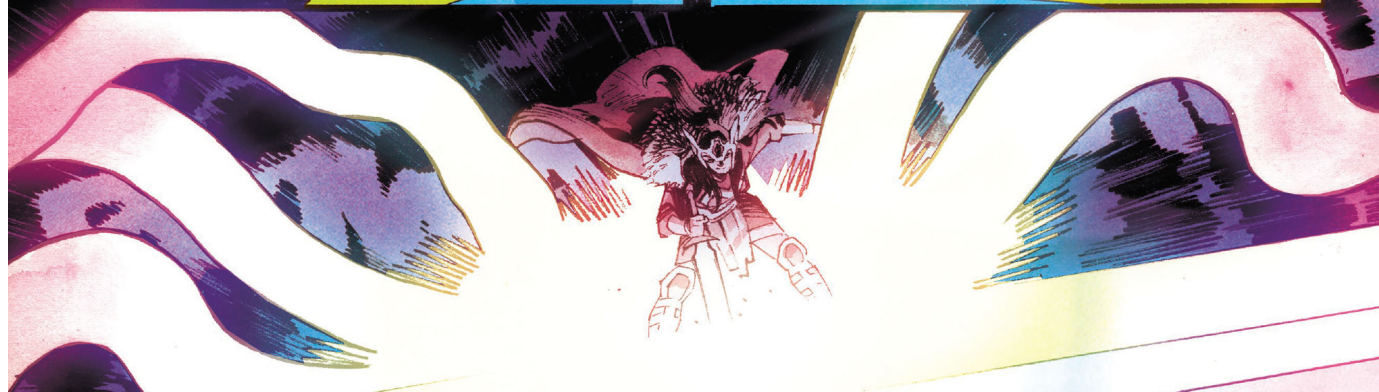
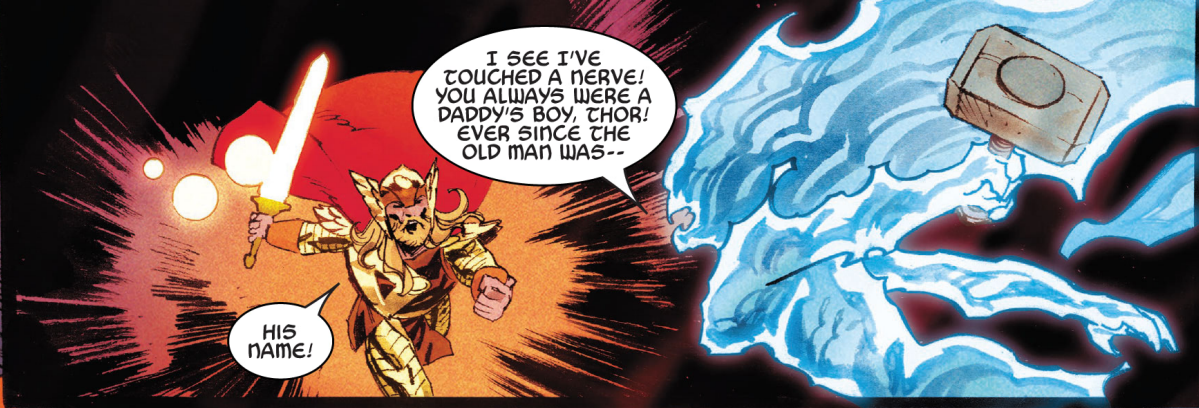
...CAN
YOU DIE?

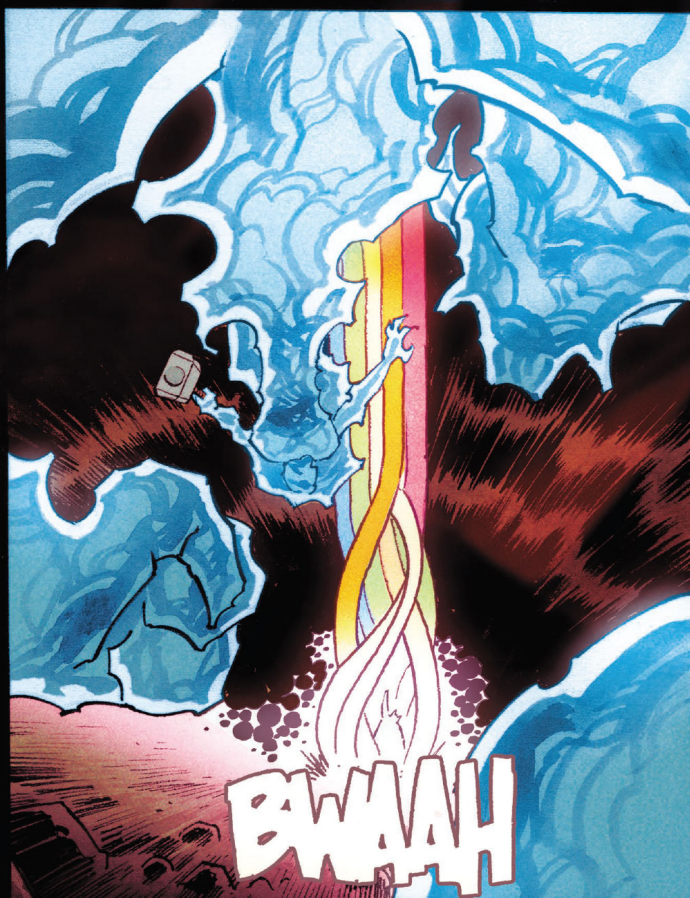
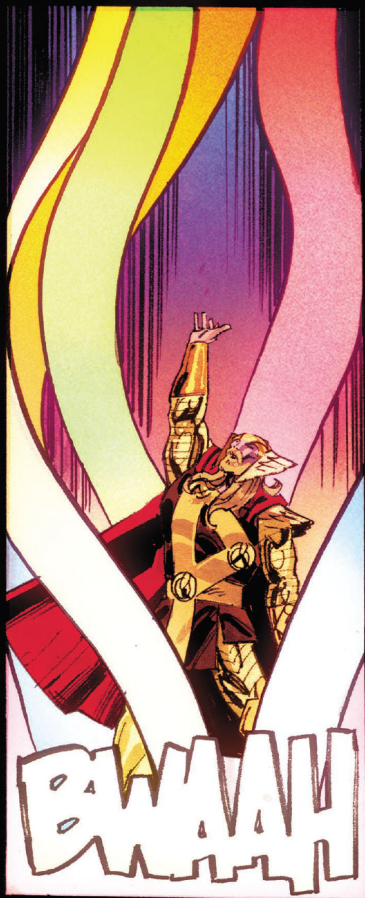


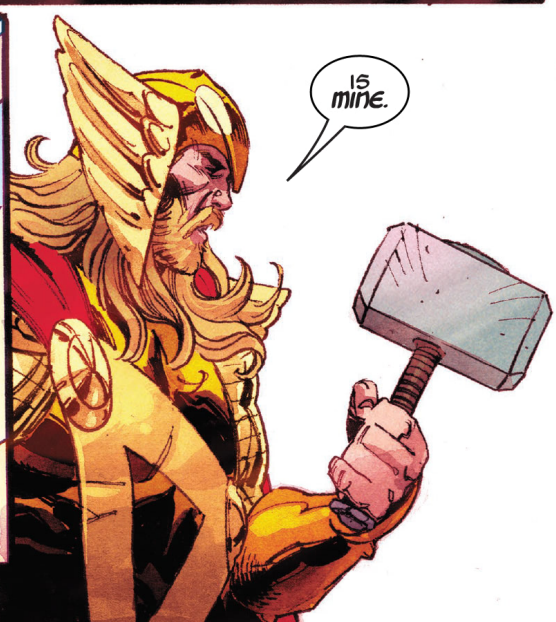
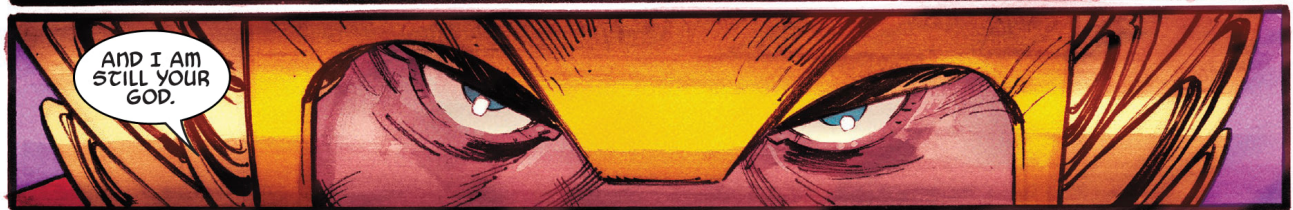
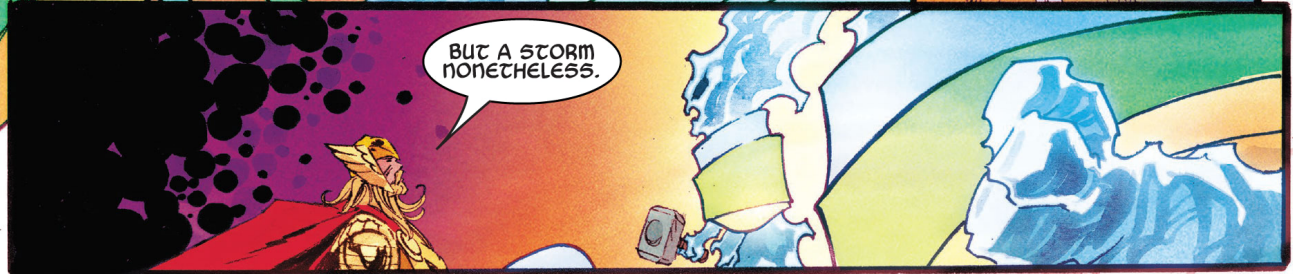
NO, SON.
NONE OF US
CAN. NOT
REALLY.

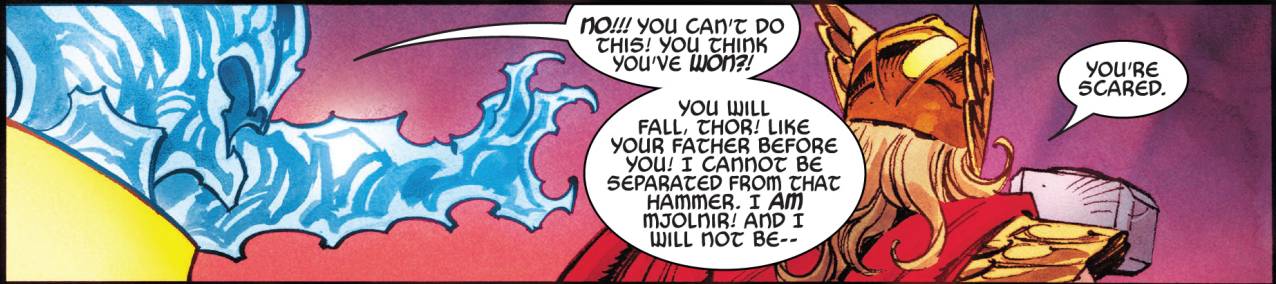
IN
DEATH, I
WILL BECOME
WHAT I HAVE
ALWAYS
BEEN...











NO!!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU THINK YOU'VE WON?!

YOU'RE SCARED.

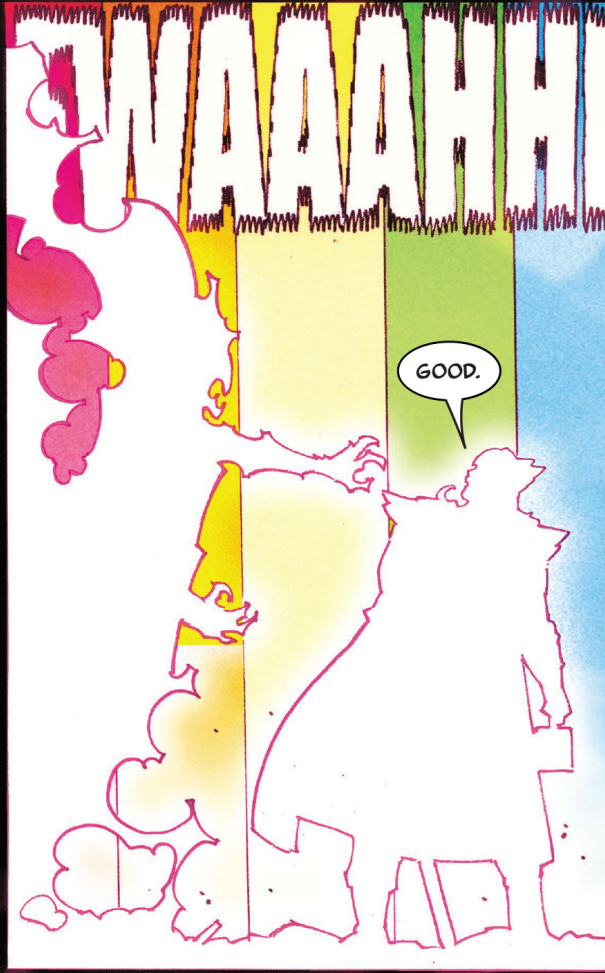
YOU WILL FALL, THOR! LIKE YOUR FATHER BEFORE YOU! I CANNOT BE SEPARATED FROM THAT HAMMER. I AM MJOLNIR! AND I WILL NOT BE--



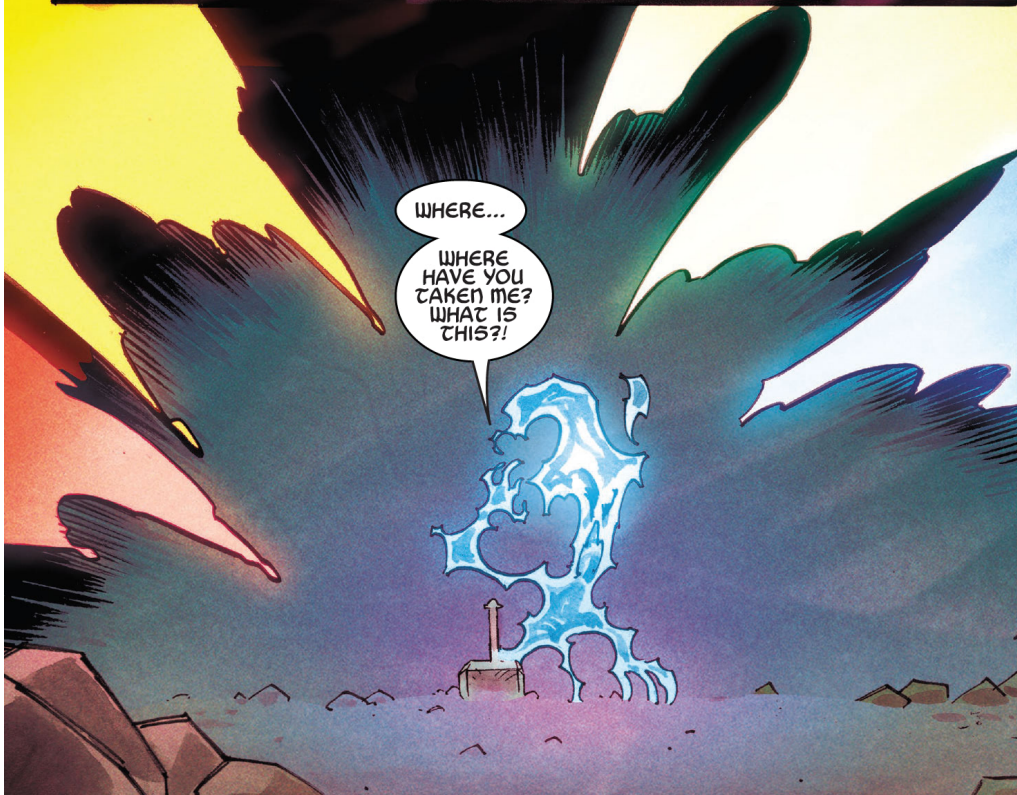
I CAN FEEL IT. IN THE BALANCE.

I CAN FEEL YOU TREMBLING. TRAPPED.

AFRAID.

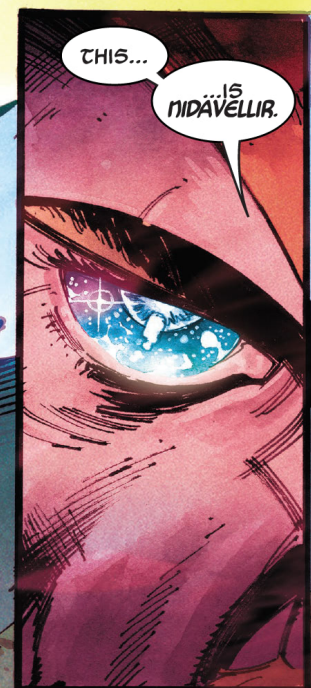


GOOD.



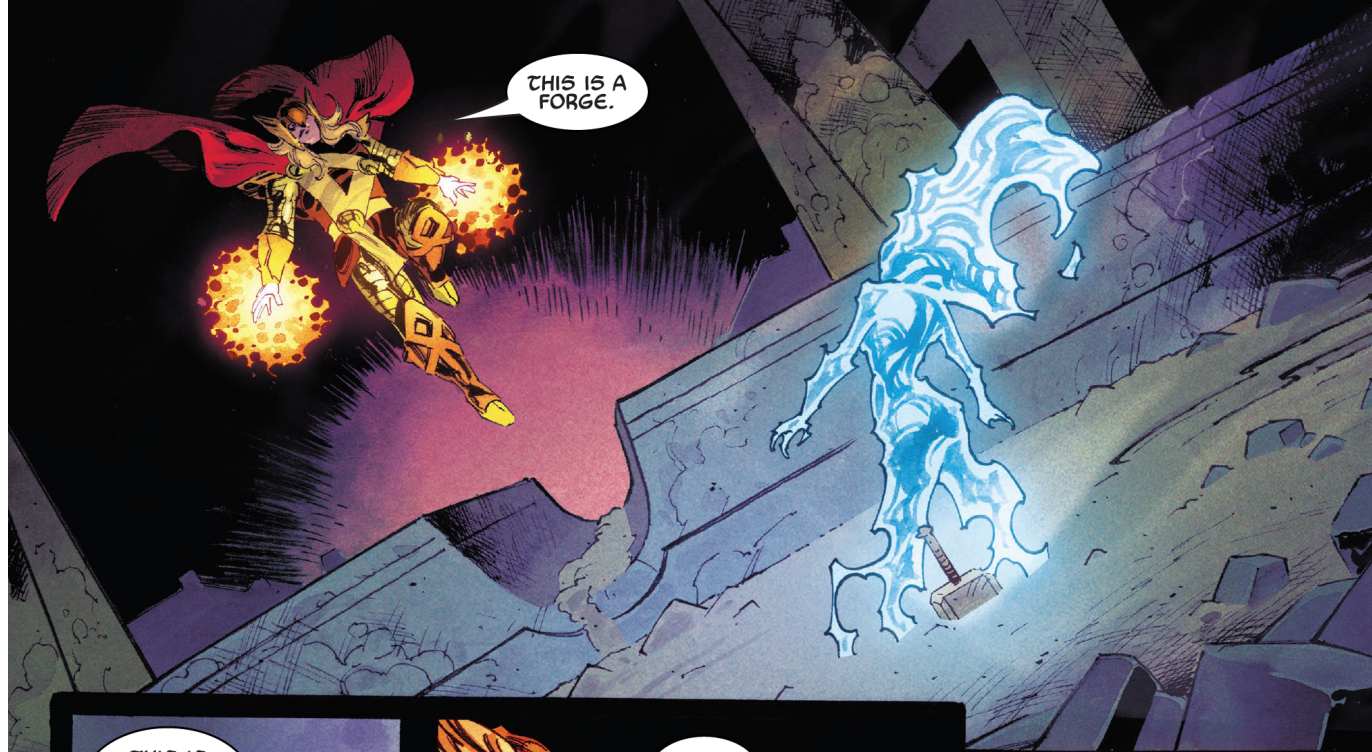
WHERE...

WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? WHAT IS THIS?!



THIS...

IS NIDÁVELLIR.



THIS IS A FORGE.



THIS IS WHERE YOU WERE BORN, MJOLNIR...

no!



...AND THIS...

FWAAH

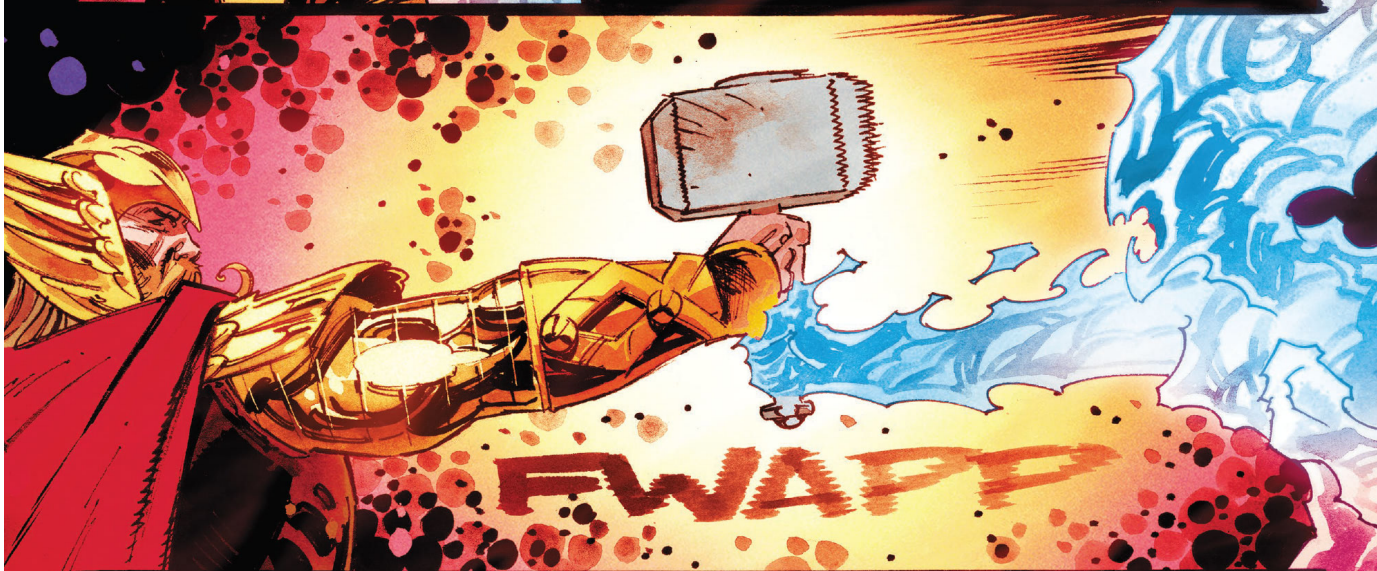


REAAAAHHH!!!

FWSSSS



...IS WHERE YOU WILL DIE.





The thunder
howls across
the galaxy.

And beneath it...the
screams of a ratherless
child made god.

Made king.

His cries echo and shake the
mountains of Nidavellir with
every strike of his
treasonous hammer.

The last remnant of his
father's legacy coming
undone in his hands.

And on...

...and on...

...the wheel
turns.

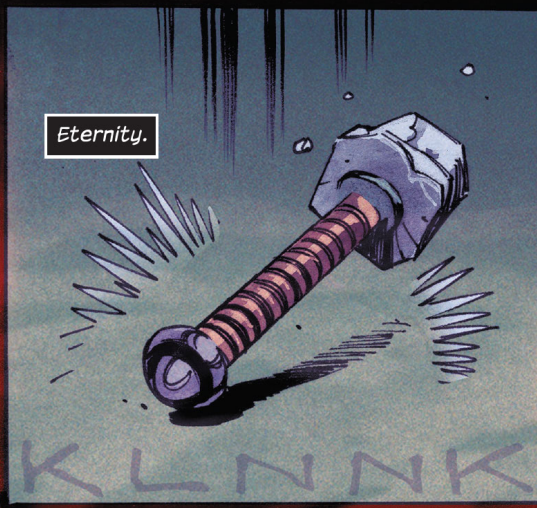
Fire.



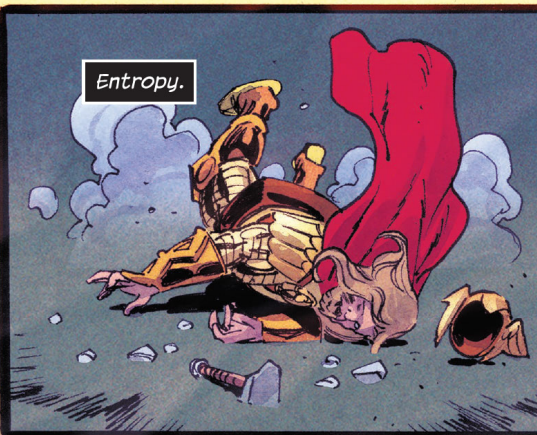
Rage.



Eternity.



Entropy.

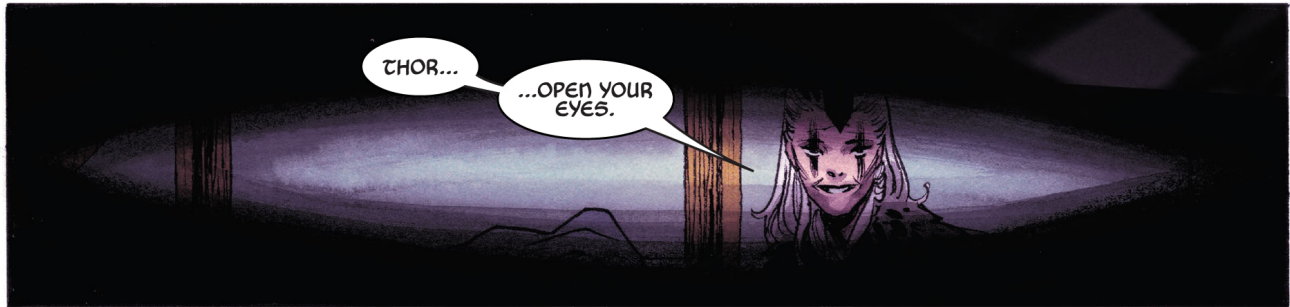


Annihilation.

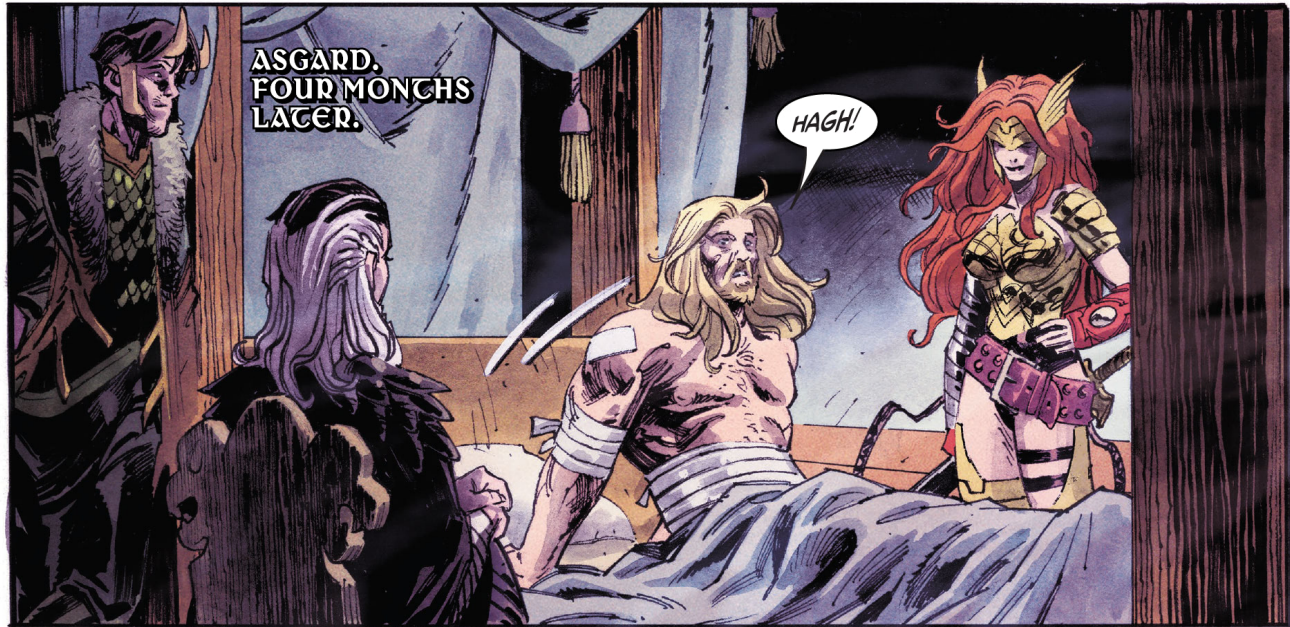




KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN,
BOY.

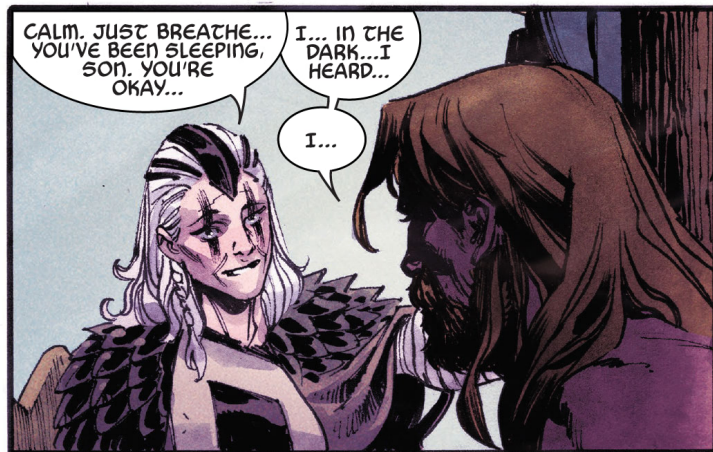


THOR...
...OPEN YOUR
EYES.



ASGARD.
FOUR MONTHS
LATER.

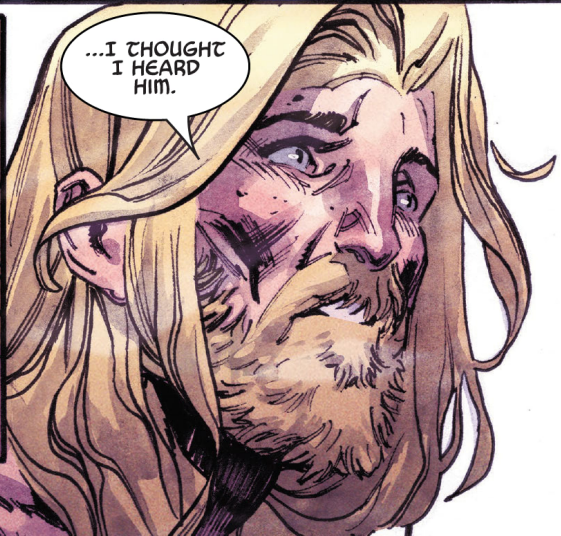
HAGH!



CALM. JUST BREATHE...
YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING,
SON. YOU'RE
OKAY...

I... IN THE
DARK... I
HEARD...

I...



...I THOUGHT
I HEARD
HIM.



CAREFUL.
YOU NEED TO
REST. STAY,
AND I'LL--

REST?
NO. NO, I'VE
RESTED LONG
ENOUGH. I
NEED TO--
TO...

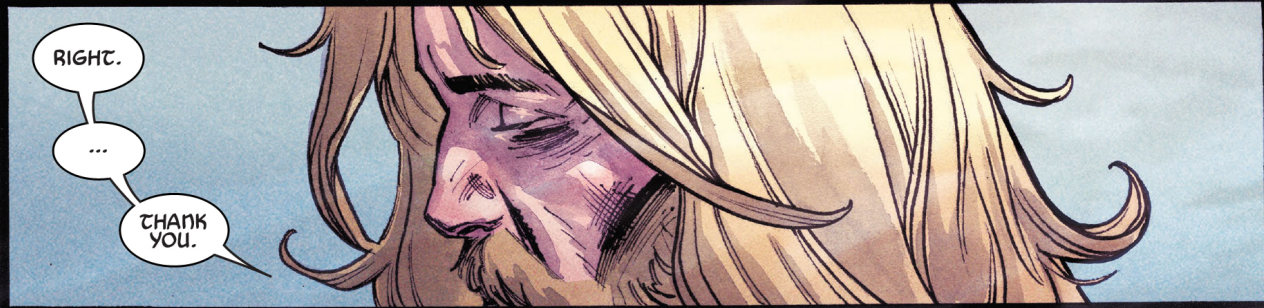
IT'S BEEN
TAKEN CARE OF,
SON. IT'S OKAY.
THERE'S NO
NEED TO--

WHAT?
WHAT HAS?



THERE WASN'T A
BODY TO BURY,
THOR.

WE'LL HOLD
A CEREMONY,
BUT THERE'S
NO RUSH.



RIGHT.

...

THANK
YOU.



THOR. I
KNOW THIS
IS HARD,
BUT--

I'M FINE,
LOKI. I DON'T
NEED--

NOW IS
NOT THE TIME
FOR YOUR STUBBORN
THUNDER, SON. LET
US HELP YOU. IT'S
WHAT--



I DON'T NEED
ANYTHING!!!



THOR.
PLEASE.

WE LOST
HIM TOO. YOU
MAY NOT NEED
US...

...BUT
WE NEED
YOU.

MOTHER...

I...
I JUST
NEED--

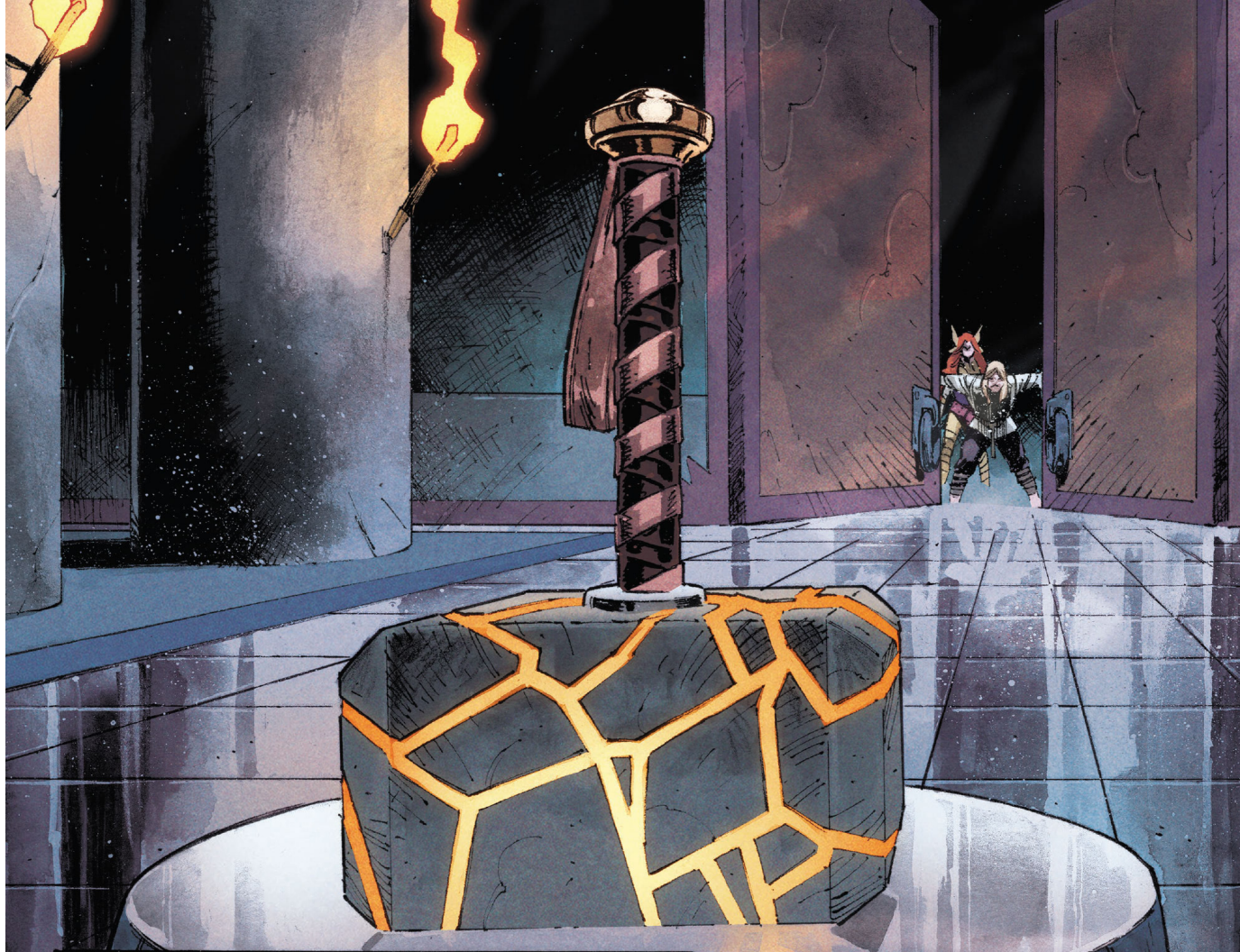
THIS IS
RIDICULOUS.

WE ALL
KNOW WHAT
HE NEEDS.

FINISH
GETTING DRESSED
AND MEET ME IN
THE ARMORY.

THE...

...WHAT?



BUT...HOW?
HOW DID
YOU--?

ALL OF
THE ANGELS IN
HEVEN, LITTLE
BROTHER.

WE ARE
NO DWARVES...
BUT WE DID
WHAT WE
COULD.

I...I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO
SAY, ANGELA.
WHY WOULD
YOU--?

I TOLD YOU
I WOULD CLEAN
YOUR MESS UP
IF I HAD TO.
CONSIDER IT
CLEAN.

YOU SHOULD
KNOW...

IT'S...

JUST
A HAMMER.
I KNOW...

I CAN
FEEL IT.

THERE IS
NO MAGIC
IN IT. NO
POWER.

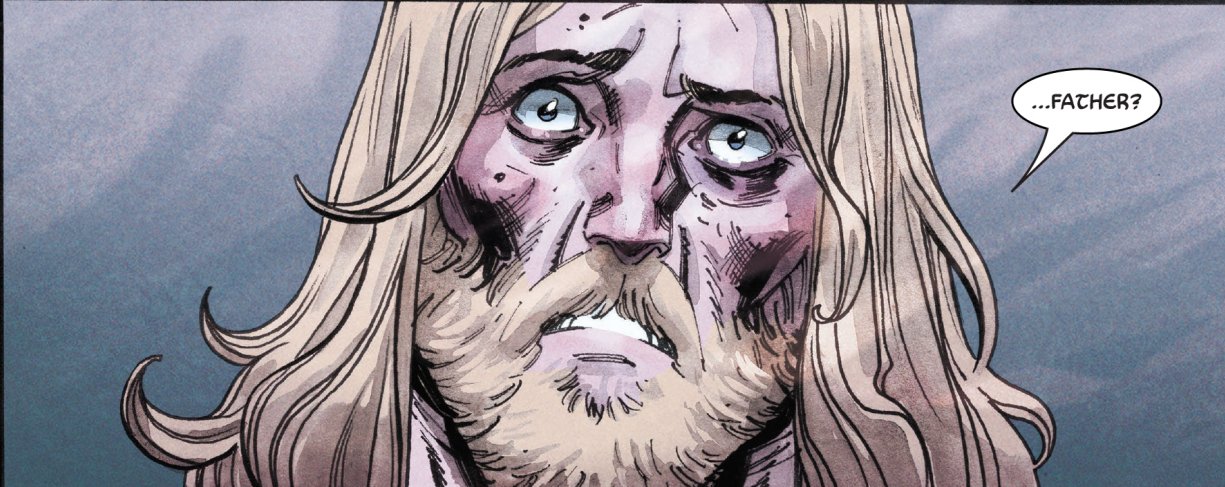
I THINK
THAT DEPENDS
ON WHO WIELDS
IT...

DON'T
YOU?





A KING
CAN'T RULE
FROM HIS
KNEES.



...FATHER?



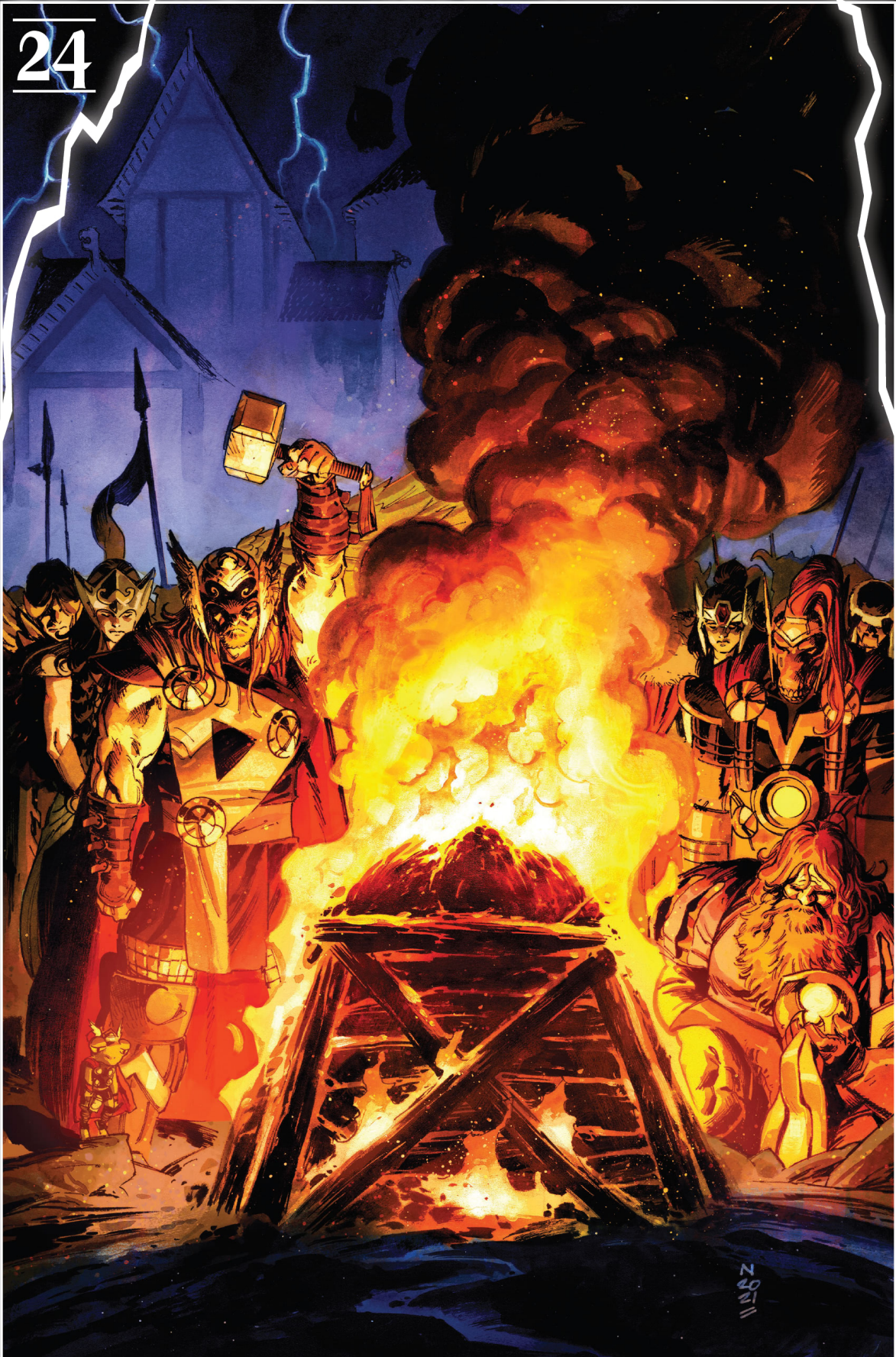
#24 VARIANT BY
**Dan Jurgens, Klaus Janson
 & Matt Hollingsworth**



#24 VARIANT BY
Alex Maleev



#24 VARIANT BY
Declan Shalvey



“FUNERAL FOR AN ALL-FATHER”

*The king's rain falls
black across Asgard.*

*Its weight heavy on the
heads of all who have
gathered to send the
Stone King home.*

*Its roar is chilling.
Its words biting
to the bone.*

*With every cry drowned and
every tear hidden, the thunder
of an orphaned and wrathful
god dances gently across
the stars...*

*A warning for all in the Ten
Realms that today...is not
the day to test the mercy
of the mourning.*

For Odin...

*The one called
One-Eye...*

*The wandering
Wulf of Hel...*

The Raven-God.

The usurper.

The destroyer.

The desecrator.

*His name...the only word
for "fear" in the broken
kingdoms left in his wake.*

*Odin the giant
killer.*

*Odin the dragon
slayer.*

*Odin, the
All-Father.*

Odin...

*my
FATHER...*





THE SECOND SON OF ASGARD

DONNY CATES NIC KLEIN MATT WILSON VC'S JOE SABINO
WRITER ARTIST COLOR ARTIST LETTERER

HE WAS...

...A TROUBLED MAN.

A VICIOUS GOD.

A...GREAT AND UNYIELDING KING.

A COMPLICATED HUSBAND. AND A...

...A...A GREAT SHADOW...THAT FALLS EVER STILL...

...ON MY BROTHER AND I...

HEH.

THE OLD BASTARD IS A GHOST NOW, AND I'M *STILL* TERRIFIED OF HIM.

THE TRUTH IS...

...MY FATHER PUSHED ME TO THE BRINK OF MADNESS MORE TIMES THAN I COULD COUNT.

HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT AND TERRIBLE CONTRADICTIONS.



HERE
WAS THE GREAT
CONQUERING ODIN.
A KING WITH A
CROWN OF BLOOD.
FEARED BY ALL,
WITH MERCY FOR
NONE.

AND
YET, HERE
IS ODIN...



...CARRYING
AND RAISING HIS
GREATEST ENEMIES'
ABANDONED CHILD
AS IF IT WERE
HIS OWN...

GRANTING
POWER TO THOSE
IN NEED...THOSE WHO
HE WOULD JUDGE AS
EQUALS THOUGH
THEIR BLOOD RAN
NOT OF
ASGARD...

...JUDGING
THEM...BY THE
WORTHINESS ONLY
HE SEEMED TO
SEE IN THEIR
HEARTS.



A TRAIT
HE SEEMED
SO...

...SO VERY
SELDOMLY TO
FIND IN ME.



I DO NOT
SAY HERE TODAY
ANYTHING YOU ALL HAVE
NOT HEARD BEFORE. HEL,
MY FATHER HAS CAST ME
OUT OF HIS KINGDOMS
MORE TIMES THAN
I CAN COUNT.

AND EVERY
DAMN TIME, I
WOULD RAGE.
SCREAM AND CURSE
HIS NAME AT A
SILENT SKY...

AND
EACH AND
EVERY DAMNED
TIME...

...I WOULD
RETURN A BETTER
MAN.

A BETTER
GOD.

SO
THAT...IN
TIME...

...I WOULD
BE A BETTER
KING.

TO
YOU.

TO
ALL OF
YOU.

I DID NOT
KNOW THAT WHEN
I WAS YOUNG. ALL I
SAW WAS THE HARD
MAN. THE STONE
KING. THE ROD.
THE STEEL.

BUT NOW...
AS I HOLD
THIS...

...THE
BOOK OF
KINGS...

...I SEE
IT NOW. HOW
GRAND THE WHEEL.
HOW UNENDING THE
PATH. HOW
HEAVY...THE
SACRIFICE.

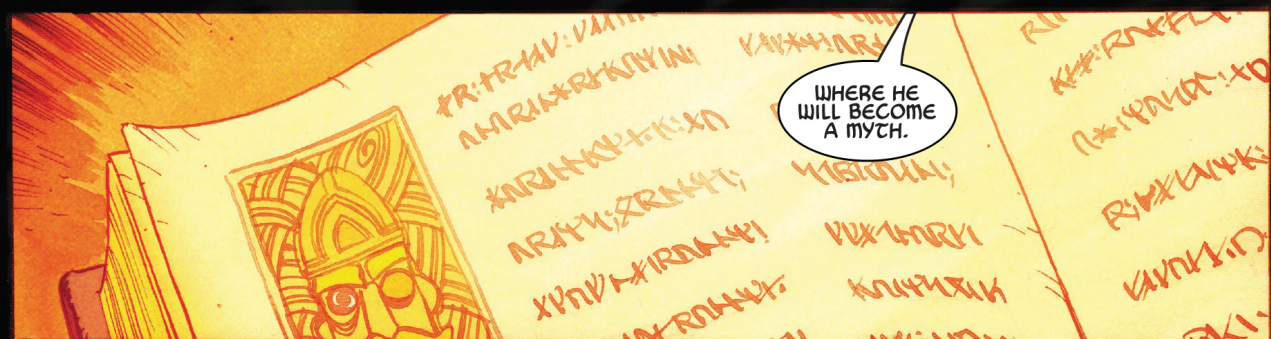
I SEE
HOW MUCH MY
FATHER WEPT...
AND BLED...

...IN
SILENCE...

...FOR
THOSE WHO
HE LOVED.

FOR HIS
PEOPLE.

FOR HIS
QUEEN.



FAR BEYOND
THE FIELDS
WE KNOW...

...IN THE
BURNING
GALAXY OF THE
KORBINITES...

"WHAT THE
HELL'S THE
TUOG DOING
HERE? THIS
ISN'T ITS
NATURAL
HABITAT."

"YEAH. AND THE
TEELA FOREST'S
RADIATION'S
INTERFERING
WITH OUR
TRACKING
SIGNALS."

"YOU THINK IT'S
DELIBERATE?"

"NEGATIVE. IT'S
NOT THAT SMART--

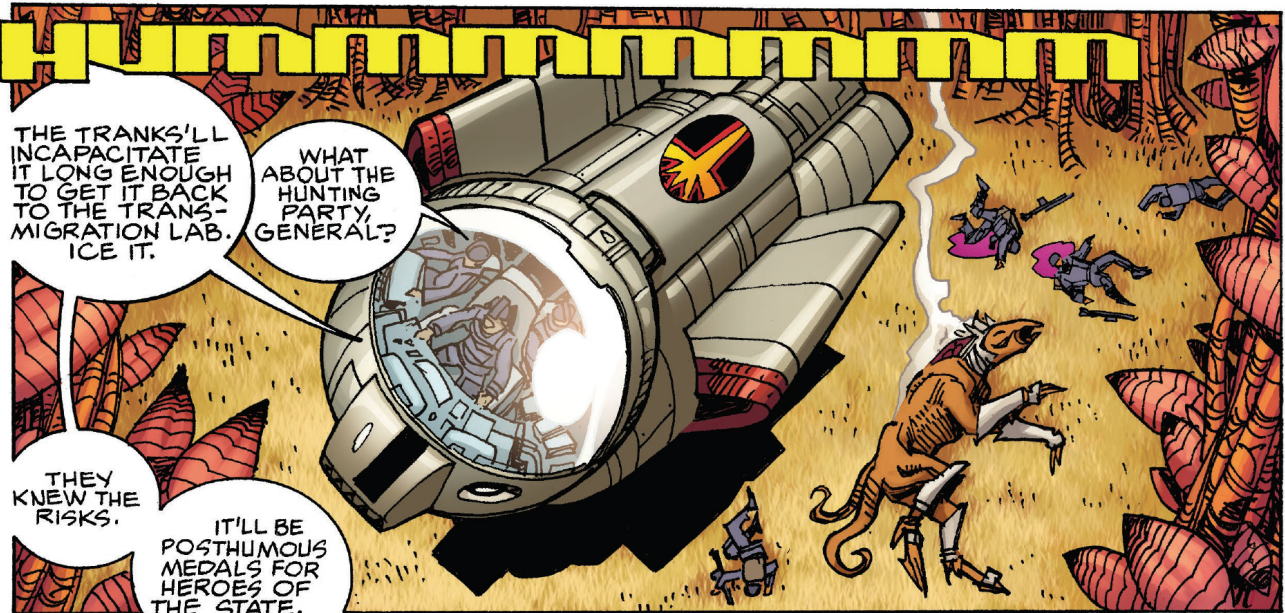
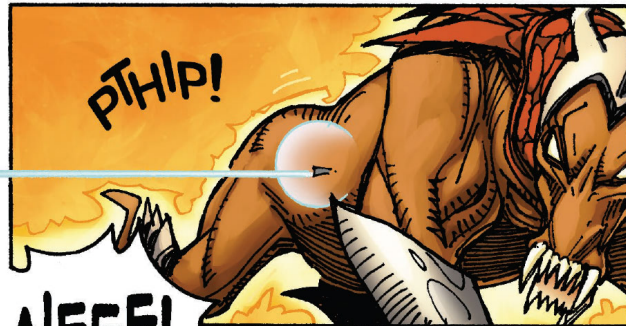
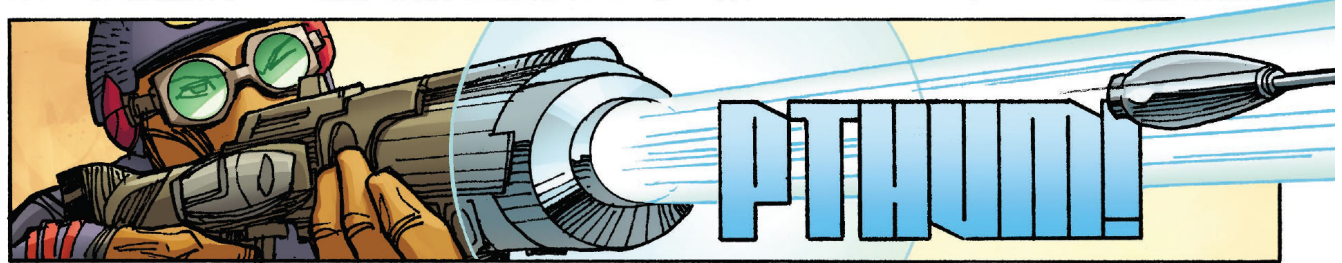
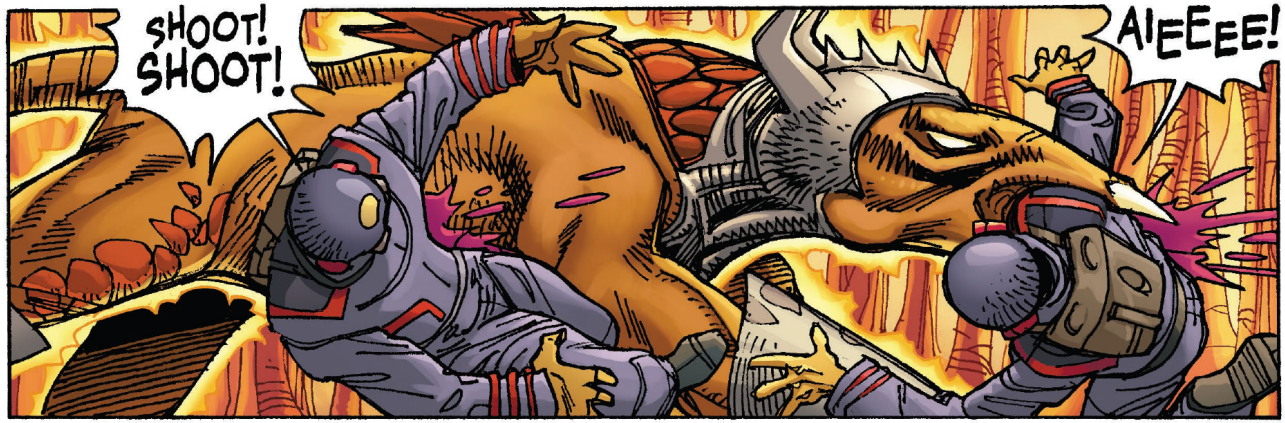
OH
GODS!
!!!

BWEEEEP!

PROLOGUE

AEEEE!

WRITING AND DRAWING:
WALTER SIMONSON
COLORING: LAURA MARTIN
WITH MATT MILLA
LETTERING: JOHN WORKMAN
EDITING: WIL MOSS AND ALANNA SMITH
ASSISTANT EDITING: KAITLYN LINDTVEDT
EDITING-IN-CHIEF: CB CEBULSKI



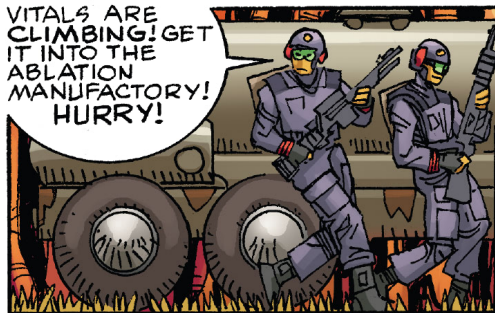
THE TRANKS'LL INCAPACITATE IT LONG ENOUGH TO GET IT BACK TO THE TRANS-MIGRATION LAB. ICE IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE HUNTING PARTY, GENERAL?

THEY KNEW THE RISKS.

IT'LL BE POSTHUMOUS MEDALS FOR HEROES OF THE STATE.

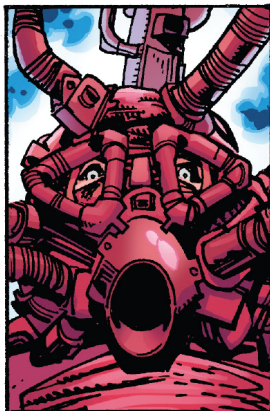
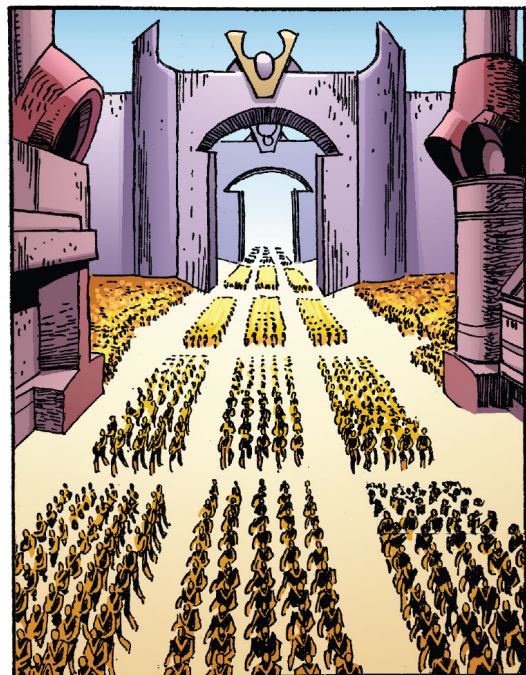
VITALS ARE CLIMBING! GET IT INTO THE ABLATION MANUFACTORY! HURRY!



"BRETHREN, THE GALAXY CORE EXPLOSION IS IMMINENT. I HAVE CALLED THIS EMERGENCY CONVOCATION BECAUSE MATTERS ARE COMING TO A HEAD."



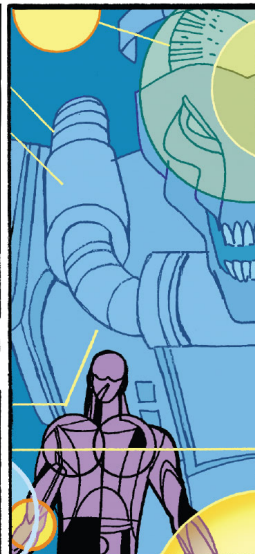
"WHEN THE GREAT KORBINITE GAMES CONCLUDED, TEN CHAMPIONS WERE CHOSEN."



"THEY WERE SUBJECTED TO A FINAL PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILING IN THE COALESCENCE CHAMBER."

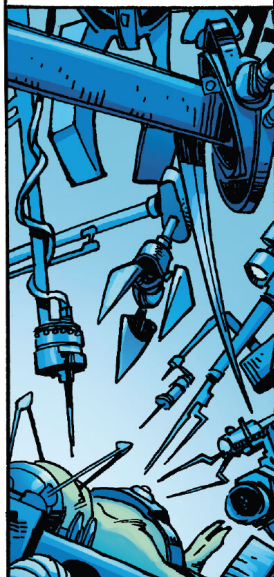


"SEVEN DIED."

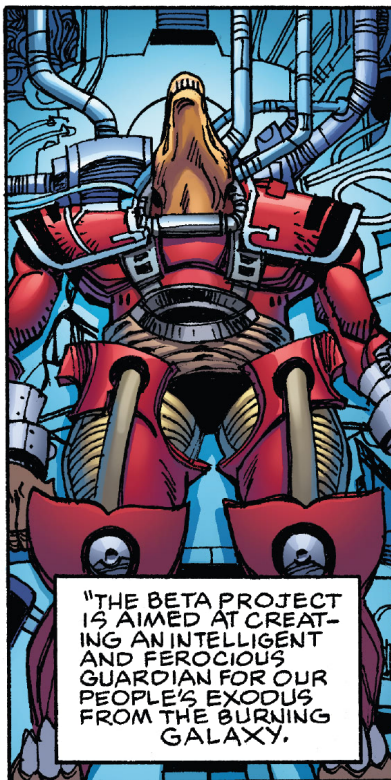


"AT THE COST OF THEIR OWN LIVES, FOUR OF OUR GREATEST HUNTSMEN CAPTURED A TUOG."

"WHEN THE TUOG WAS BROUGHT INTO THE TRANS-MIGRATION LAB, THE REMAINING THREE CHAMPIONS WERE VIVISECTED ALONG WITH THE TUOG."



"TWO DIED, AND THE FINAL CHAMPION PROVED TO BE COMPATIBLE WITH THE PREDATOR."



"THE BETA PROJECT IS AIMED AT CREATING AN INTELLIGENT AND FEROCIOUS GUARDIAN FOR OUR PEOPLE'S EXODUS FROM THE BURNING GALAXY."

"IT IS A MILITARY PROJECT, AND, AS SUCH, NOT SUBJECT TO PRIESTLY OVERSIGHT."



"THE MILITARY DEEMED THE ORIGINAL ALPHA PROJECT--A COMBINATION OF ROBOTICS AND ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE--TOO UNCREATIVE FOR THE TASK OF GUARDING OUR RACE."

"FORTUNATELY, OUR TECHNO-
PRIESTS WERE ABLE TO
SUBVERT THE ALPHA'S
PROGRAMMING. THE
CREATURE IS NOW OURS.

"I HAVE DISPATCHED
IT TO KILL THE BETA
PROJECT..."

"...BEFORE
THE HYBRID
AWAKENS."

URRK!

THE
GREAT
ARMADA
WILL
LAUNCH
IN SIX
HOURS...

...WITH OUR
SLAVE AS ITS
GUARDIAN.

"ONCE THE ALPHA HAS DISPATCHED
THE BETA PROJECT USING THE
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE..."

"...THE MILITARY WILL
BE LEFT WITH NO
CHOICE BUT TO
ACTIVATE THE ALPHA
ENTITY..."

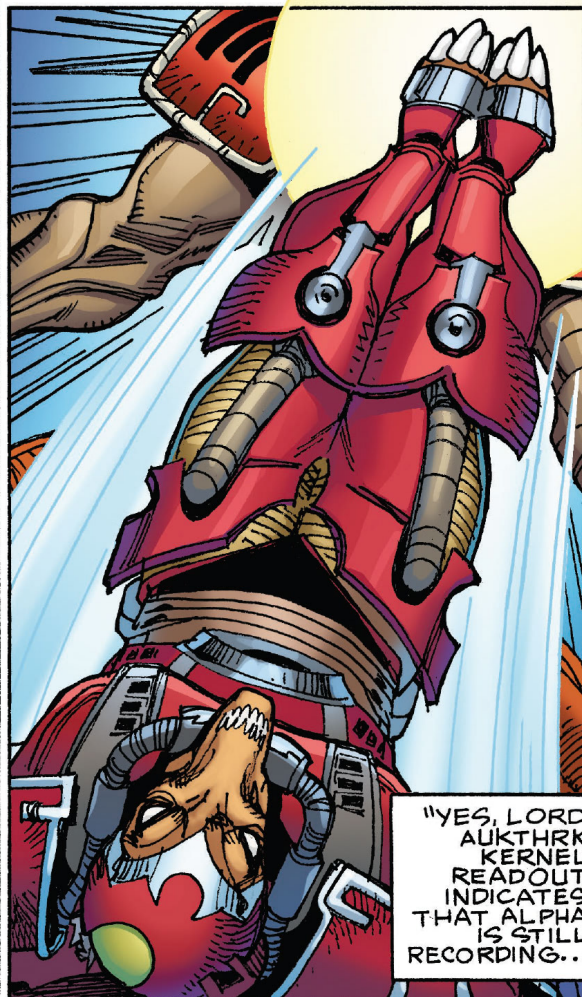
"...NOT KNOWING
WE ALREADY
CONTROL IT
COMPLETELY.

"ONCE WE
HAVE
ARRIVED
AT OUR NEW
WORLD, WE
SHALL
ELIMINATE--"

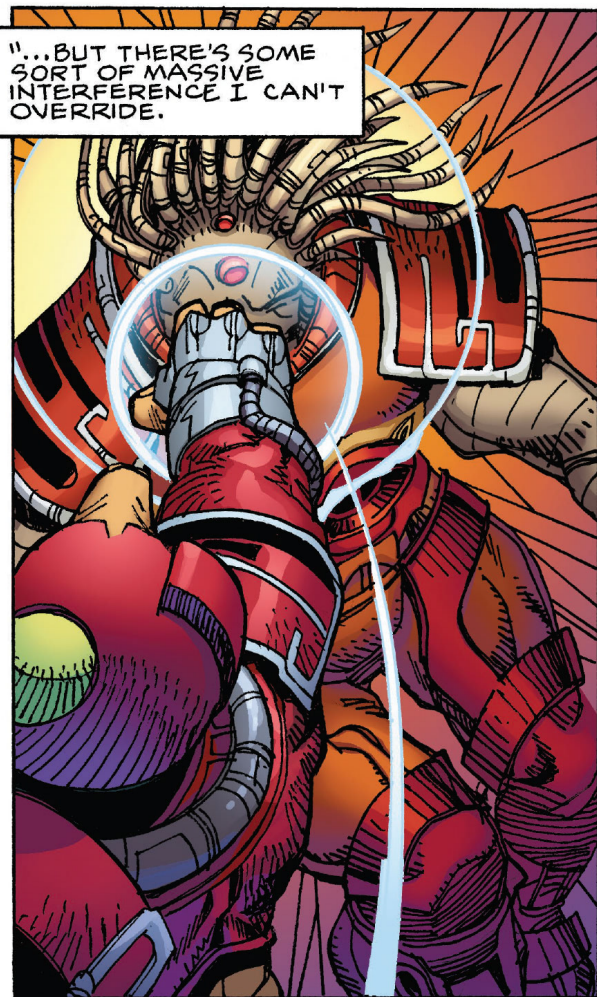
"YOUR EMINENCE, THE TELEMETRY FEED
FROM THE ALPHA HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED."



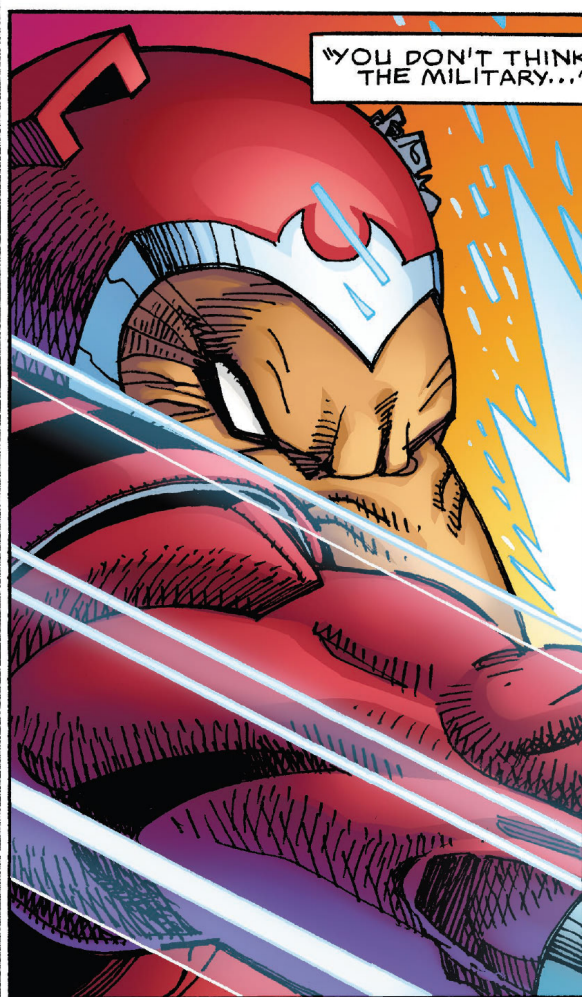
"HAVE YOU
CHECKED
REDUNDANCY
BACKUPS?"



"YES, LORD
AUKTHRK,
KERNEL
READOUT
INDICATES
THAT ALPHA
IS STILL
RECORDING..."



"...BUT THERE'S SOME
SORT OF MASSIVE
INTERFERENCE I CAN'T
OVERRIDE."



"YOU DON'T THINK
THE MILITARY..."

"VATK, GO! CONFIRM
ALPHA'S KILL AND
REPORT BACK."

"YOUR
EMINENCE."

"LET US HOPE
OUR SECRET..."

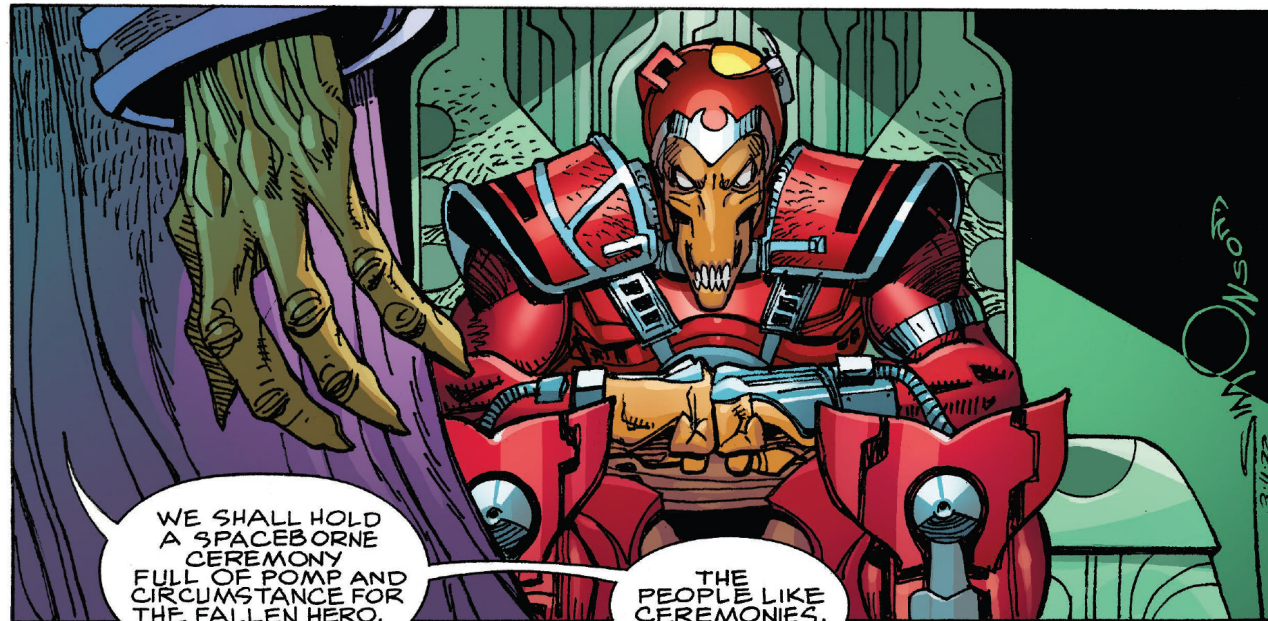
SLAMM!

...HAS
NOT BEEN
UNCOVERED.

FIREWALL
BREACHED.

CONNECTION
ESTABLISHED.

DATA
DOWNLOAD
COMPLETE.



YES,
LORD
AUKTHRK.
THEY
DO.



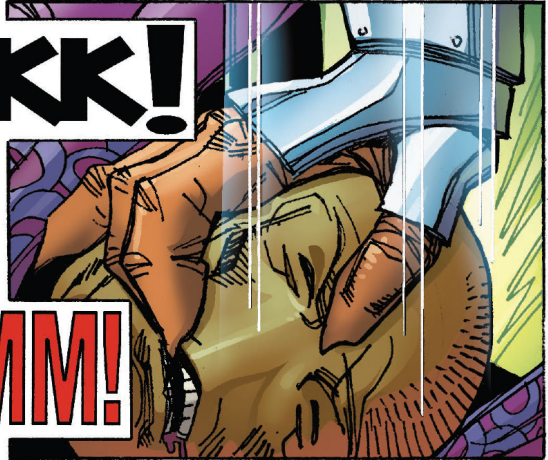
WHA--?

URK!



KRAKK!

SLAMM!



MY DOWNLOAD
OF ALPHA'S DATA
WAS QUITE
ENLIGHTENING.

THE SACRIFICE
TO THE GODS FOR
SAFE PASSAGE
HAS BEEN
ACCOMPLISHED.

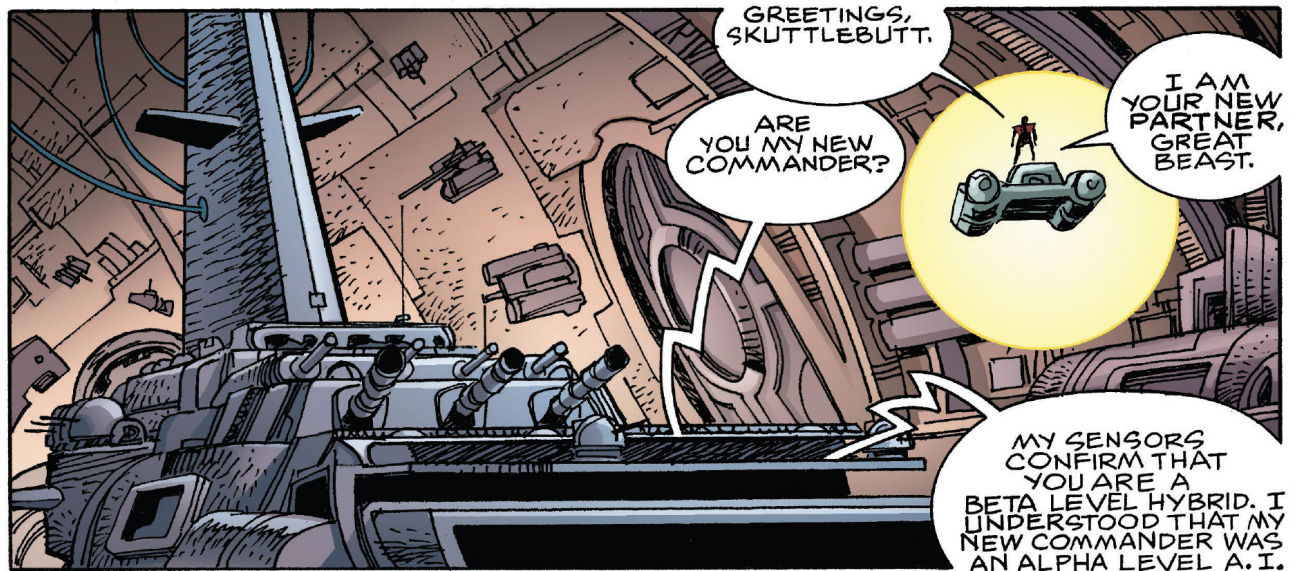
I'M SURE
LORD AUKTHRK
WOULD BE
PLEASED.

I TRUST NO
FURTHER
SACRIFICES
WILL BE
NEEDED.

DO I
MAKE
MYSELF
CLEAR?



NOW
TO YOUR
STASIS
COFFINS!
GO!



GREETINGS,
SKUTTLEBUTT.

ARE
YOU MY NEW
COMMANDER?

I AM
YOUR NEW
PARTNER,
GREAT
BEAST.

MY SENSORS
CONFIRM THAT
YOU ARE A
BETA LEVEL HYBRID. I
UNDERSTOOD THAT MY
NEW COMMANDER WAS
AN ALPHA LEVEL A.I.

YOU WERE
MISINFORMED.

GOOD. I
WOULD NOT
LIKE TO TAKE
ORDERS OF
ANOTHER
A.I.

THAT ALONE
RENDERED HIM
UNFIT FOR
COMMAND.

DOWNLOAD
MY CORE AND TWIN
US. WE MUST BECOME
AS ONE FOR THE
JOURNEY AHEAD.

FZZZZZZZZZPTT!

ALPHA
HAD ALREADY
BEEN SUBORNED
BY THE
PRIESTS.

YOU
KILLED
THE HIGH
PRIEST?

A
SACRIFICE
WAS
NEEDED,
HE SAID.

I DOUBT IF LORD
AUKTHRK MEANT
HIMSELF.
AUDACIOUS.

UNINTENDED
CONSEQUENCES.
WE SHALL GET ON,
YOU AND I,
SKUTTLEBUTT.

TIME
IS
SHORT.

ALL
SHIPS SHOW
GREEN.

REMANING
UNIFIED FLEET
CONTROL TO
ONBOARD
MAINFRAME.

SYNCHRO-
NIZING
LAUNCH
WINDOWS.

COMMENCING
COUNTDOWN.

ACTIVATING
STASIS
CHAMBER.

AWAKEN
ME IN THE
EVENT OF AN
EMERGENCY.

10

9

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

1

IGNITION

AND FROM
THE BURNING
GALAXY...

...TEN THOUSAND
STARSHIPS EXPLODE
INTO SPACE...

... CARRYING THE HOPES,
DREAMS, AND FEARS OF
THE KORBINITE RACE INTO
THE FUTURE AS THE BURNING
GALAXY BEGINS TO
EXPLODE BEHIND THEM.

SLEEP WELL...
COMMANDER.

FIN

THE SEDUCTION

DAN JURGENS WRITER & PENCILER KLAUS JANSON INKER
MATT WILSON COLORIST VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER

INTERNAL NOTATION:
WE ARE IN A DISTANT,
BARREN SECTION
OF THE UNIVERSE.

A BATTLE OF GODS
LEFT ME UNABLE TO
SPEAK...MY POWER
SUPPLY NEARLY
EXHAUSTED.

MY ABILITY TO
OBSERVE AND
REC--TZTZ--IS
FAD--KZZTZ.

...

RECORDER.

THANOS
AND MANGOG ARE
VANQUISHED.

TARENE AND
FIRELORD HATH
DEPARTED.

ALL
THAT REMAINS
IS TO REPAIR
THEE...

...GIVING
THEE LIFE ONCE
MORE.



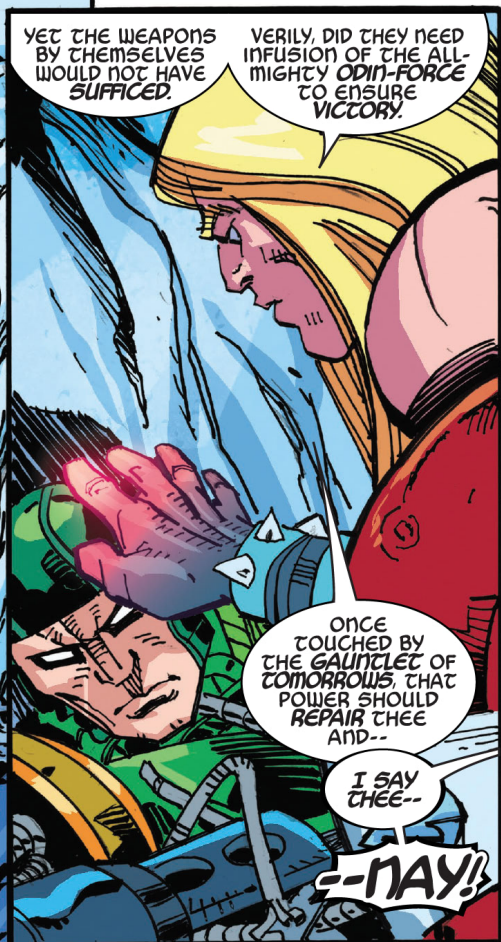
IN THE PAST, I HAD NOT THE POWER TO DO SO.

NOW, THANKS TO ALL-KNOWING ODIN, 'TIS NO LONGER THE CASE.

'T WAS HE WHO ENGAGED THE BLACKSMITH JAGRFELM TO FASHION THESE WEAPONS OF WAR...

...WHICH ENABLED ME TO DEFEAT THANOS.*

*AS SEEN IN THOR (1998) #25, AVAILABLE ON MARVEL UNLIMITED. --WIL



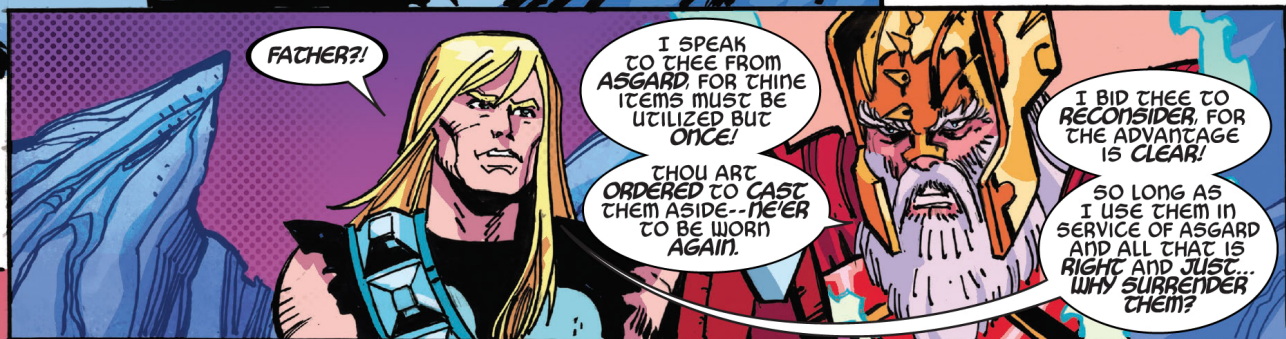
YET THE WEAPONS BY THEMSELVES WOULD NOT HAVE SUFFICED.

VERILY, DID THEY NEED INFUSION OF THE ALL-MIGHTY ODIN-FORCE TO ENSURE VICTORY.

ONCE TOUCHED BY THE GAUNTLET OF TOMORROWS, THAT POWER SHOULD REPAIR THEE AND--

I SAY THEE--

--NAY!



FATHER?!

I SPEAK TO THEE FROM ASGARD. FOR THINE ITEMS MUST BE UTILIZED BUT **ONCE!**

THOU ART ORDERED TO CAST THEM ASIDE--NE'ER TO BE WORN AGAIN.

I BID THEE TO RECONSIDER, FOR THE ADVANTAGE IS CLEAR!

SO LONG AS I USE THEM IN SERVICE OF ASGARD AND ALL THAT IS RIGHT AND JUST... WHY SURRENDER THEM?



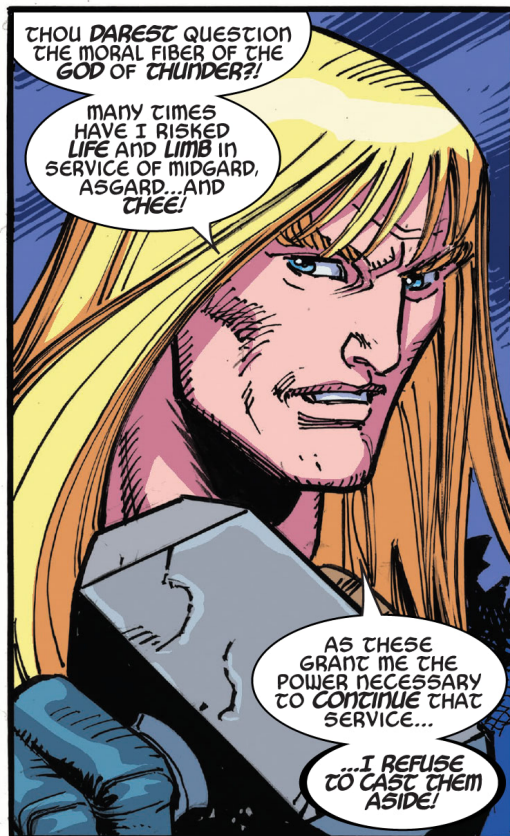
TRUE, THE BELT OF POWER, SHIELD OF LIFE AND GAUNTLET OF TOMORROWS MAKE THEE NIGH UNTO INVINCIBLE.

YET THEY ARE SEDUCTIVE IN NATURE, DRAINING THE NOBLE AND RIGHTEOUS CHARACTER OF THE BEARER...

...UNTIL HE IS LEFT WITHOUT EMPATHY OR MORAL HEADING.

SO SAYETH HE WHO IS BEYOND QUESTION AND DOUBT!

SO SAYETH ODIN!



THOU DAREST QUESTION THE MORAL FIBER OF THE GOD OF THUNDER?!

MANY TIMES HAVE I RISKED LIFE AND LIMB IN SERVICE OF MIDGARD, ASGARD...AND THEE!

AS THESE GRANT ME THE POWER NECESSARY TO CONTINUE THAT SERVICE...

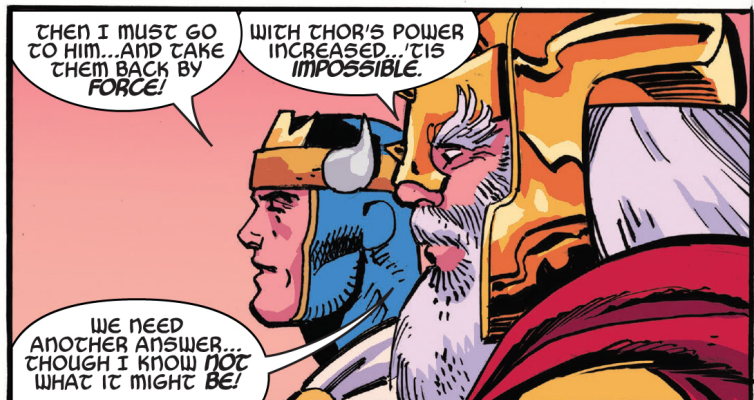
I REFUSE TO CAST THEM ASIDE!



SUCH IMPUDENCE! HOW DARE HE--?

EVEN NOW THE WEAPONS' DARK RESIDUE PULL THOR INTO THEIR SMOTHERING ABYSS.

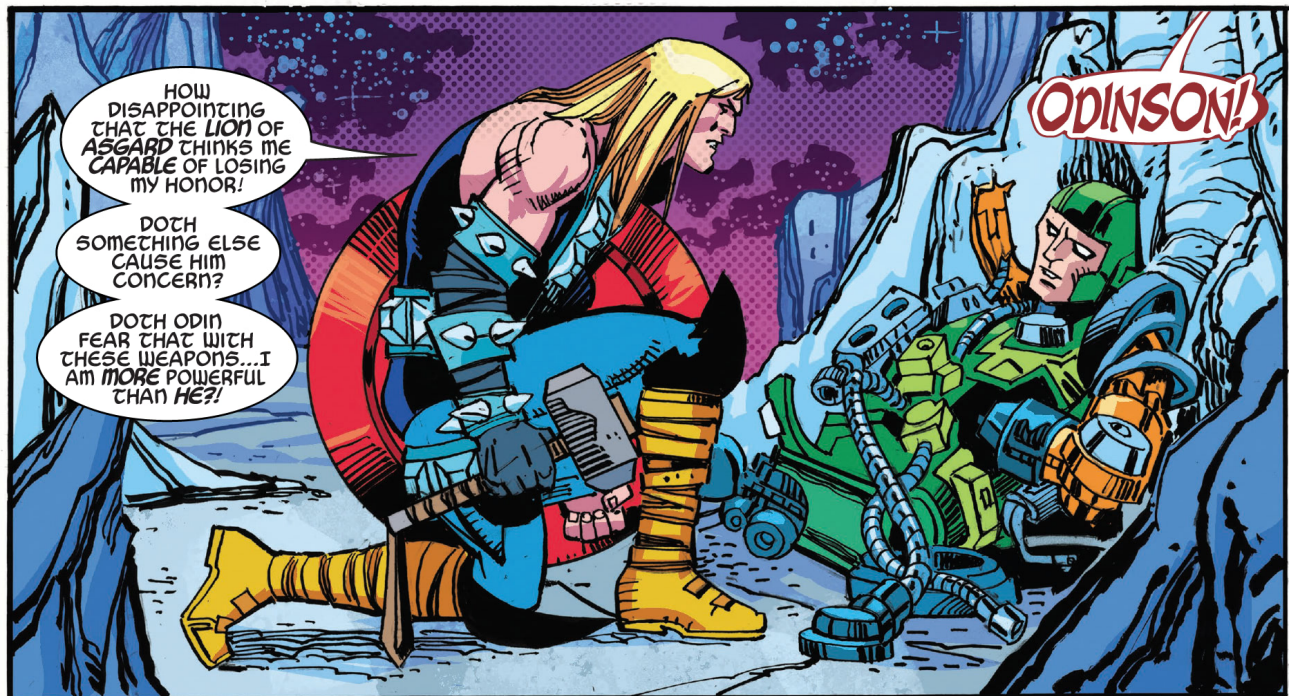
SOON THE THUNDER GOD'S VERY SOUL SHALL BE CONSUMED LEST WE ACT, BALDER.



THEN I MUST GO TO HIM...AND TAKE THEM BACK BY FORCE!

WITH THOR'S POWER INCREASED...TIS IMPOSSIBLE.

WE NEED ANOTHER ANSWER...THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT IT MIGHT BE!

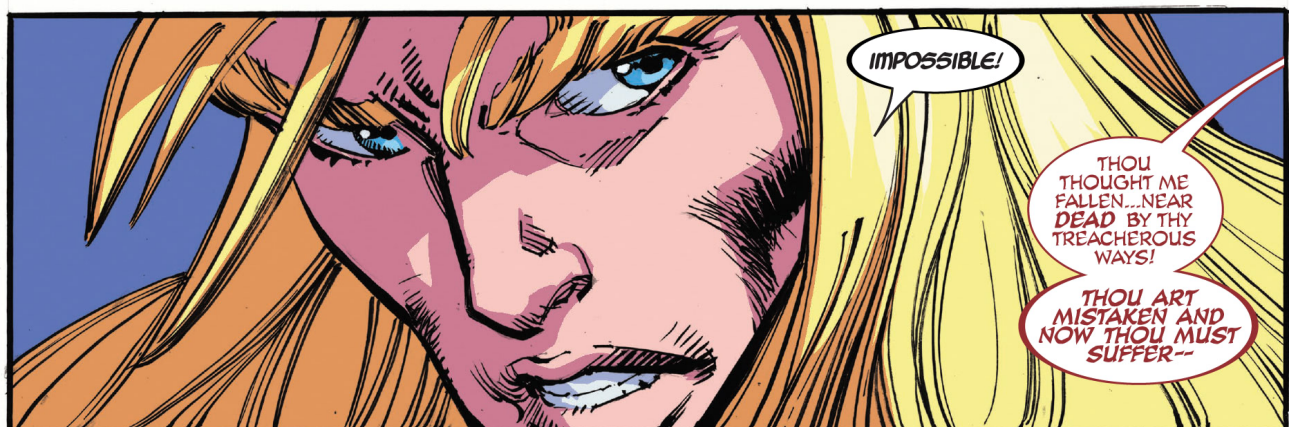


HOW DISAPPOINTING THAT THE LION OF ASGARD THINKS ME CAPABLE OF LOSING MY HONOR!

DOTH SOMETHING ELSE CAUSE HIM CONCERN?

DOTH ODIN FEAR THAT WITH THESE WEAPONS...I AM MORE POWERFUL THAN HE?!

ODINSON!



IMPOSSIBLE!

THOU THOUGHT ME FALLEN...NEAR DEAD BY THY TREACHEROUS WAYS!

THOU ART MISTAKEN AND NOW THOU MUST SUFFER--

--THE
WRATH OF
MANGOG!

mangog?!

AYE!

HE WHO
IS MORE THAN A
SINGLE LIVING
BEING...

...FOR MANGOG
CARRIES THE POWER
AND DETERMINATION
OF AN ENTIRE
RACE!

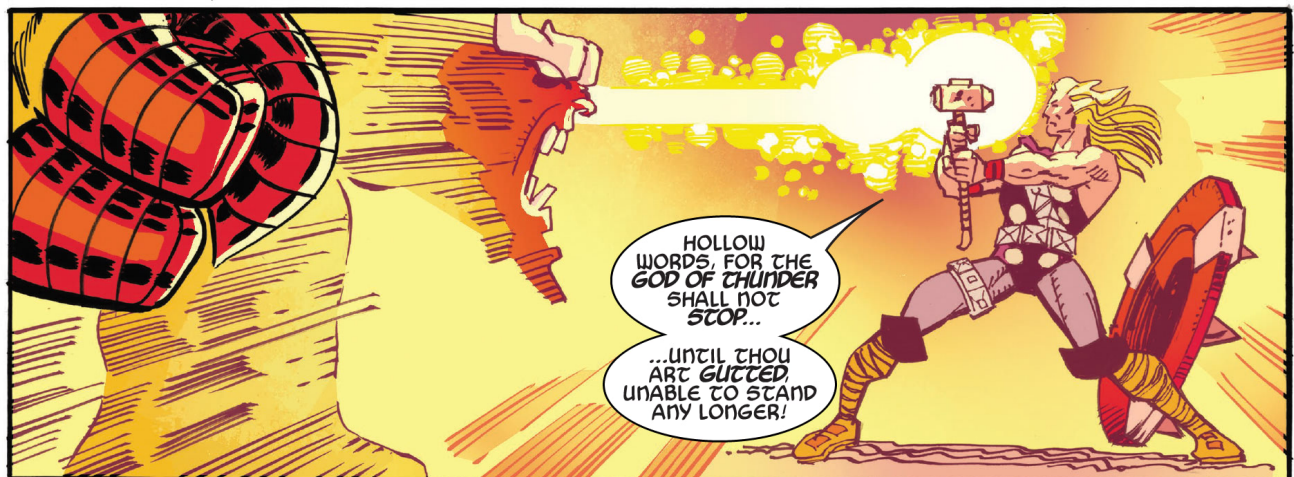
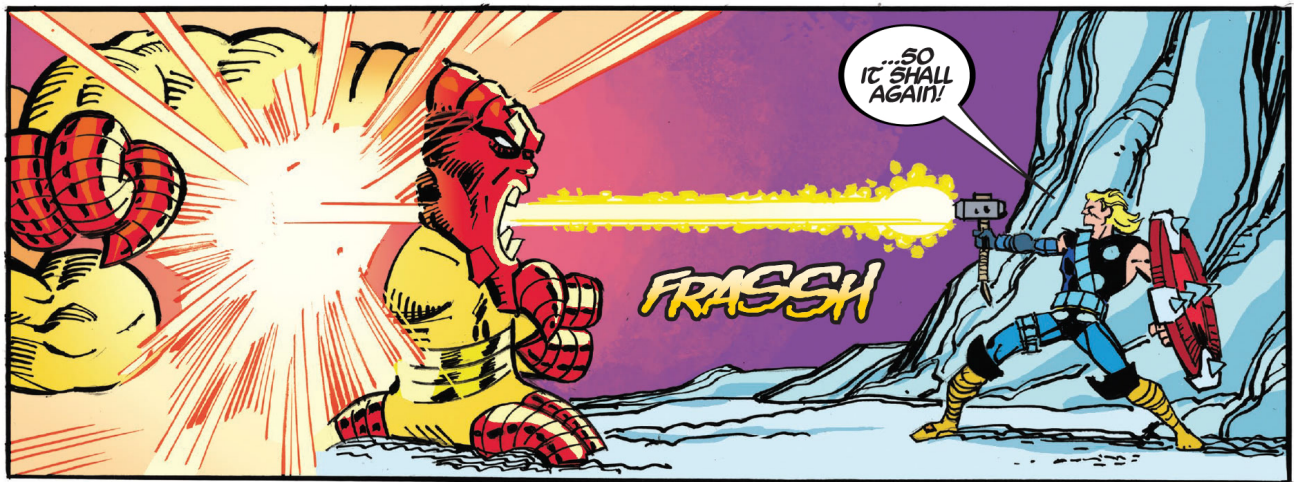
HOW, WHEN
I FELLED THEE
MERE MOMENTS
AGO?

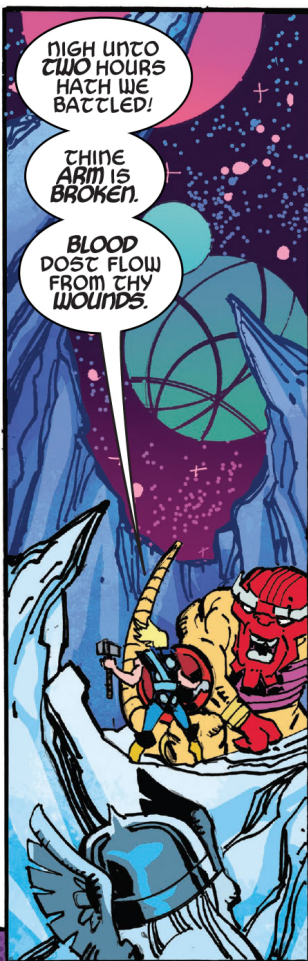
SO LONG AS I CARRY THE
ALL-CONSUMING HATE
AND FURY OF A
BILLION, BILLION
BEINGS...

...I SHALT
NEVER FALL
TO THEE!

INSIPID
FOOL.

AS MIGHTY
MJOLNIR'S BITING
STING LAID THEE
LOW BEFORE...





NIGH UNTO
TWO HOURS
HATH WE
BATTLED!

THINE
ARM IS
BROKEN.

BLOOD
DOST FLOW
FROM THY
WOUNDS.



SURRENDER...

...AND
I'LL MAKE
THY DEATH
SWIFT AND
PAINLESS.



THOU
CLAIM TO
BE CHAMPION
OF THE
RIGHTEOUS...

...YET
THOU WOULDST
KILL ME?



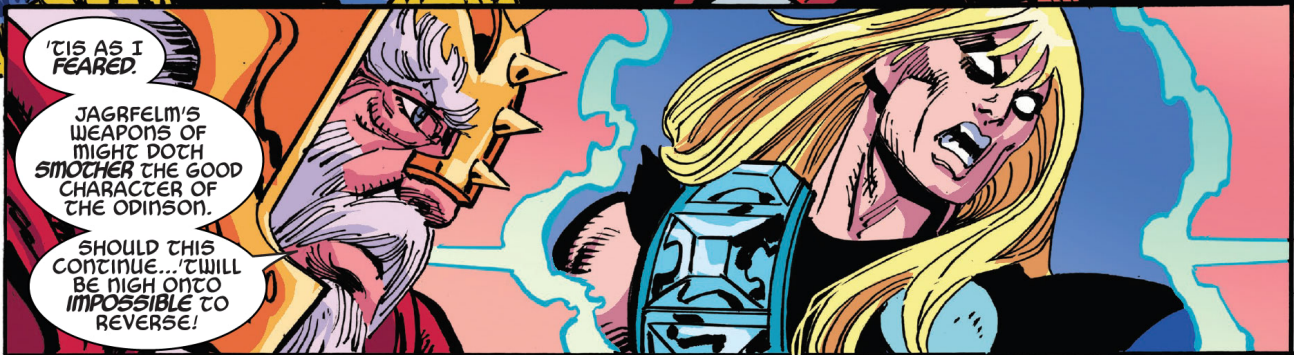
IN THE
NAMES OF THOSE
WHO HAVE FALLEN
BEFORE THEE...

...AND THOSE
WHO WOULD FALL IF
THOU SURVIVEST
THIS DAY...

...AYE!

KRAKT

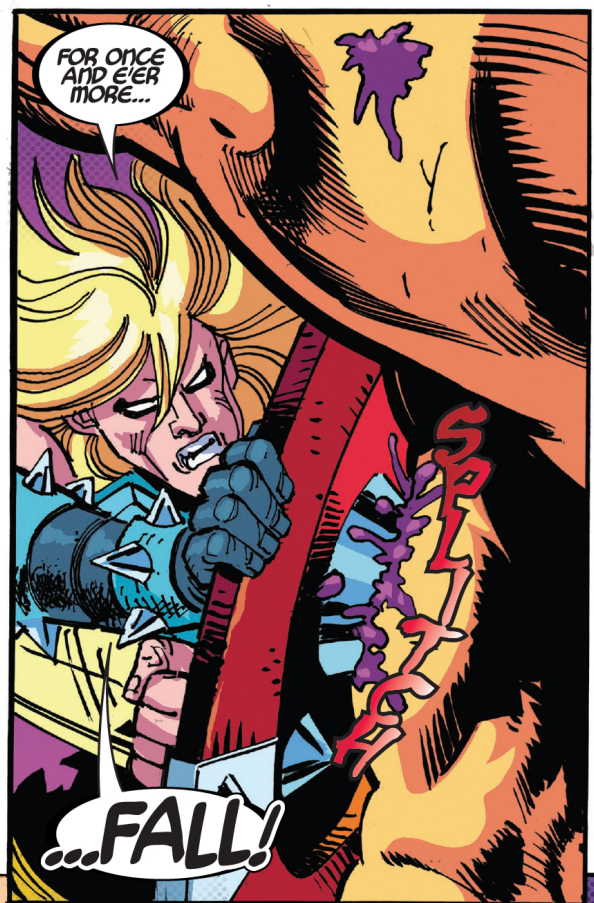
GYAH!



'TIS AS I
FEARED.

JAGRFELM'S
WEAPONS OF
MIGHT DO TH
SMOOTHER THE GOOD
CHARACTER OF
THE ODINSON.

SHOULD THIS
CONTINUE... 'T WILL
BE NIGH ONTO
IMPOSSIBLE TO
REVERSE!

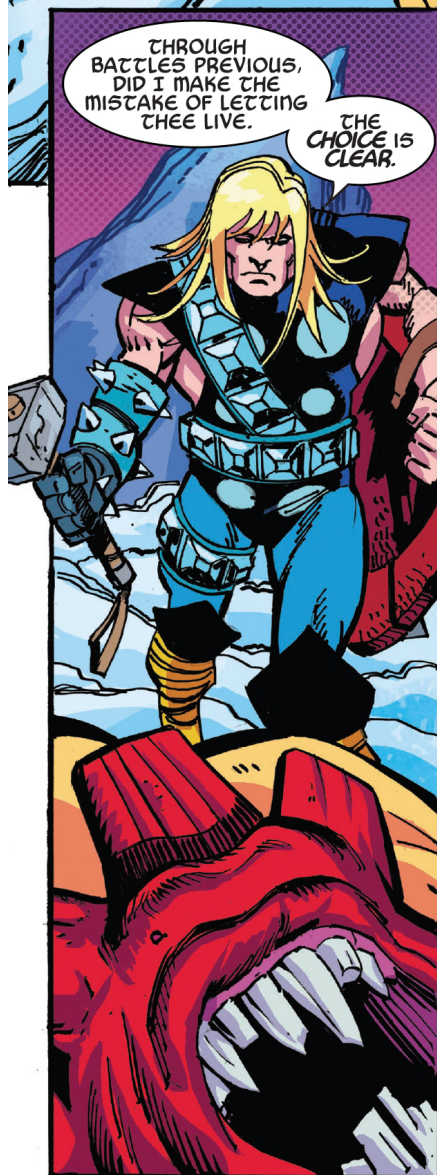




...FOR THY
TIME HATH
COME.

BRAM!

FRAH!

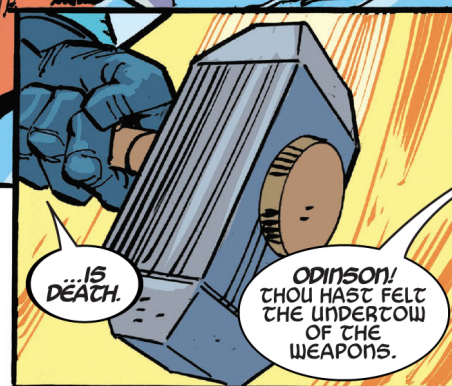


THROUGH
BATTLES PREVIOUS,
DID I MAKE THE
MISTAKE OF LETTING
THEE LIVE.

THE
CHOICE IS
CLEAR.



THY SENTENCE, TO BE
CARRIED OUT HERE AND
NOW, MANGOG...



...IS
DEATH.

ODINSON!
THOU HAST FELT
THE UNDERTOW
OF THE
WEAPONS.



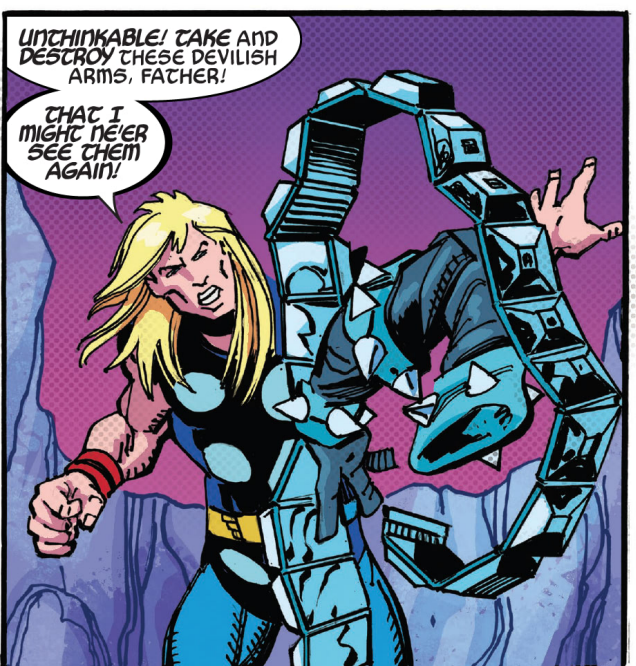
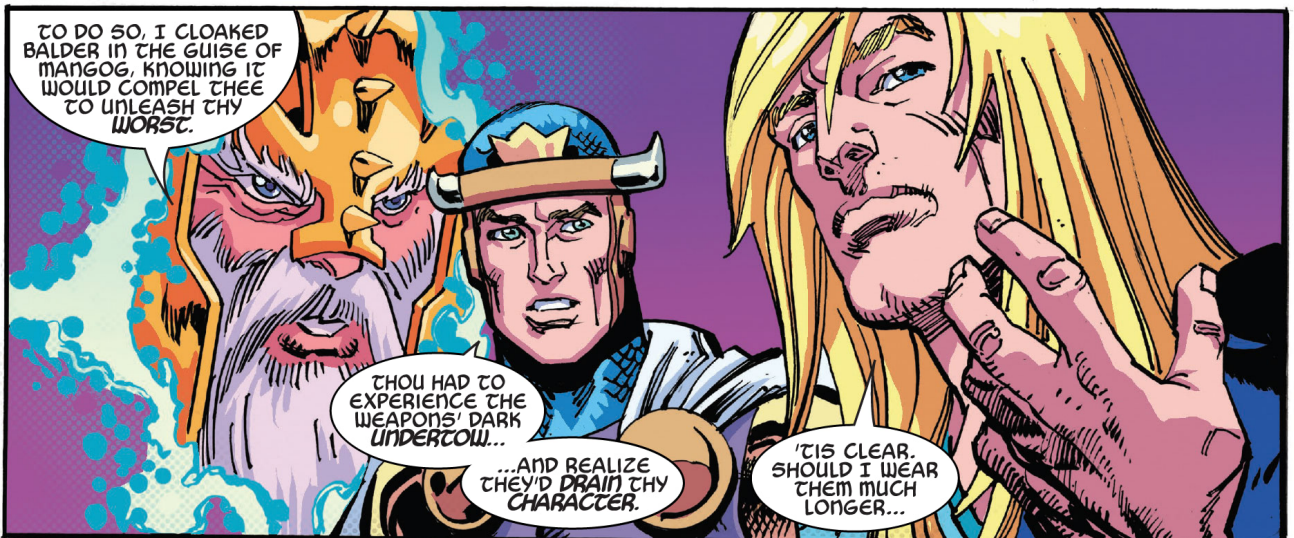
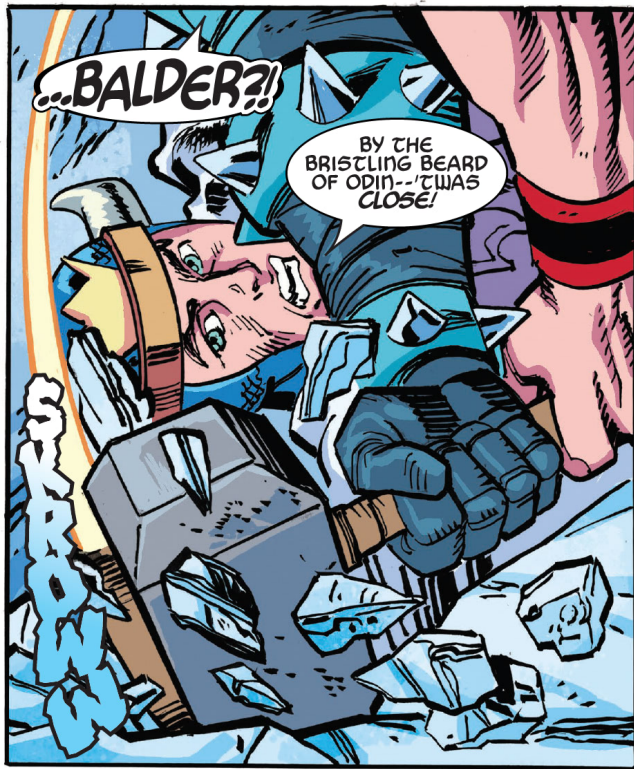
NOW THAT THOU HAST
WITNESSED THE
EFFECT OF THINE
ARMAMENTS...

...LET
MY ILLUSION
OF DECEIT
FALL...



...SO THAT THE
TRUTH MIGHT BE
REVEALED.

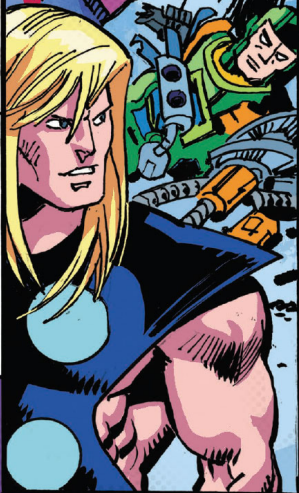
EH? 'TIS
NOT MANGOG
BUT...



I AM SORRY, RECORDER.
WITHOUT THE GAUNTLET
OF TOMORROWS...

...I
FEAR THOU
ART DESTINED
TO REMAIN...
WRECKAGE.

I SAY
THEE MAY
MY SON.



THE RECORDER
RETAINS A SPARK
OF LIFE...



...WHICH
I CAN
REIGNICE.



OBSERVATION:
BY THE POWER
AND GRACE OF
ALMIGHTY ODIN...



...THIS UNIT IS FULLY
FUNCTIONAL AGAIN.

AS
IT SHOULD
BE.

JUST AS
BALDER AND
THE WEAPONS
OF WAR SHALL BE
TRANSPORTED
BACK TO
ASGARD.



I REALIZE
THOU MIGHT DO
THE SAME FOR ME,
BUT I REQUEST
THEE NOT DO
SO, FATHER.

I WOULDST
RATHER TAKE
THE TIME TO
TRAVEL BY MY
OWN POWER...

...THAT I
MIGHT CONSIDER
TODAY'S EVENTS
AND REALIZE THAT
WHEN IT COMES
TO THE WORD
OF ODIN...

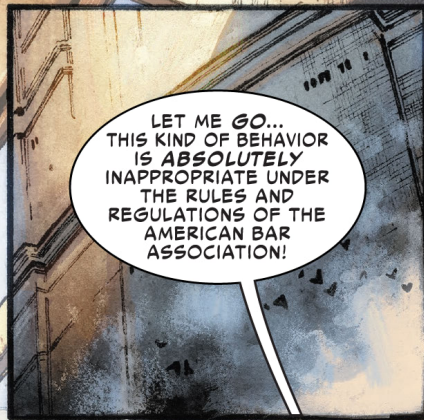
...one must
listen.



STATEMENT:
TRUER WORDS...

...HAVE RARELY,
IF EVER, BEEN
SPOKEN.

THE END.



LET ME GO...
THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOR
IS **ABSOLUTELY**
INAPPROPRIATE UNDER
THE RULES AND
REGULATIONS OF THE
AMERICAN BAR
ASSOCIATION!

I HAVEN'T
THE FIRST
NOTION WHAT THIS
ASSOCIATION IS, BUT
IF THERE'S A **BAR**
INVOLVED, THEY'RE
MY KIND OF
MORTALS.

LOOK--

no--



--YOU
LOOK.

OH...



...MY.

SIT, PLEASE.
WOULD YOU LIKE
ANYTHING TO
DRINK?

BENEDICTIONS

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI OLIVIER COIPEL
WRITER ARTIST

ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ VC's JOE SABINO
COLOR ARTIST LETTERER



I... NO,
THANK YOU, NOT
ON THE JOB. BUT
I MUST CONFESS,
MR. THOR--

JUST
THOR.

--I DIDN'T
EXPECT... I MEAN,
MY SERVICES WERE
RETAINED BY
A MISTER
D. BLAKE.



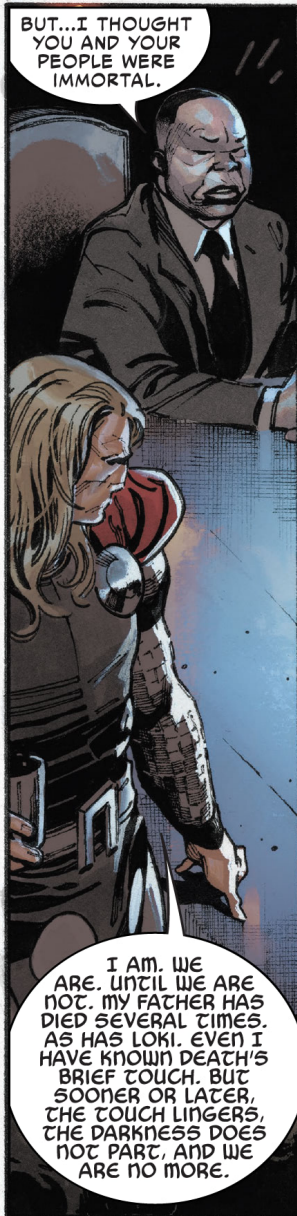
SIX OF ONE,
HALF DOZEN OF
THE OTHER.

BUT THE
JOB--

--STILL
REMAINS TO
BE DONE.



I WISH TO MAKE
A **WILL**. ONE THAT
WILL BE ACCEPTED BY MY
PEOPLE AND YOURS. THIS
IS WHY YOU ARE HERE.



BUT...I THOUGHT YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE WERE IMMORTAL.

I AM. WE ARE. UNTIL WE ARE NOT. MY FATHER HAS DIED SEVERAL TIMES. AS HAS LOKI. EVEN I HAVE KNOWN DEATH'S BRIEF TOUCH. BUT SOONER OR LATER, THE TOUCH LINGERS, THE DARKNESS DOES NOT PART, AND WE ARE NO MORE.



EACH TIME MY FATHER ODIN DIED, HIS PARTING LED TO CHAOS, JEALOUSY AND STRUGGLES OVER POWER. I DO NOT WISH TO SEE THE SAME HAPPEN WHEN I AM CALLED FROM THIS LIFE.

WELL, YOU COULD ALWAYS FORM A THOR CORPORATION, SOMETHING THAT WOULD GO ON CONTROLLING YOUR ASSETS AFTER YOUR PASSING, AND--



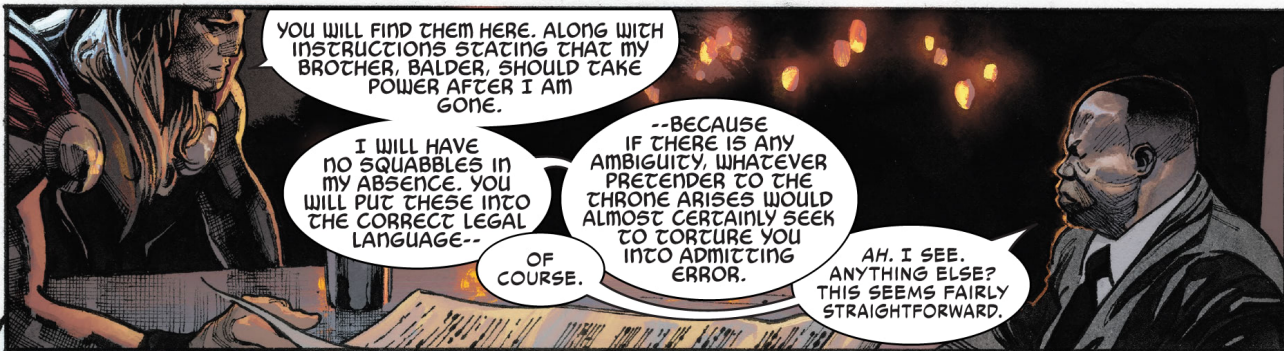
--AND--



--NEVER MIND... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING. PLEASE, CONTINUE.



I HAVE MADE A LIST OF PERSONAL BEQUESTS.



YOU WILL FIND THEM HERE. ALONG WITH INSTRUCTIONS STATING THAT MY BROTHER, BALDER, SHOULD TAKE POWER AFTER I AM GONE.

I WILL HAVE NO SQUABBLES IN MY ABSENCE. YOU WILL PUT THESE INTO THE CORRECT LEGAL LANGUAGE--

OF COURSE.

--BECAUSE IF THERE IS ANY AMBIGUITY, WHATEVER PRETENDER TO THE THRONE ARISES WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY SEEK TO TORTURE YOU INTO ADMITTING ERROR.

AH. I SEE. ANYTHING ELSE? THIS SEEMS FAIRLY STRAIGHTFORWARD.



YES. A LAST BEQUEST, AND FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO BE IMPLEMENTED. I KNOW HOW TO PHRASE THE LATTER, I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO SAY THE FORMER. IN THIS, YOU WILL HELP ME.

OF COURSE. TO WHOM WOULD THIS--

TO THE PEOPLE OF MIDGARD... OF EARTH.

LISTEN TO MY WORDS, AND DO WITH THEM WHAT YOU CAN.



"I HAVE WALKED AMONG
YOUR PEOPLE FOR
CENTURIES BEYOND
REMEMBERING...HAVE SEEN
YOUR BEAUTY IN WAYS YOU
SO OFTEN FAIL TO SEE IN
YOURSELVES. YOU HAVE
SUCH POTENTIAL FOR JOY--



"--AND FOR TERROR...
MINDLESS MURDER TO
BUILD EMPIRES ON SAND
ONLY TO SEE THEM
COLLAPSE AND BE
FORGOTTEN...BLOOD
AND TEARS SPENT ON
THE CRUEL GROUND.



"DESPITE THESE TERRORS, YOU
HAVE STEPPED FORWARD TO ACHIEVE
GREAT THINGS. WITH EVERY STEP
TAKEN, YOU CHANGE AND GROW--

"--AND YET SO
LITTLE UNDERSTAND
YOUR POWER."

YOU REVERE THE GODS BECAUSE THEY--WE--ARE IMMORTAL.
BUT YOU FAIL TO GRASP THAT TO BE IMMORTAL IS TO BE
RESISTANT TO CHANGE. WE HAVE AN ETERNITY IN WHICH
TO THINK ABOUT WHAT WE MIGHT DO OR CHANGE...
AND THUS WE NEVER DO THEM.

WE WHO
LIVE FOREVER ARE
LIKE FROZEN RIVERS
SURROUNDED BY
COLD STONES.

WE ARE FIXED
POINTS, IMMUTABLE
AND UNCHANGING. WHAT I
WAS, I AM FOREVER...WHAT
ODIN AND LOKI WERE,
THEY WERE AND ARE
FOREVER.

BUT BECAUSE THE LIVES OF
HUMANS ARE BRIEF, YOU
MUST **GROW** NOW, MUST
LEARN NOW, MUST **CHANGE**
NOW, MUST **DO** AND **THINK**
AND **BECOME** NOW.

IT IS NOT
YOU WHO SHOULD
BE WORSHIPPING US...
IT IS WE WHO SHOULD
BE WORSHIPPING YOU.
AND AT MY END, I
WOULD HAVE YOU
KNOW THESE
THINGS.



WHEN A
TREE LOOKS AT
ANOTHER TREE, IT
SEES SOMETHING
AS UNCHANGING
AS ITSELF.

BUT FROM A
TREE'S PERSPECTIVE,
HUMANITY IS A BLUR...A
BEAUTIFUL, MAGNIFICENT,
IMPOSSIBLE BLUR.



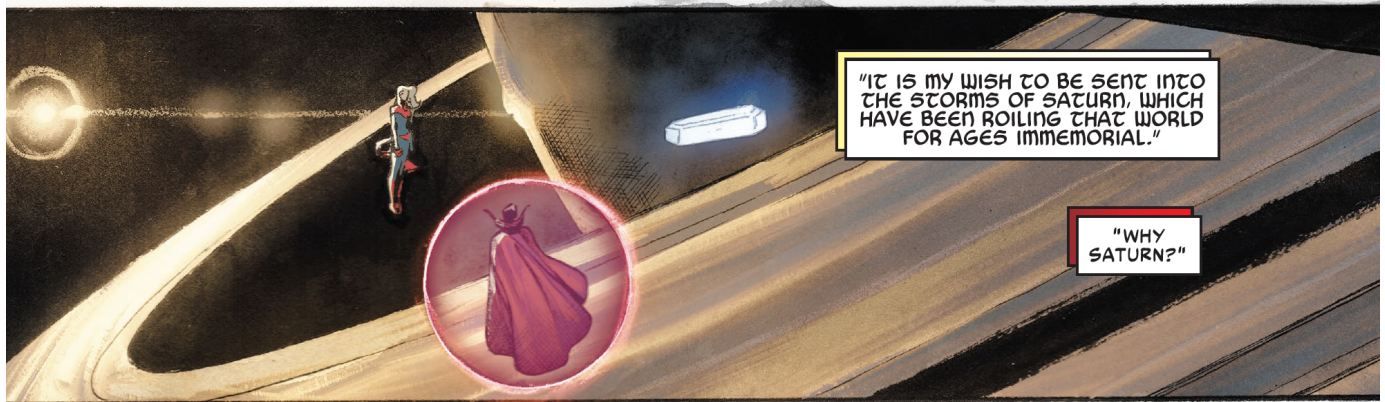
I SEE, I...YES...
I'VE GOT ALL THAT.
AND YOUR FINAL
INSTRUCTIONS? I
ASSUME THIS HAS
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH--



MY BODY, YES. OR WHAT MAY
REMAIN OF IT AT THAT TIME.
I WOULD HAVE A WARRIOR'S
FUNERAL--

IN A
BOAT, SET
AFIRE?

NOT
EXACTLY.



"IT IS MY WISH TO BE SENT INTO
THE STORMS OF SATURN, WHICH
HAVE BEEN ROILING THAT WORLD
FOR AGES IMMEMORIAL."

"WHY
SATURN?"

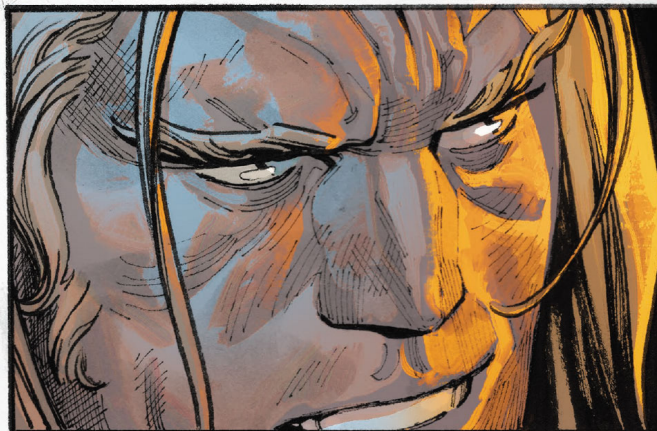


"BECAUSE WITHIN THOSE STORMS ARE
BOLTS OF LIGHTNING TEN THOUSAND
TIMES STRONGER THAN ANY THE EARTH
HAS EVER KNOWN...AND THUNDER LOUD
ENOUGH TO SHATTER WHOLE WORLDS."



ARE YOU GOING THERE IN THE
HOPE THAT IT WILL RESTORE
YOU TO LIFE?

THAT WOULD
BE THE OBVIOUS
CONCLUSION,
BUT NO.



I AM
DRAWN TO THE
SOUND OF THUNDER
BECAUSE IT IS THE ONLY SONG
I KNOW. WE WILL SING THERE, IN
THE HEART OF THE STORM, TELL
ONE ANOTHER UNLIKELY STORIES,
AND KEEP COMPANY THROUGH
THE AGES, UNTIL THE END
OF ALL THINGS.

YOU
MAY GO
NOW.



VOLSTAGG
WILL SEE TO YOUR
PAYMENT.

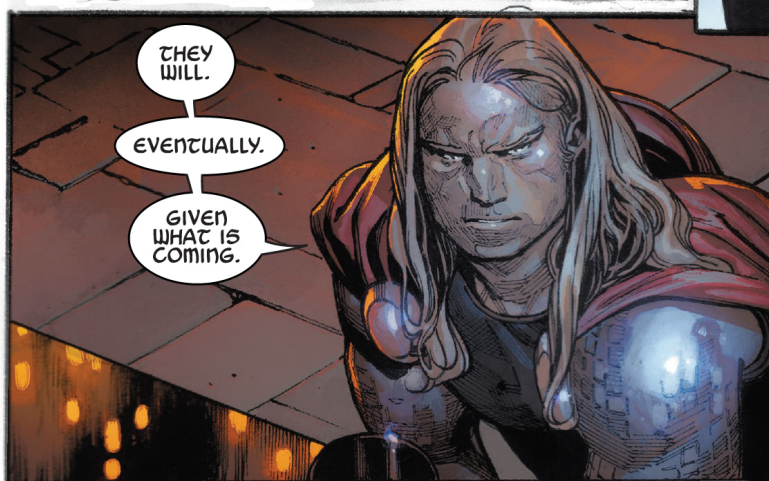


I...YES,
I'LL...GET
GOING ON
THIS AT ONCE,
AND--



I CAN WRITE DOWN WHAT
YOU SAID ABOUT WHAT
WE CAN BE AT OUR BEST,
BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I
CAN MAKE THE WORLD
UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU SAID
IT, OR--

--WHAT
IF THEY DON'T
BELIEVE? WHAT IF
THEY STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND?



THEY
WILL.

EVENTUALLY.

GIVEN
WHAT IS
COMING.



BUT...
WHAT'S--



YOU'LL
SEE.

SLAM

END.

MEANWHILE----
FOURTEEN BILLION YEARS AGO!!
DURING THE "SIXTH INFINITY"!!

SCIENCEER
SUPREME TAAIA!!

"ON-SCREEN"--
I'M GETTING AN
"INCURSION
SIGNAL"!!

SOMETHING'S
LOCKED INTO OUR
"TELE-RECEPTORS"--
COMING THROUGH ON
CODE "T-X-3-N"!!

THAT'S
NOT ONE OF
OUR "ENTRY
CODES"--!!

AND YET--
BEHOLD!!

A "MACRO-
GATE"--CONNECTING
TO "NEUTRA-
SPACE"!!

WHATEVER
THAT IS--IT'S
FROM "OUTSIDE"
THE SPACE-TIME
WE KNOW!!

NEXT

"T-X-3-N"--
SPELLS "NEXT"...?!

WHAT COMES
NEXT?!

NEXT

HEY. MY
NAME'S LOKI.
I'M THE GOD
OF STORIES.

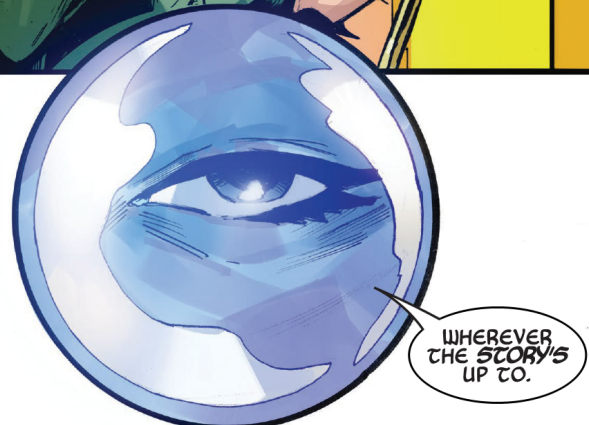
NICE
MULTIVERSE
YOU HAVE
HERE.

MIND
IF I COME
IN?

WHAT COMES NEXT

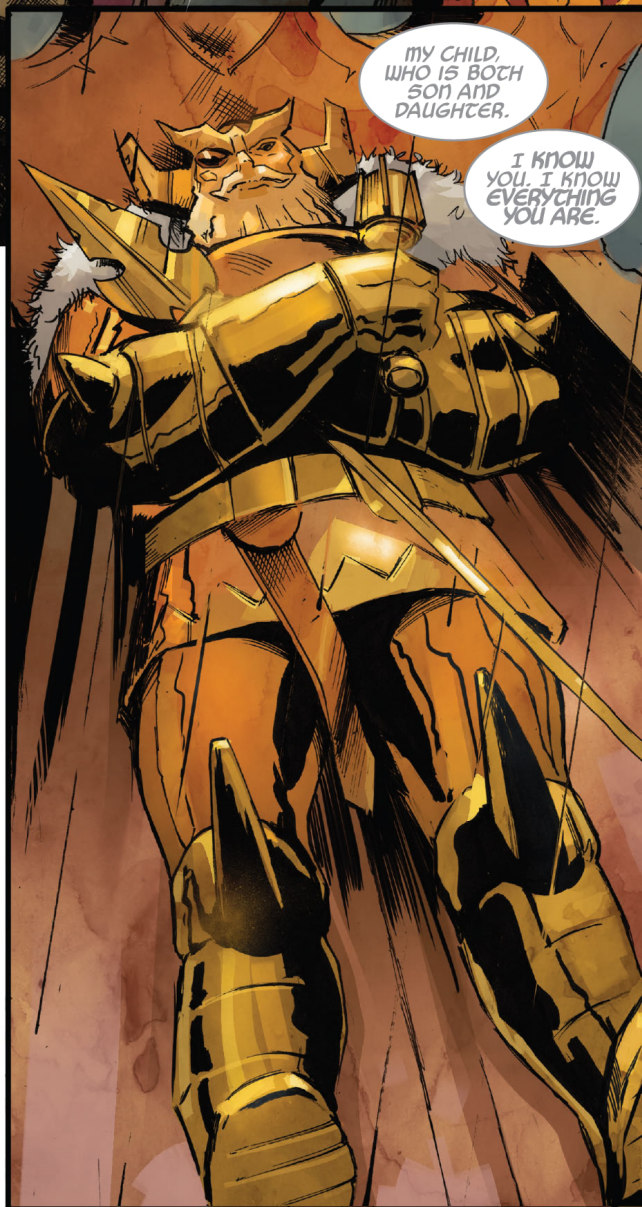
AL EWING
WRITER
ANTONIO FABELA
COLOR ARTIST

LEE GARBETT
ARTIST
VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER



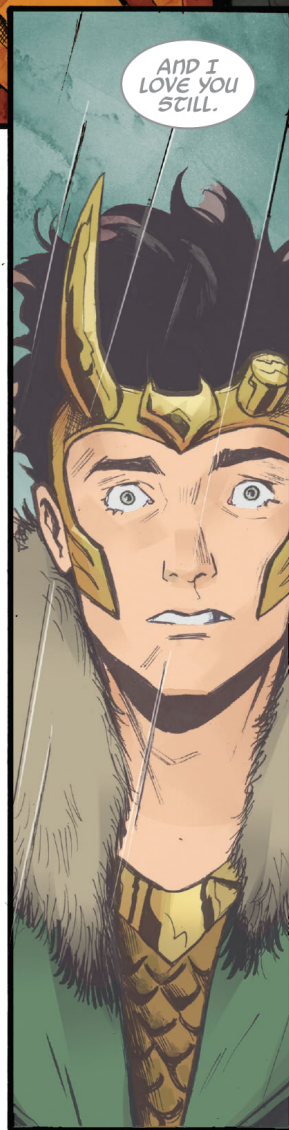


ASGARD.
NOW.



MY CHILD,
WHO IS BOTH
SON AND
DAUGHTER.

I KNOW
YOU. I KNOW
EVERYTHING
YOU ARE.



AND I
LOVE YOU
STILL.



ODIN.



I'M SORRY,
FATHER.

I'M SORRY
I WASN'T HERE
WHEN YOU
NEEDED...

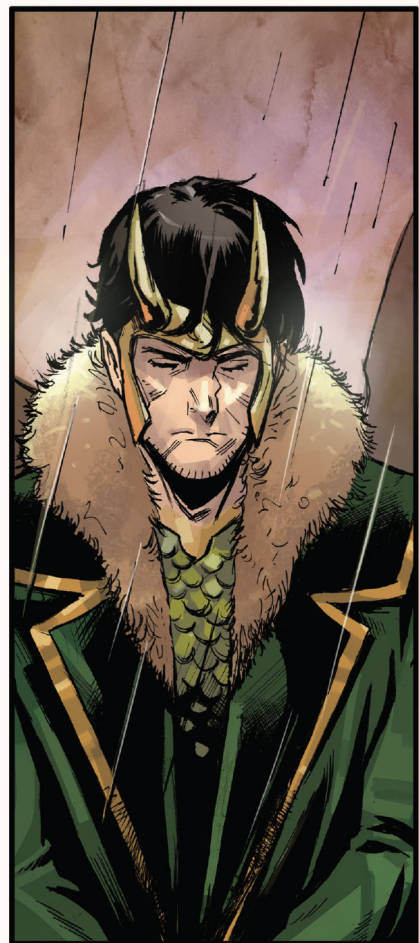


...me.



OH.

I WAS
HERE.



HEY!
DON'T YOU
TURN AWAY
FROM ME!

WAS IT
YOU?

ANSWER
ME! WAS IT
YOU?



NOT THE HAND HOLDING THE SWORD OR LOOSING THE ARROW. YOU'D NEVER TAKE THAT JOB.

THE HAND BEHIND THE HAND. THE GOD BEHIND THE LIE. DID YOU PICK A SIDE, LOKI LAUFHEYSON?



COME ON! GIVE ME A SMILE, AT LEAST! I CAME ALL THIS WAY!

I CAME TO ASGARD-- LIKE AN IDIOT!

I SAW MY OWN FUTURE!



AND THIS TIME I CAN'T CHANGE IT-- 'COS IT ALREADY HAPPENED, DIDN'T IT?

I'M A GHOST OF THE PAST! A TIME THAT'S OVER!

THEY MIGHT AS WELL BURN ME ON THE PYRE!



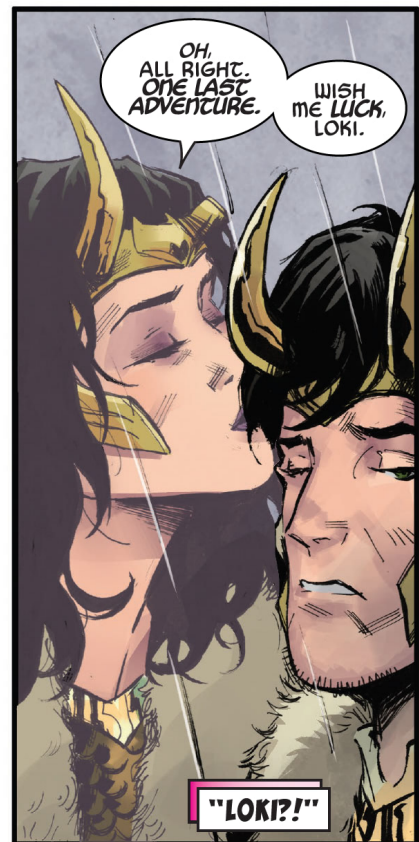
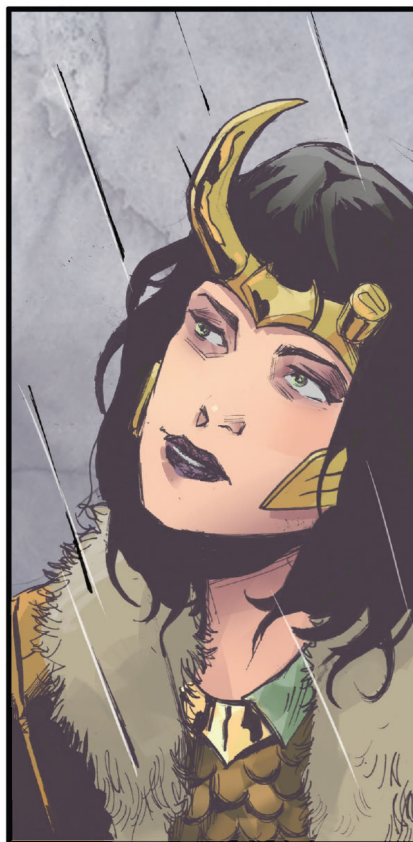
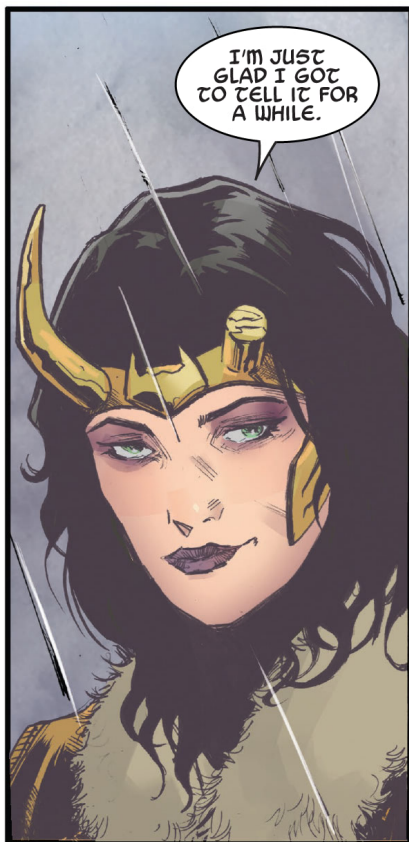
SO COME ON! SMILE! TAKE THE MASK OFF!

SHOW ME WHO YOU--



SORRY. EXCUSE ME.

I'M SORRY.





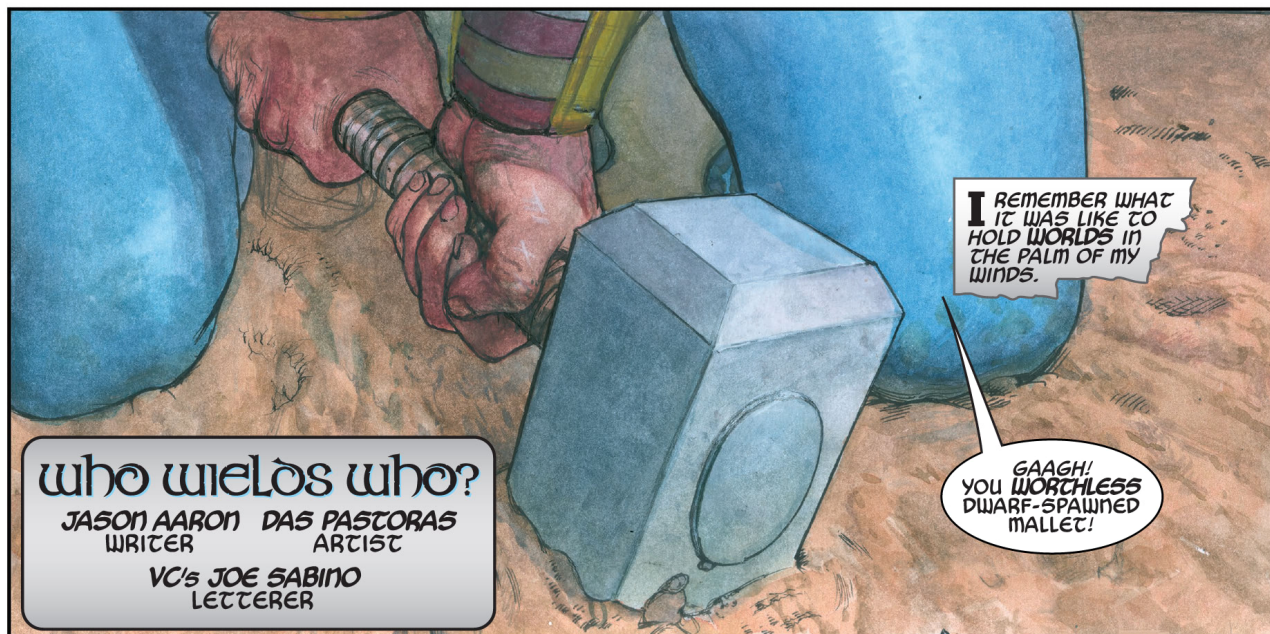
NEXT:

...SOME
JOURNEY INTO
MYSTERY.

HONEST.



TO BE CONTINUED IN
DEFENDERS: BEYOND!!



who wields who?

JASON AARON DAS PASTORAS
WRITER ARTIST

VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER





NOW IS WHEN
YOU CHOOSE TO
DEFY ME?! HERE, IN
FRONT OF THESE
IMBECILES?!

ODIN WILL
NOT BE MADE A
FOOL OF BY HIS
OWN BOR-DAMNED
HAMMER!

THEY CALLED
ME THE GOD
TEMPEST.

THE MOTHER
OF STORMS.

THE FIRST WIND TO
STIR THE DUSTS
OF CREATION.



TO HELL
WITH YOU,
MJOLNIR!

THE ALL-FATHER
NEEDS NO WEAPON
TO SLAUGHTER A FEW
MEASLY MOUNTAIN
GIANTS!

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I
MET THE ONE CALLED ODIN.
THE WARRIOR GOD WHO
TRAPPED ME IN URU.

WHO HAD ME FORGED
INTO A HAMMER.



THE GOD WHO
TAMED THE
WILD STORM.

GRRRRRRGGH!!!

OR SO HE WOULD
LIKE TO THINK.



ODIN SADDLES ME WITH
ENCHANTMENTS, AS
IF THE GOD STORM IS
A BUCKING STALLION
THAT CAN BE BROKEN.

TOGETHER, WE FIGHT TO
PROTECT THE PREHISTORIC
PEOPLES OF MIDGARD.

AND THERE ARE MOMENTS, WHEN
WE ARE SOARING BETWEEN THE
REALMS ON THE POWER OF MY
WINDS, THAT THE WALLS OF
TIME ITSELF ARE RENT THIN...

...AND DISTANT ECHOES OF
THUNDER CAN BE HEARD,
FROM DAYS YET TO COME.

FROM WIELDERS
YET TO RISE.

LEGENDS YET
TO BE BORN.

FROM GODS WHO WILL
SOMEDAY WAGE BATTLE
BEYOND COMPARE
AGAINST THE FIERCEST
OF COSMIC FOES.

AND WHO WILL
STRUGGLE AND
STRIVE ABOVE
ALL ELSE...

...TO BE
WORTHY.



WORTHY OF ME.

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS.

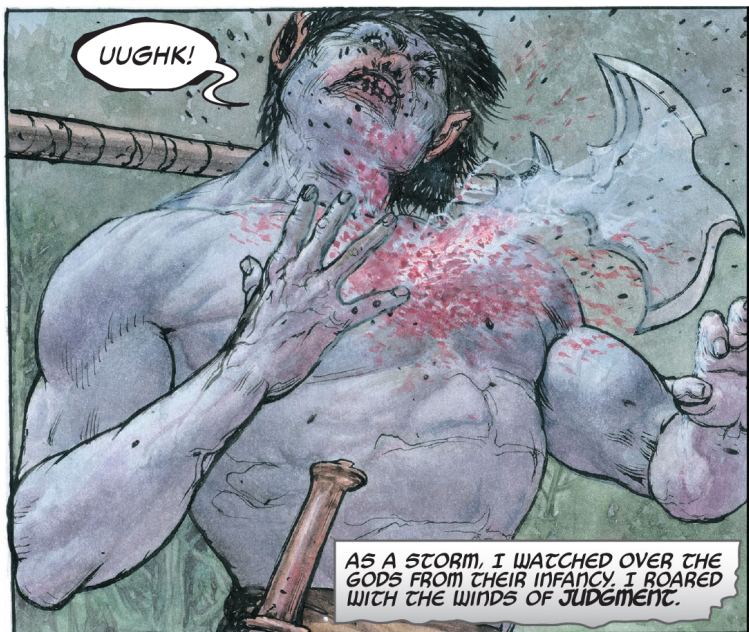
AS YOU CAN SEE...YOUR INVASION...IS A BLOOD-DRENCHED FAILURE.

DO YOU YIELD?



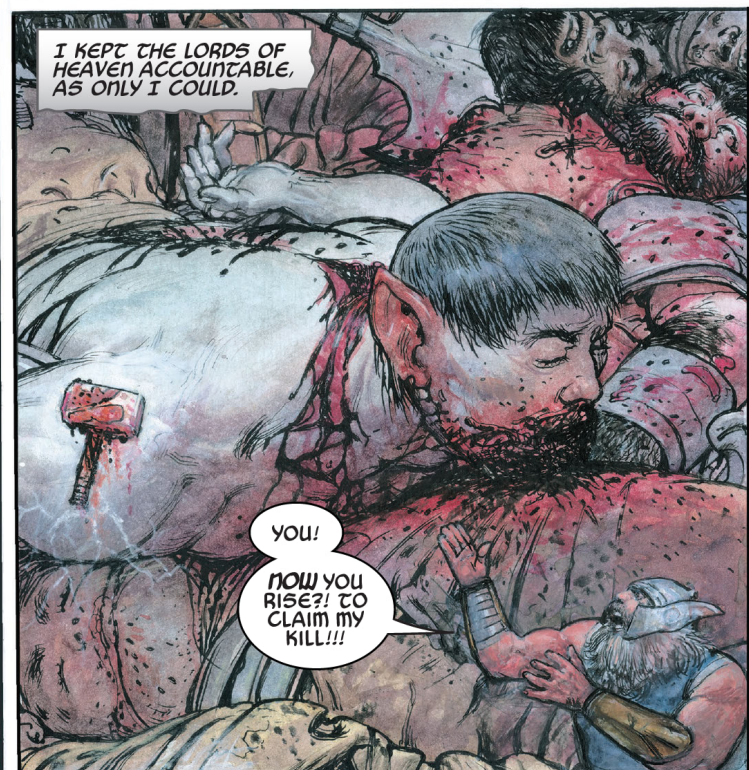
HA! A JOTUNN DOES NOT YIELD TO A FLEA!

I HOPED... YOU MIGHT SAY THAT. THEN LET US--



UUGHK!

AS A STORM, I WATCHED OVER THE GODS FROM THEIR INFANCY. I ROARED WITH THE WINDS OF JUDGMENT.



I KEPT THE LORDS OF HEAVEN ACCOUNTABLE, AS ONLY I COULD.

YOU!

NOW YOU RISE?! TO CLAIM MY KILL!!!



NOW THEY THINK ME A
SIMPLE WEAPON TO BE
WIELDED...BUT NO
ENCHANTMENT HAS
EVER TAMED MY
TEMPEST.

GRRRRGGGH!!!

SOONER OR LATER...THE
GREATEST OF THE GODS WILL
FALL TO THEIR KNEES BEFORE ME.

FOR I AM NOT THEIR
WEAPON. I AM NOT
THE HAMMER OF
THE GODS.

JUST...
TAKE US HOME,
MJJOLNIR.

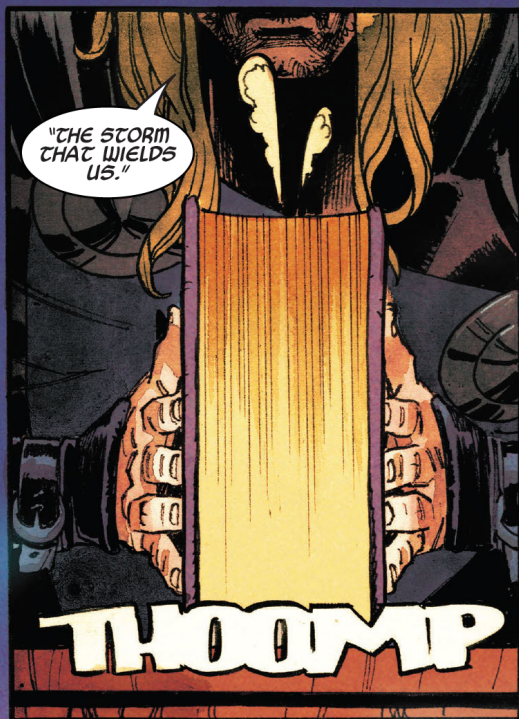
YOU...YOU
WORTHLESS...

YOU...

I AM THE HAMMER
THAT HUMBLER
THEM.

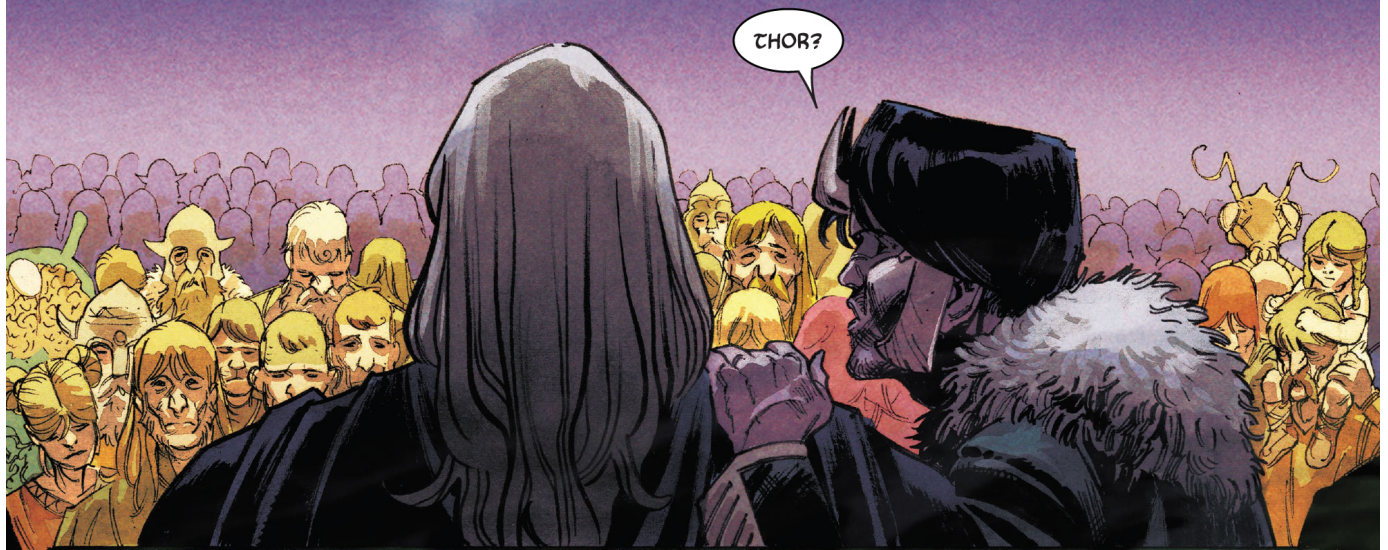
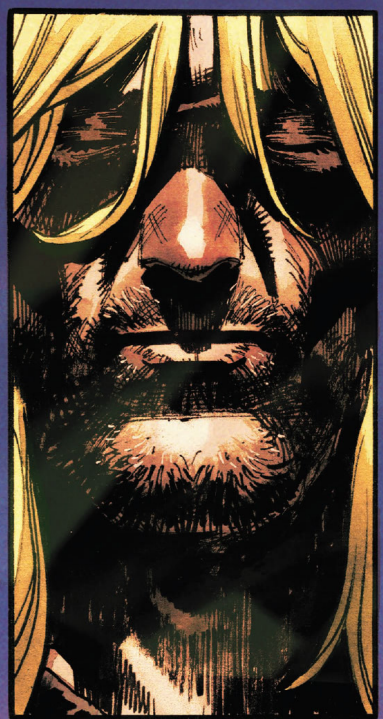
I AM THE STORM
THAT WIELDS
THEM.

END.



"THE STORM
THAT WIELDS
US."

THOOM!



THOR?

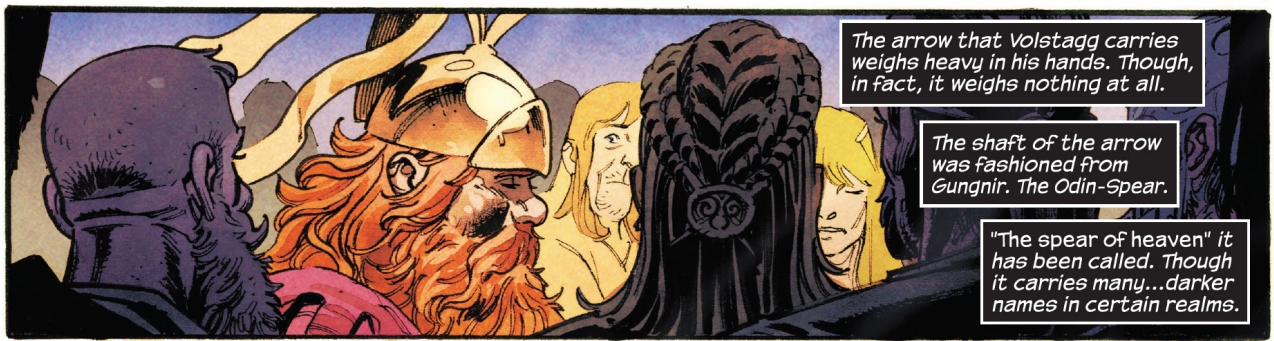


YES.
YES...
THE
WEAPON...THE
ARROW. IF YOU
WILL...



...OF
COURSE...

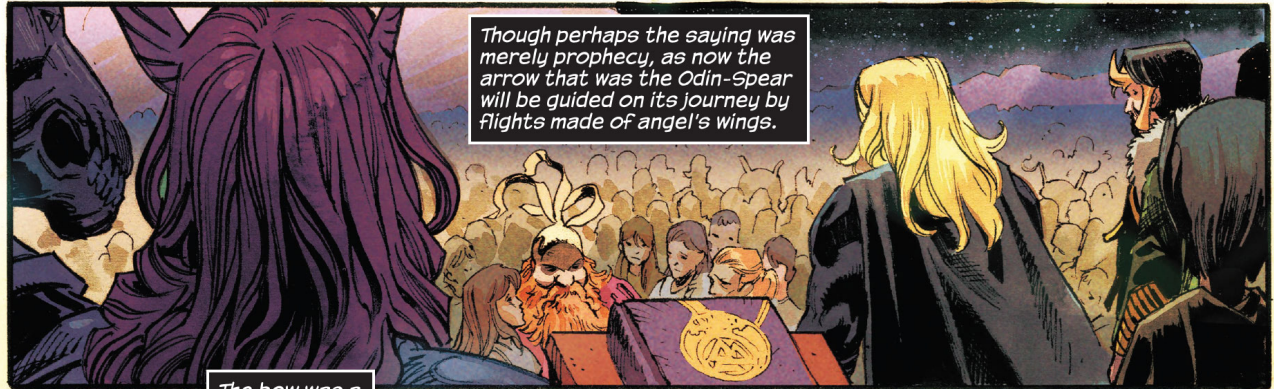




The arrow that Volstagg carries weighs heavy in his hands. Though, in fact, it weighs nothing at all.

The shaft of the arrow was fashioned from Gungnir. The Odin-Spear.

"The spear of heaven" it has been called. Though it carries many...darker names in certain realms.



Though perhaps the saying was merely prophecy, as now the arrow that was the Odin-Spear will be guided on its journey by flights made of angel's wings.

The bow was a gift as well.



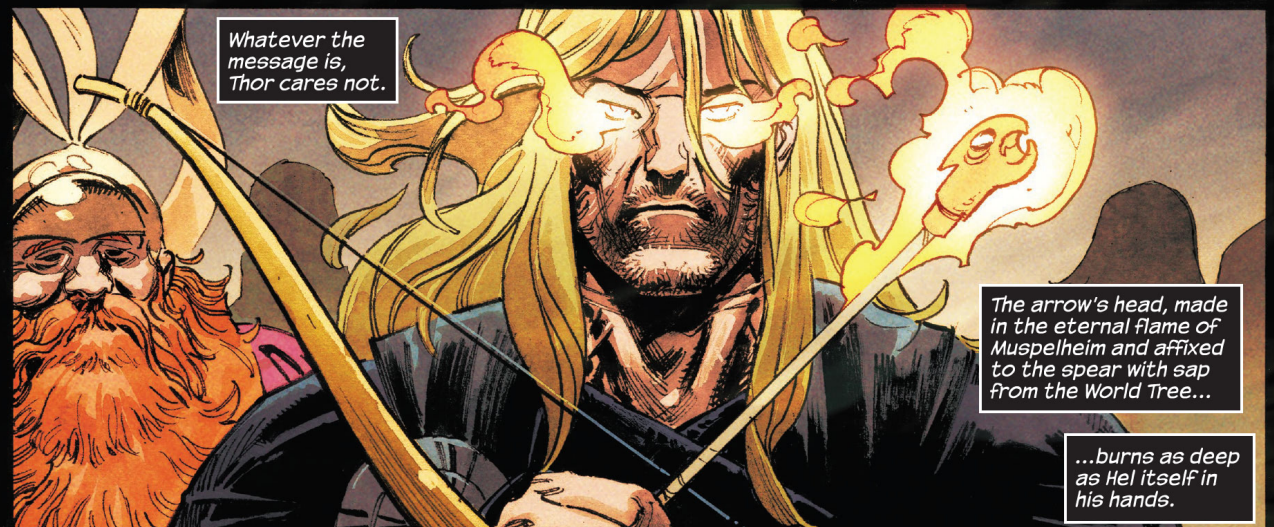
A branch...from Yggdrasil.

The world ash.



The Avenger Hawkeye carved the longbow himself. Making sure its flight would be strong and true.

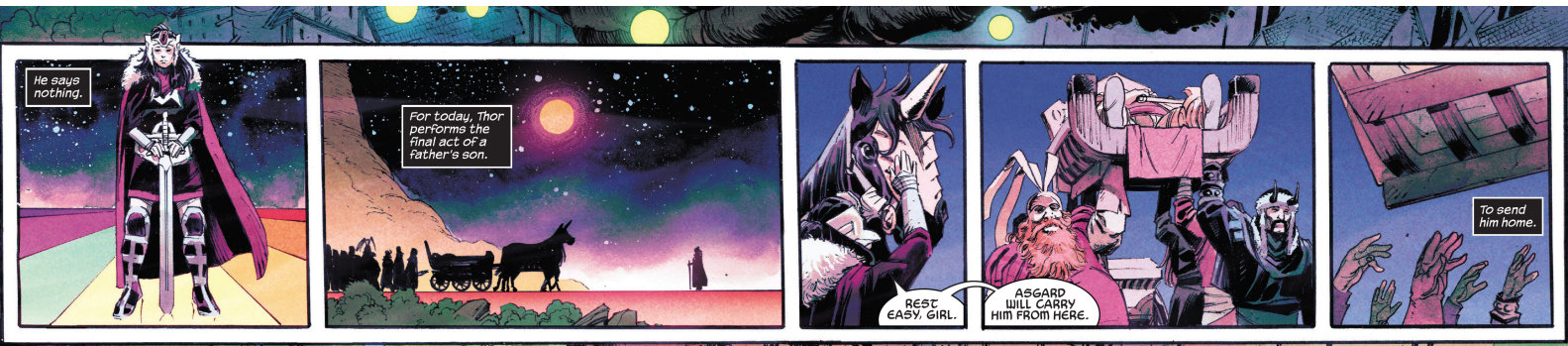
The bow's string was woven from the abyss-black hair of Hela, Goddess of Death. A gift, or perhaps a threat, from Niffleheim.



Whatever the message is, Thor cares not.

The arrow's head, made in the eternal flame of Muspelheim and affixed to the spear with sap from the World Tree...

...burns as deep as Hel itself in his hands.



He says nothing.

For today, Thor performs the final act of a father's son.

REST EASY, GIRL.

ASGARD WILL CARRY HIM FROM HERE.

To send him home.

To Valhalla.



And yet...those around Thor on that day, the ones who truly knew him...

WHAT DO YOU SEE, SIF?

EVERYONE POWERFUL ENOUGH OUT THERE...

THEY'RE ALL LOOKING BACK AT US. IT'S...QUITE UNNERVING.

IT'S AN ASGARDIAN PYRE FOR THE GREATEST GOD IN ETERNITY... OF COURSE THEY-- THAT'S JUST IT, MY LORD. THEY AREN'T LOOKING AT YOUR--AT KING ODIN.

THEY ARE LOOKING AT YOU. YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE THEM, BUT YOU ARE CURRENTLY BEING TARGETED BY OVER THREE MILLION DIFFERENT WAR SHIPS, BATTLE PLANETS, AND DWARF JUMP STATIONS.

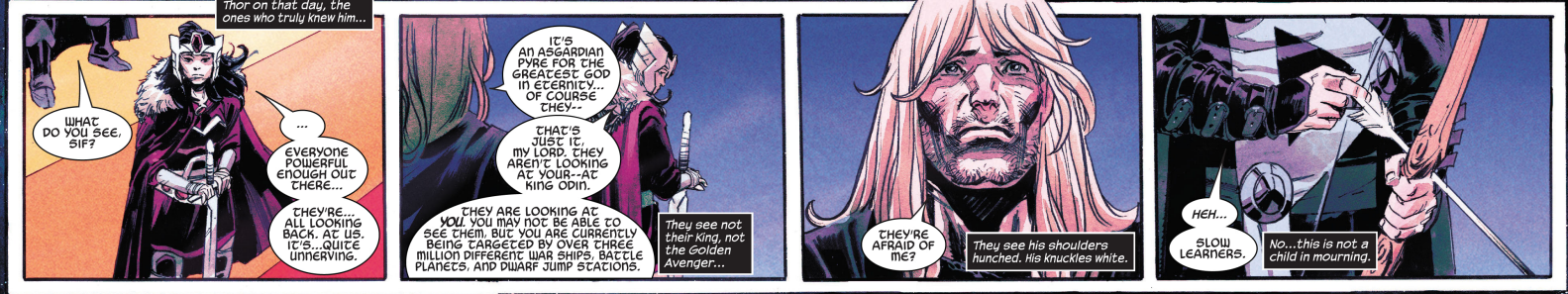
They see not their King, not the Golden Avenger...

THEY'RE AFRAID OF ME?

They see his shoulders hunched. His knuckles white.

HEH... SLOW LEARNERS.

No...this is not a child in mourning.



This is the wrath
of a god.

For Thor knows what
no one else does...

That Odin is alive. His soul
trapped inside of Mjolnir...
and though Thor knows
not how...

...he is certain
he knows...why.

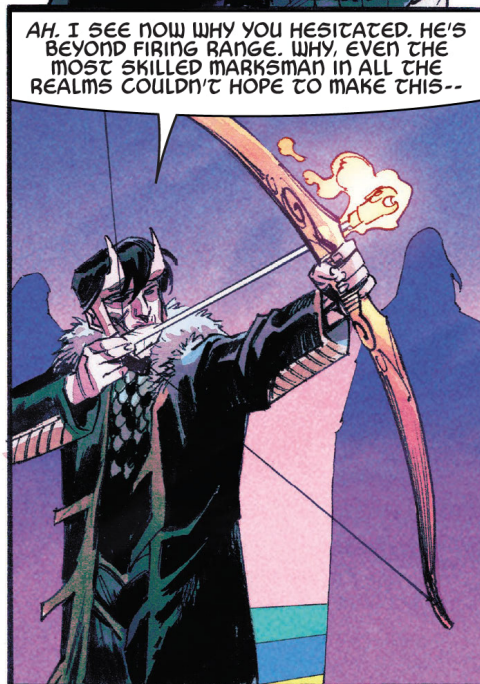
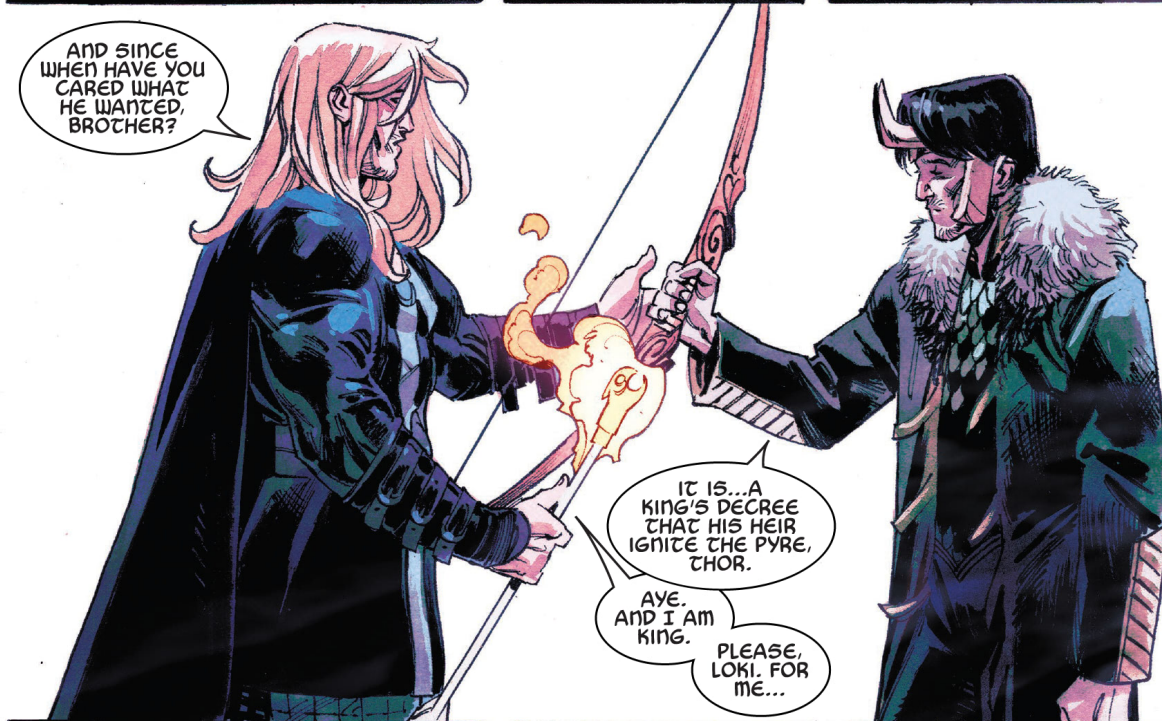
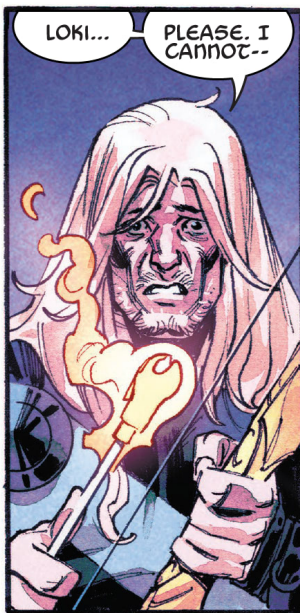
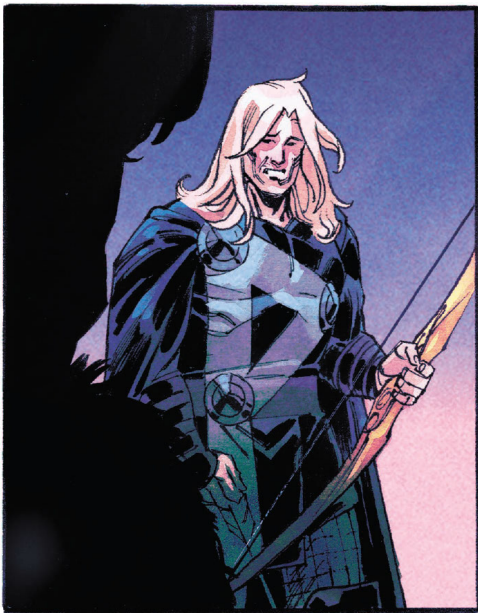
That this...all of
this...is some
cruel joke.

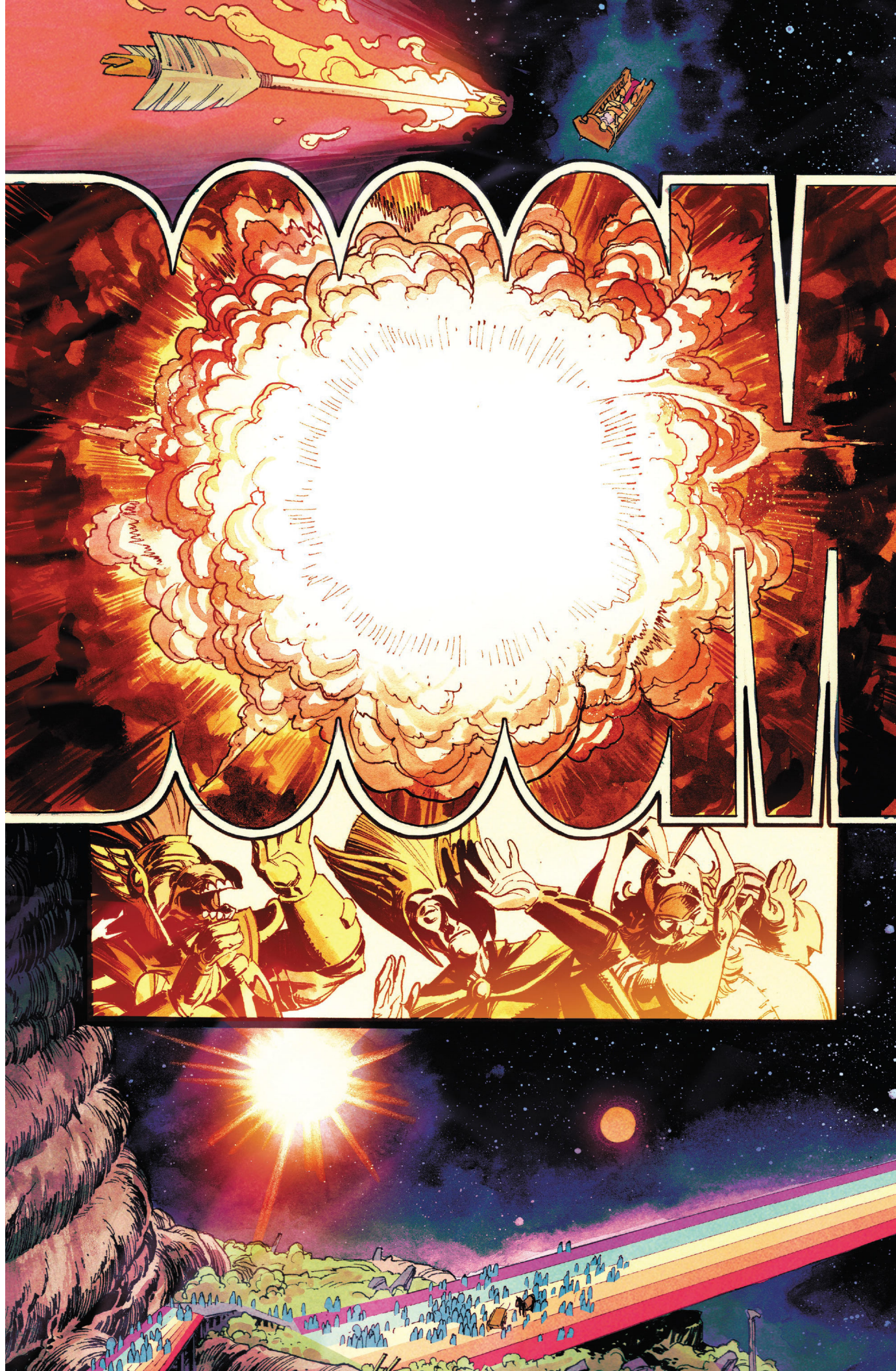
Another of his
father's infamous
tests.

Some game. Some
riddle. Some
challenge of
wisdom or--

no...

I CAN'T
DO THIS.



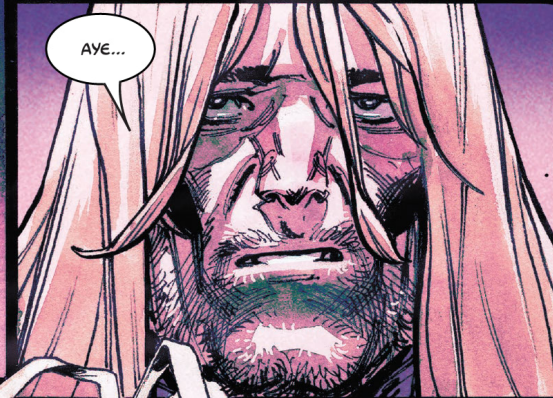




HEH HEH... "THE SECOND SON OF ASGARD."



WELL DONE INDEED, BROTHER.



AYE...



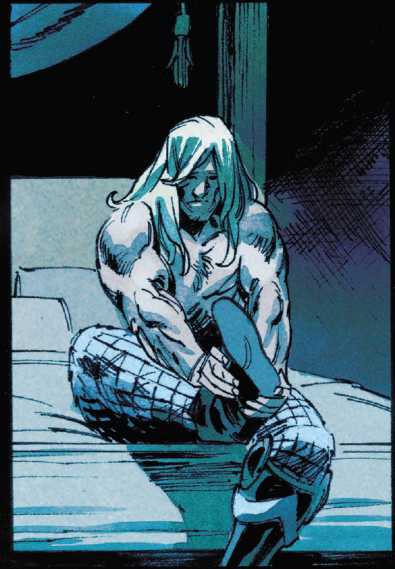
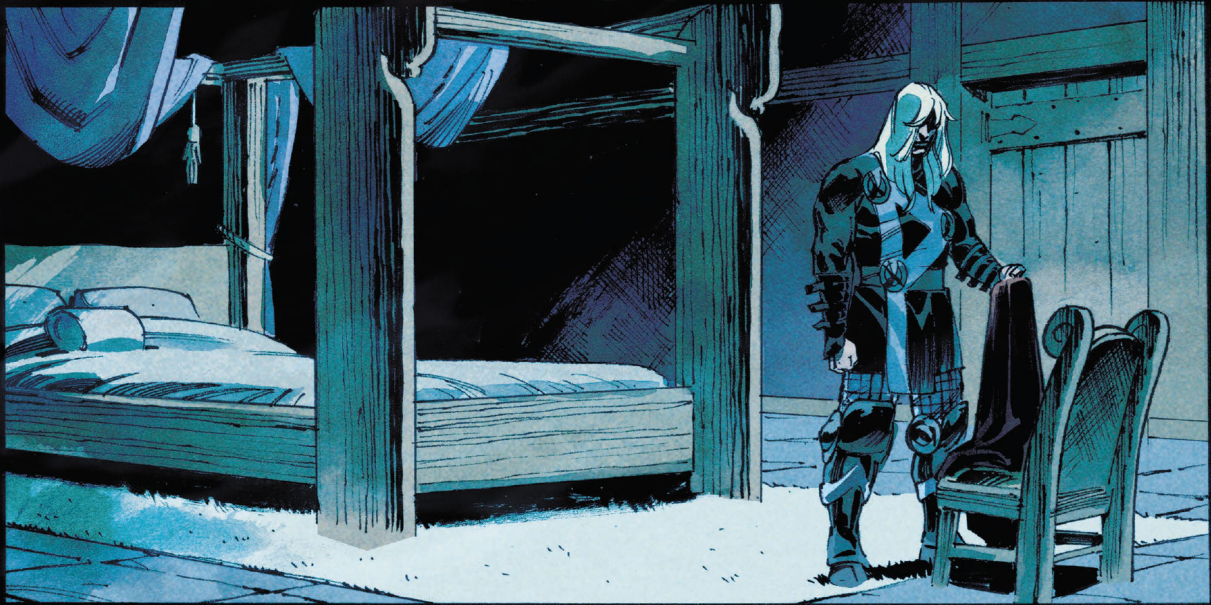
FOR ODIN!



FOR ASGARD!!!



...FOREVER.



HAVING YOUR LITTLE BROTHER DO THE DEED? GODS, BOY, HOW ARE YOU EXPECTING TO RUN ASGARD IF YOU CAN'T EVEN--

no.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T ATTEND. I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE YOUR MOTHER--

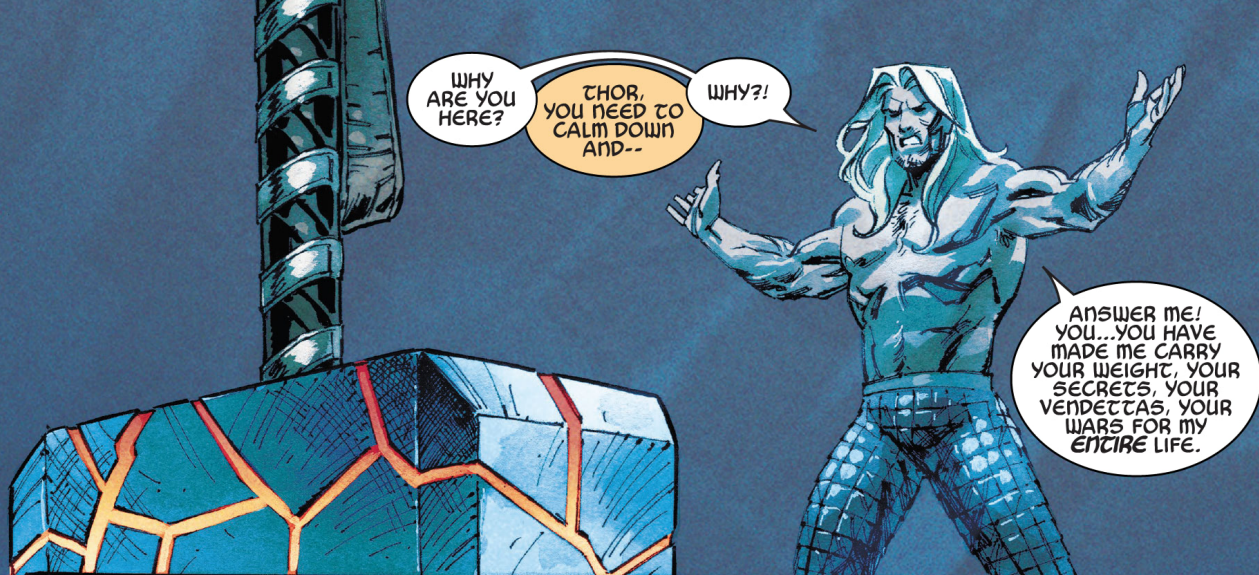
no.

YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME ONE MORE TIME, BOY, AND WE'LL SEE WHO WIELDS--

no!



no!!!



WHY ARE YOU HERE?

THOR, YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN AND--

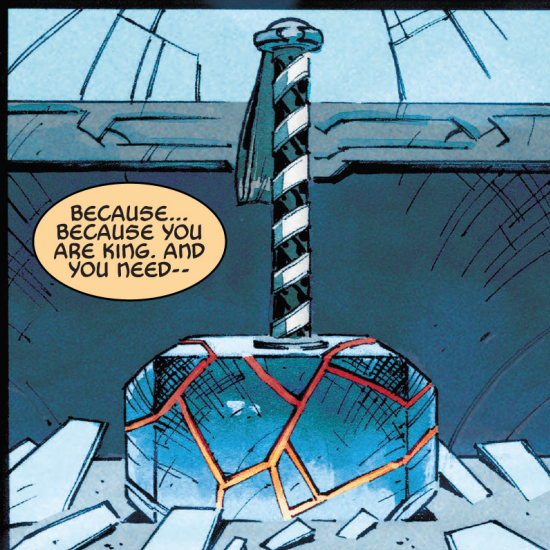
WHY?!

ANSWER ME! YOU... YOU HAVE MADE ME CARRY YOUR WEIGHT, YOUR SECRETS, YOUR VENDETTAS, YOUR WARS FOR MY ENTIRE LIFE.



AND NOW I AM DAMNED TO CARRY THEM AGAIN???

WHY MUST YOU HAUNT ME?



BECAUSE... BECAUSE YOU ARE KING. AND YOU NEED--



NOW I AM KING? NOW I NEED YOU???

NOT WHEN THE BLACK WINTER CAME FOR MY SOUL? OR YOUR BROKEN ENCHANTMENTS ALMOST COST ME AND THIS ENTIRE KINGDOM OUR LIVES?



NOT WHEN THE WORLD TREE TURNED BLACK!

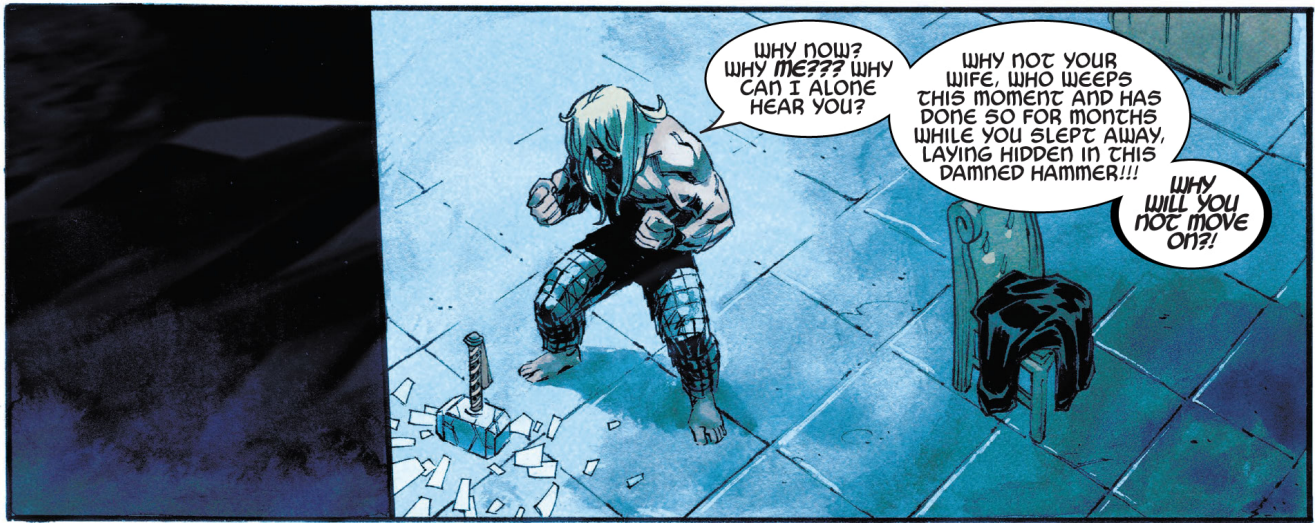
NOT WHEN YOUR QUEEN ASKED YOU TO SPEAK TO HER... TO CARE FOR HER! FOR ANYONE BUT YOURSELF!



NOT WHEN I PRAYED TO YOU IN MY DARKEST HOURS WHEN THIS CROWN FELL SO HEAVY AROUND MY HEAD THAT I FEARED IT MIGHT CRUSH US ALL...



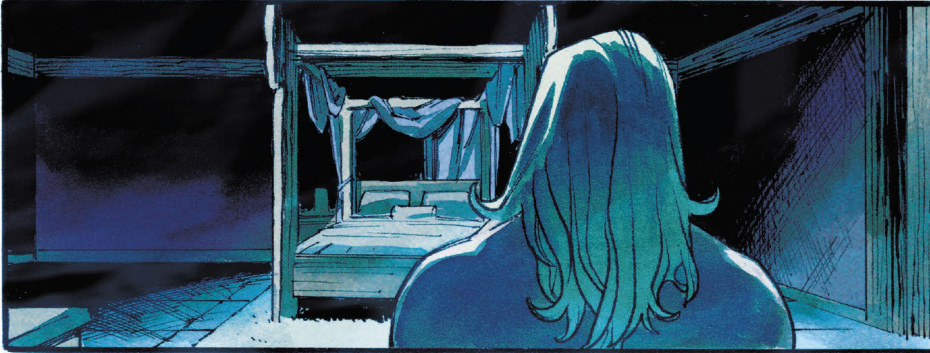
NOT THEN...



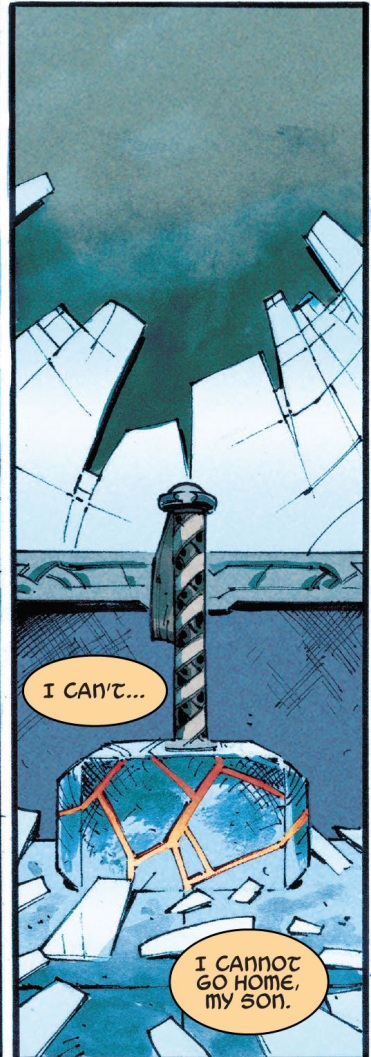
WHY NOW?
WHY ME??? WHY
CAN I ALONE
HEAR YOU?

WHY NOT YOUR
WIFE, WHO WEEPS
THIS MOMENT AND HAS
DONE SO FOR MONTHS
WHILE YOU SLEPT AWAY,
LAYING HIDDEN IN THIS
DAMNED HAMMER!!!

WHY
WILL YOU
NOT MOVE
ON?!



WHY
WOUL'D YOU
LET ME LOSE
YOU...?



I CAN'T...

I CANNOT
GO HOME,
my son.



I CANNOT
GO TO
VALHALLA...

"I TRIED."

"WHEN MY SPIRIT PASSED,
I WALKED TO THE GATES
OF VALHALLA...TO FIND MY
BROTHERS, MY FATHER..."

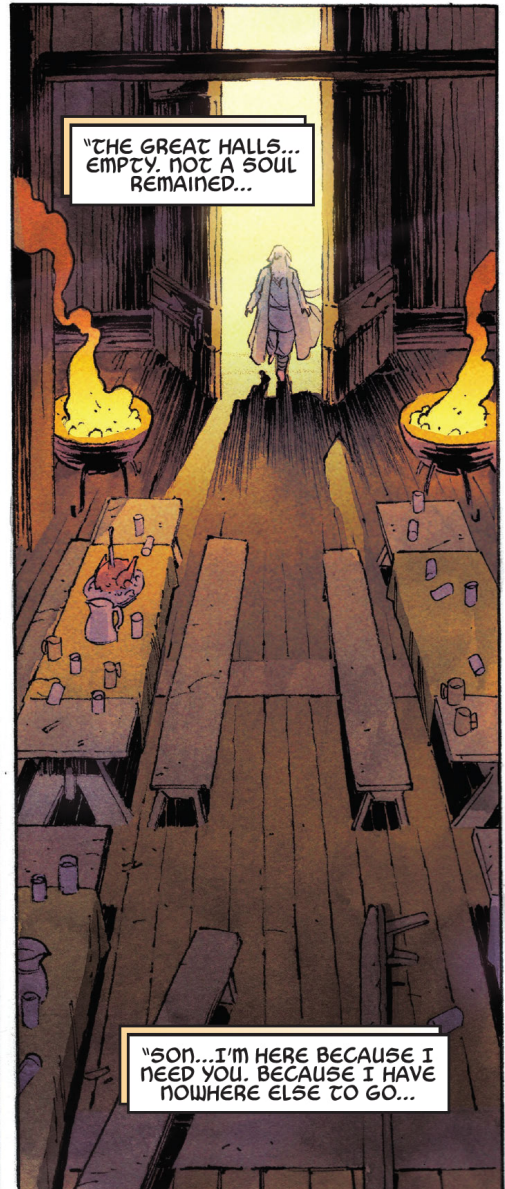


"THE GATES...
THEY WERE
OPEN, THOR."

"THEY WERE
BROKEN."



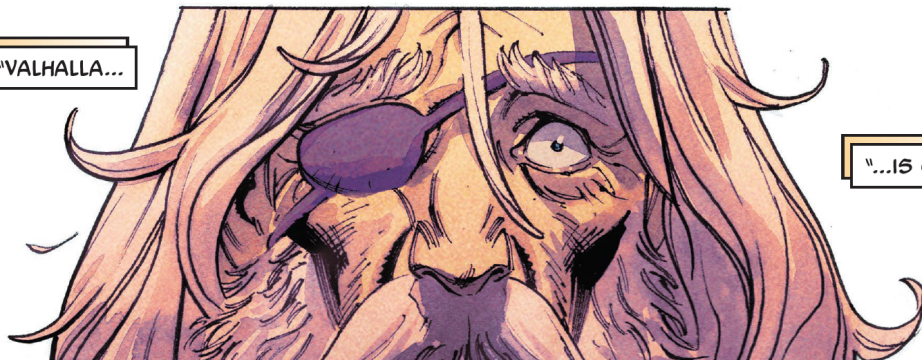
"THE GREAT HALLS...
EMPTY. NOT A SOUL
REMAINED..."



"SON...I'M HERE BECAUSE I
NEED YOU. BECAUSE I HAVE
NOWHERE ELSE TO GO..."

"VALHALLA..."

"...IS GONE."



**NEXT:
BANNER
OF WAR!**



#24 VARIANT BY
Stephanie Hans

IN HONOR OF 2022 BEING THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF
MARVEL'S FIRST THOR STORY IN **JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #83**
— WE'VE GOT TWO BONUS STORIES FOR YOU HERE: ONE BY A
TEAM FROM THIS TITLE'S LEGENDARY PAST AND ONE BY A TEAM
POSSIBLY FROM THIS TITLE'S EPIC FUTURE!

TOM DeFALCO & RON FRENZ REDEFINED WHAT IT MEANT TO
BE (AND WHO GOT TO BE!) THOR IN THEIR INCREDIBLE RUN,
WHICH RAN FROM #383-459, ALL OF WHICH ARE AVAILABLE ON
MARVEL UNLIMITED AND A MUST-READ FOR ANY TRUE THOR FAN!
TOM & RON REUNITE HERE FOR A STORY ABOUT
THE ONE AND ONLY ENCHANTRESS.

NADIA SHAMMAS & SIMONE D'ARMINI MAY BE NEW TO PAGES
OF THOR, BUT THEY'RE BOTH ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED COMIC
CREATORS, WITH NADIA HAVING WRITTEN THE ACCLAIMED
GRAPHIC NOVEL **SQUIRE** AND SIMONE HAVING ILLUSTRATED AN
AMAZING GRAPHIC NOVEL CALLED **SPIDER KING**. THEY TEAM UP
HERE FOR A MODERN RETELLING OF AN ACTUAL NORSE MYTH
ABOUT THOR AND LOKI!



#25 VARIANT BY
J. Scott Campbell & Sabine Rich



#25 VARIANT BY
Sanford Greene

I AM AMORA, ALTHOUGH
MOST KNOW ME ONLY AS
THE ENCHANTRESS.

FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES,
I JOUSTED WITH THE FORMER
LORD OF ASGARD, ODIN,
THE ALL-SEEING--

--FOREVER BALANCED
BETWEEN HIS LOFTY
ASPIRATIONS AND MY
OWN SECRET AGENDAS.

ONE SUCH SQUABBLE
STILL HAUNTS ME.

'T WAS SHORTLY AFTER
A MOST GRUESOME
WAR AND MY
GREATEST **LOSS.***

**"IF THIS
BE
MERCY!"**

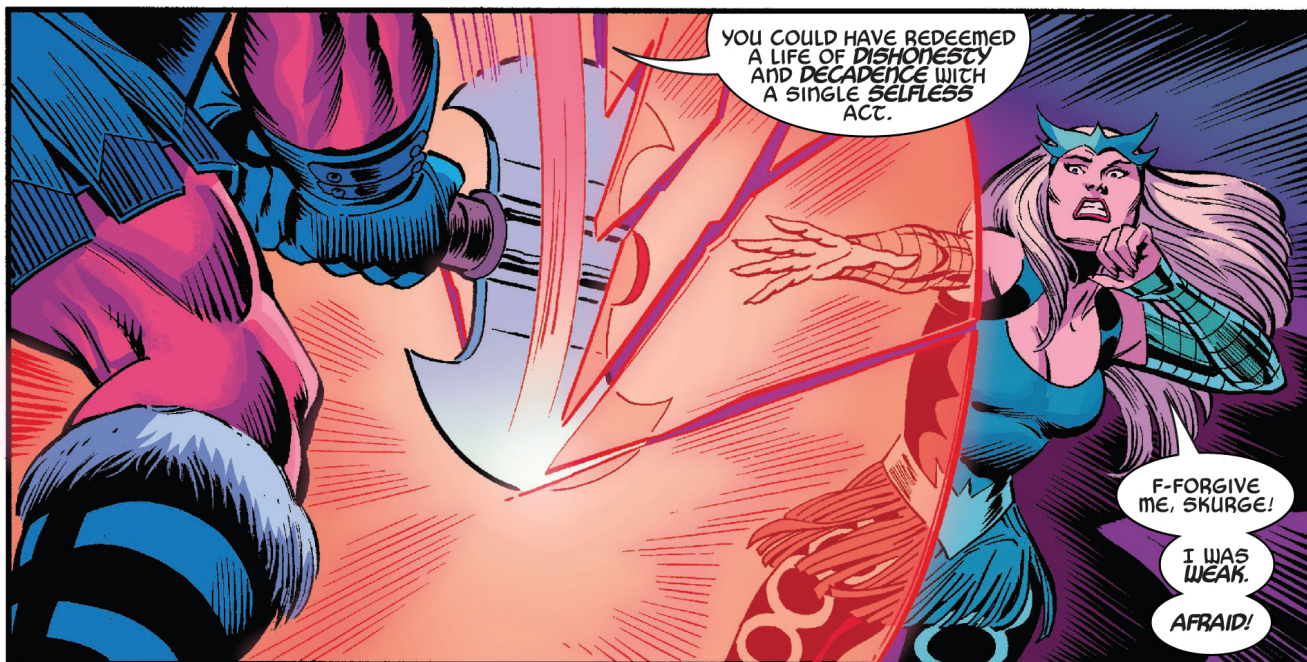
HAPPINESS
ETERNAL WAS
WITHIN YOUR GRASP,
AMORA.

YOU
REJECTED
IT.

SPURNED
ME!

TOM DEFALCO & RON FRENZ
SCRIPT, PLOT & PENCILS
BRETT BREEDING MATT WILSON
INKS COLORS
VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERS

*SEE THOR EPIC COLLECTION: WAR OF THE PANTHEONS! --WIL



YOU COULD HAVE REDEEMED
A LIFE OF DISHONESTY
AND DECADENCE WITH
A SINGLE SELFLESS
ACT.

F-FORGIVE
ME, SKURGE!

I WAS
WEAK.

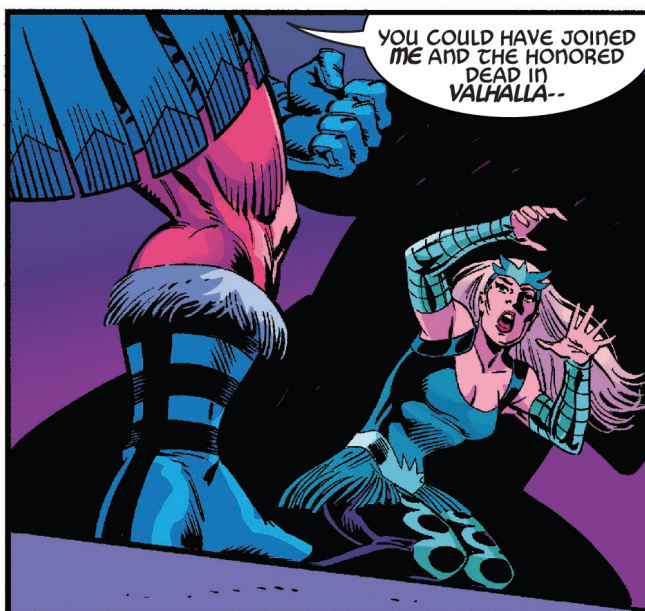
AFRAID!



PATHETIC EXCUSES WILL
NOT REVIVE YOUR
DEAR SISTER.

NOR CAN FEEBLE
SPELLS STOP
MY AVENGING
AXE.

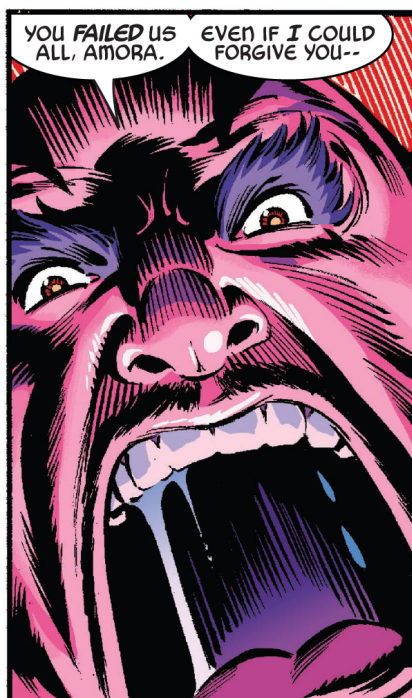
LORELEI
DIED BECAUSE
YOU FAILED HER.



YOU COULD HAVE JOINED
ME AND THE HONORED
DEAD IN
VALHALLA--



--BUT VANITY,
FEAR AND AVARICE
TRIUMPHED OVER LOVE.

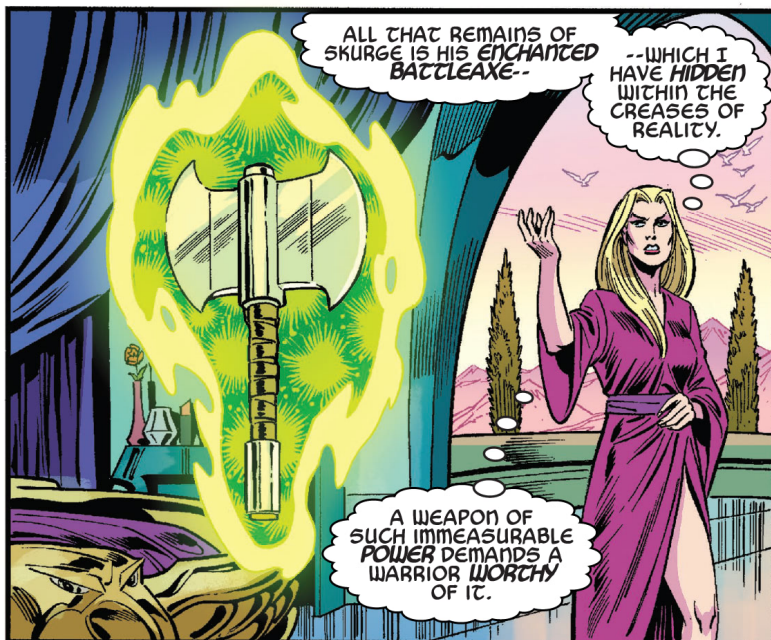


YOU FAILED US
ALL, AMORA.

EVEN IF I COULD
FORGIVE YOU--



--CAN YOU
EVER FORGIVE
YOURSELF?!!?



"ARMED WARRIORS BESIEGE
OUR VERY GATES."

SUCH
ARROGANCE AND
AUDACITY!

WHO
DARES THREATEN
AMORA, THE
ENCHANTRESS?!?

--AND TO
WHOM SHALL
I RETURN
YOUR MANGLED
CORPSES?

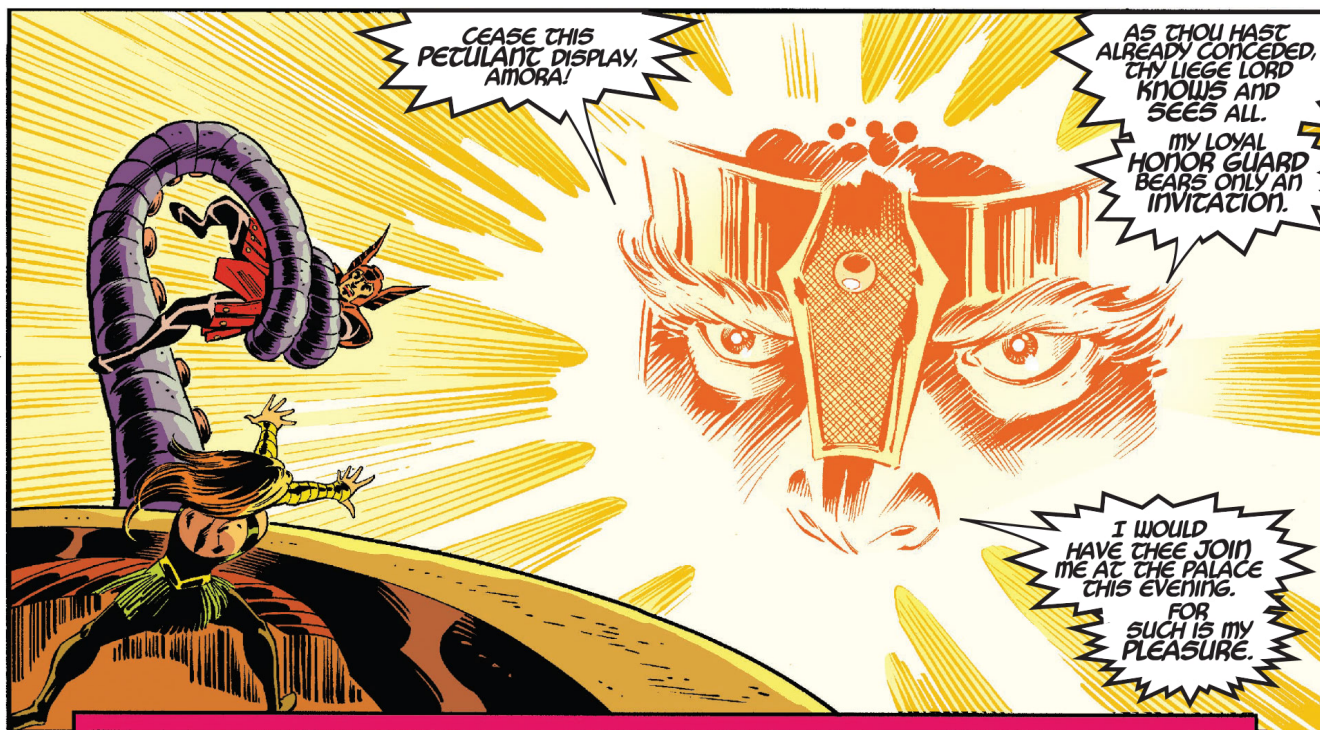
SPEAK! TELL ME
THE OBJECTIVE
OF THIS DOOMED
DELEGATION--

DOST THOU NOT RECOGNIZE
THE DISTINCTIVE ARMOR
OF THE CRIMSON
HAWKS?

WE COME AT THE
BEHEST OF HE
WHOM IT IS OUR
HONOR TO SERVE--
ODIN, THE ALL-
MIGHTY!

WHAT
MESSAGE DO
YOU CARRY FROM
THE ALL-
SEEING?

OF WHAT
CRIMES AM I
NOW ACCUSED?!?



CEASE THIS
PETULANT DISPLAY,
AMORA!

AS THOU HAST
ALREADY CONCEDED,
THY LIEGE LORD
KNOWS AND
SEES ALL.
MY LOYAL
HONOR GUARD
BEARS ONLY AN
INVITATION.

I WOULD
HAVE THEE JOIN
ME AT THE PALACE
THIS EVENING.
FOR
SUCH IS MY
PLEASURE.



AYE, MY
LORD.

I AM
HONORED TO
COME AT
YOUR--

--PLEASURE.



AM I
MAD?

DID ODIN JUST
EXPOSE A
WEAKNESS--
A SECRET
DESIRE?!!

HE IS A
MAN, AFTER
ALL--

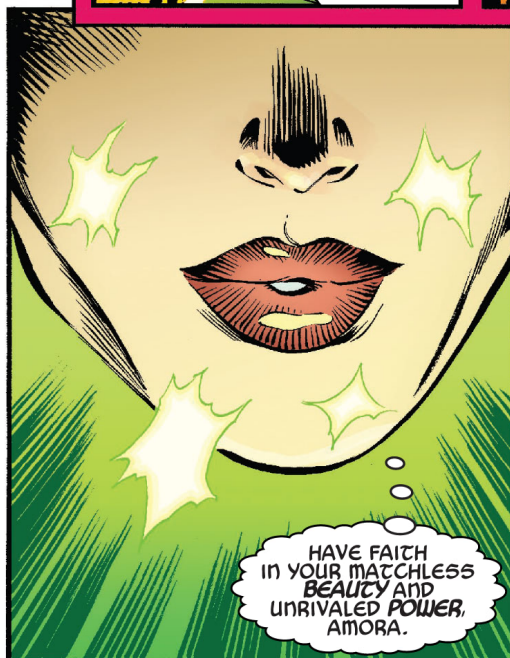
--AND NO MAN
CAN RESIST THE
ENCHANTRESS.



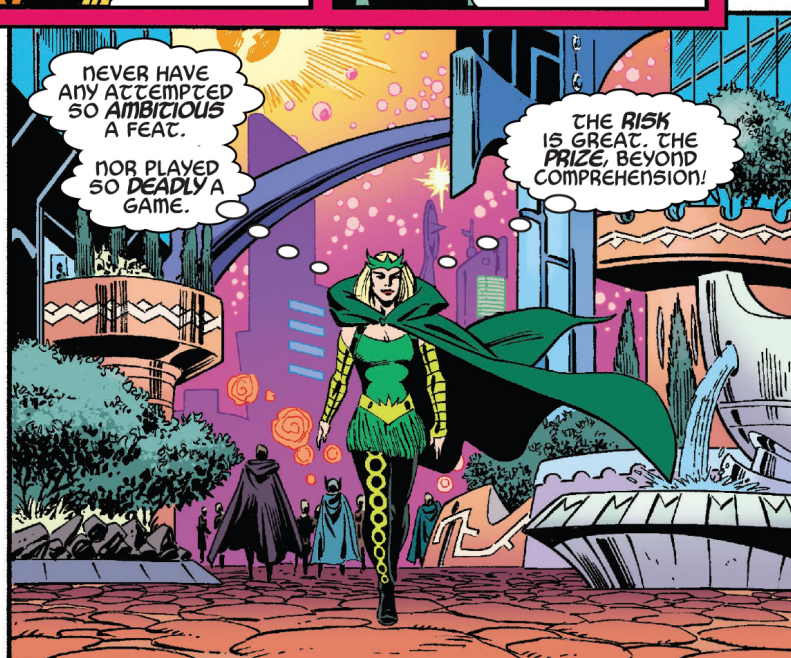
I SHALL CALL UPON
MY DARKEST
MAGICKS--

--ENHANCED
BY THE POWER
OF SKURGE'S
BATTLEAXE--

--TO CREATE
THE ULTIMATE
SEDUCTION SPELL.



HAVE FAITH
IN YOUR MATCHLESS
BEAUTY AND
UNRIVALED POWER,
AMORA.



NEVER HAVE
ANY ATTEMPTED
SO AMBITIOUS
A FEAT.

NOR PLAYED
SO DEADLY A
GAME.

THE RISK
IS GREAT. THE
PRIZE, BEYOND
COMPREHENSION!



"FOR I WOULD SEIZE
THE VERY THRONE
OF ASGARD!"

BEHOLD,
O MIGHTY
SOVEREIGN OF
SOVEREIGNS.

YOUR MOST
LOYAL SUBJECT
HEEDS THY
BIDDING.

WE ARE
THE RICHER FOR
THY PRESENCE,
MILADY.

MY SERVANTS
WILL TAKE THY
CLOAK AND REMOVE MY
ARMOR SO THAT WE
MAY BE AT EASE AND
UNDISTURBED.

THIS
SACRED CHAMBER
SHALL SOON BE
EMPTIED.

MY
WORDS ARE
FOR THEE
ALONE.

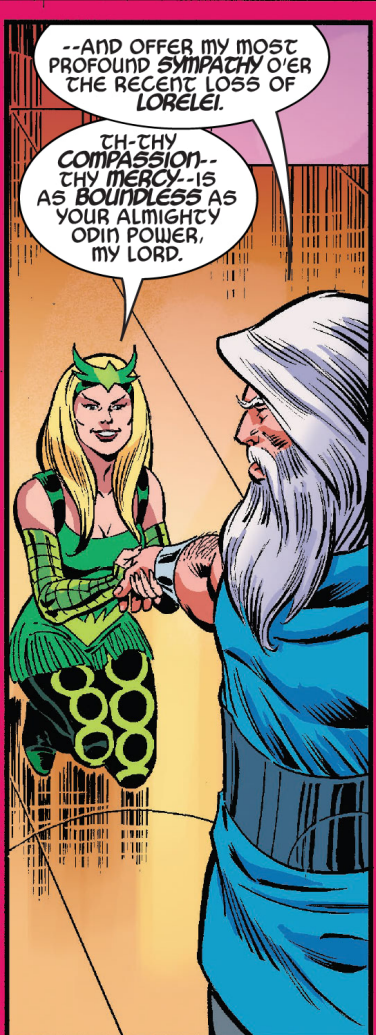


YOU HONOR
ME, LORD.

HOW MAY
I SERVE
YOU?

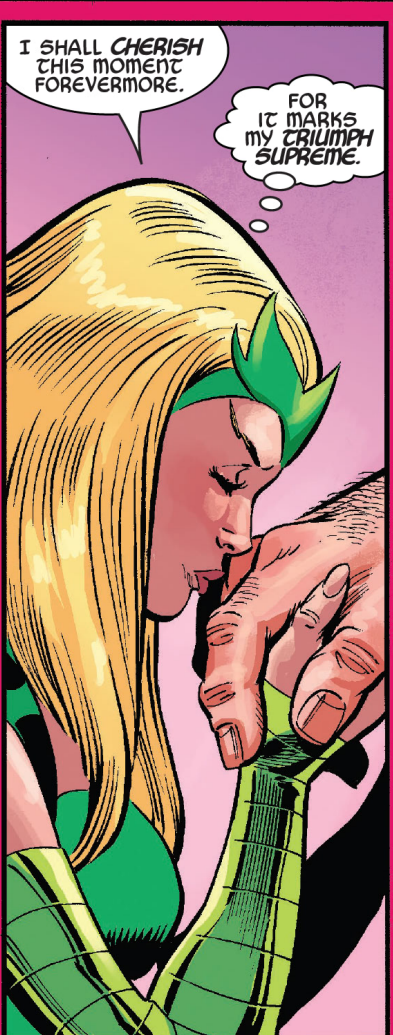
'TIS I
WHO LONGS
TO SERVE
THEE.

I WOULD EASE
THY TROUBLED
HEART--



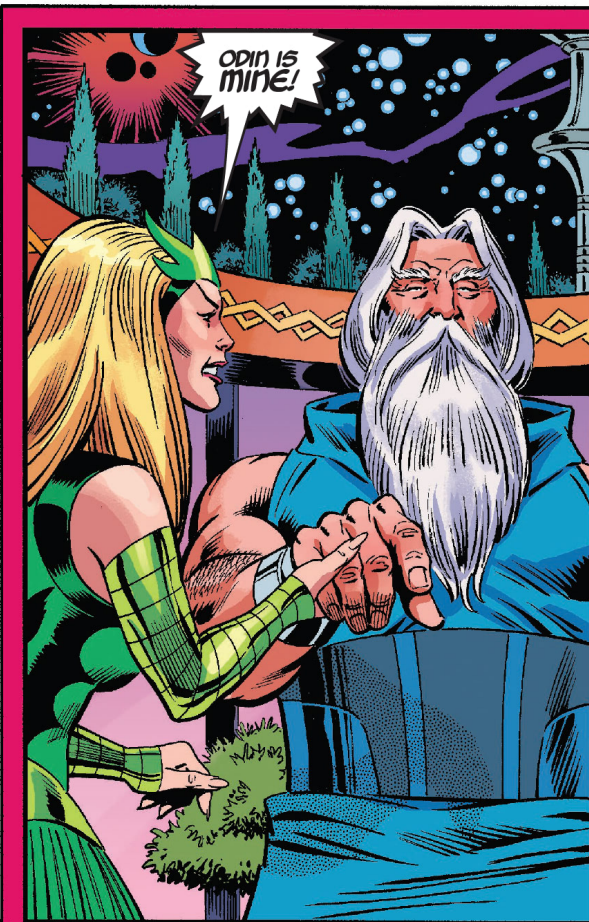
--AND OFFER MY MOST
PROFOUND SYMPATHY O'ER
THE RECENT LOSS OF
LORELEI.

TH-THY
COMPASSION--
THY MERCY--IS
AS BOUNDLESS AS
YOUR ALMIGHTY
ODIN POWER,
MY LORD.



I SHALL **CHERISH**
THIS MOMENT
FOREVERMORE.

FOR
IT MARKS
MY **TRIUMPH**
SUPREME.



ODIN IS MINE!



YOU CALL YOURSELF OMNISCIENT.

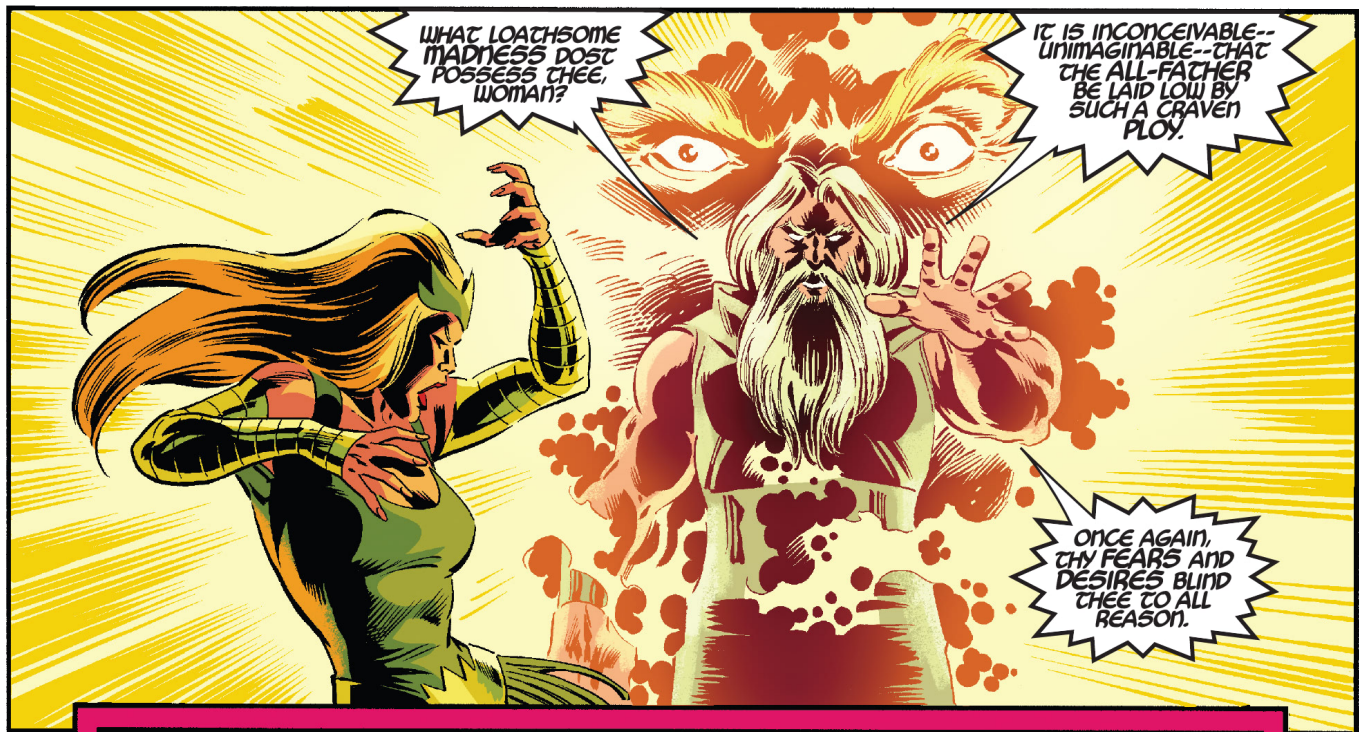
YOU ARE NAUGHT BUT A TRUSTING OLD FOOL.

YOUR HEART--
YOUR WILL--YOUR
POWER ARE NOW
MINE TO COMMAND.



NEVERMORE NEED AMORA
FEAR ANYONE OR ANYTHING
IN THE UNIVERSE.

"THE MOST POWERFUL
GODS OF ASGARD ARE
NOW SUBJECT TO
MY WHIM."



WHAT LOATHSOME
MADNESS DOST
POSSESS THEE,
WOMAN?

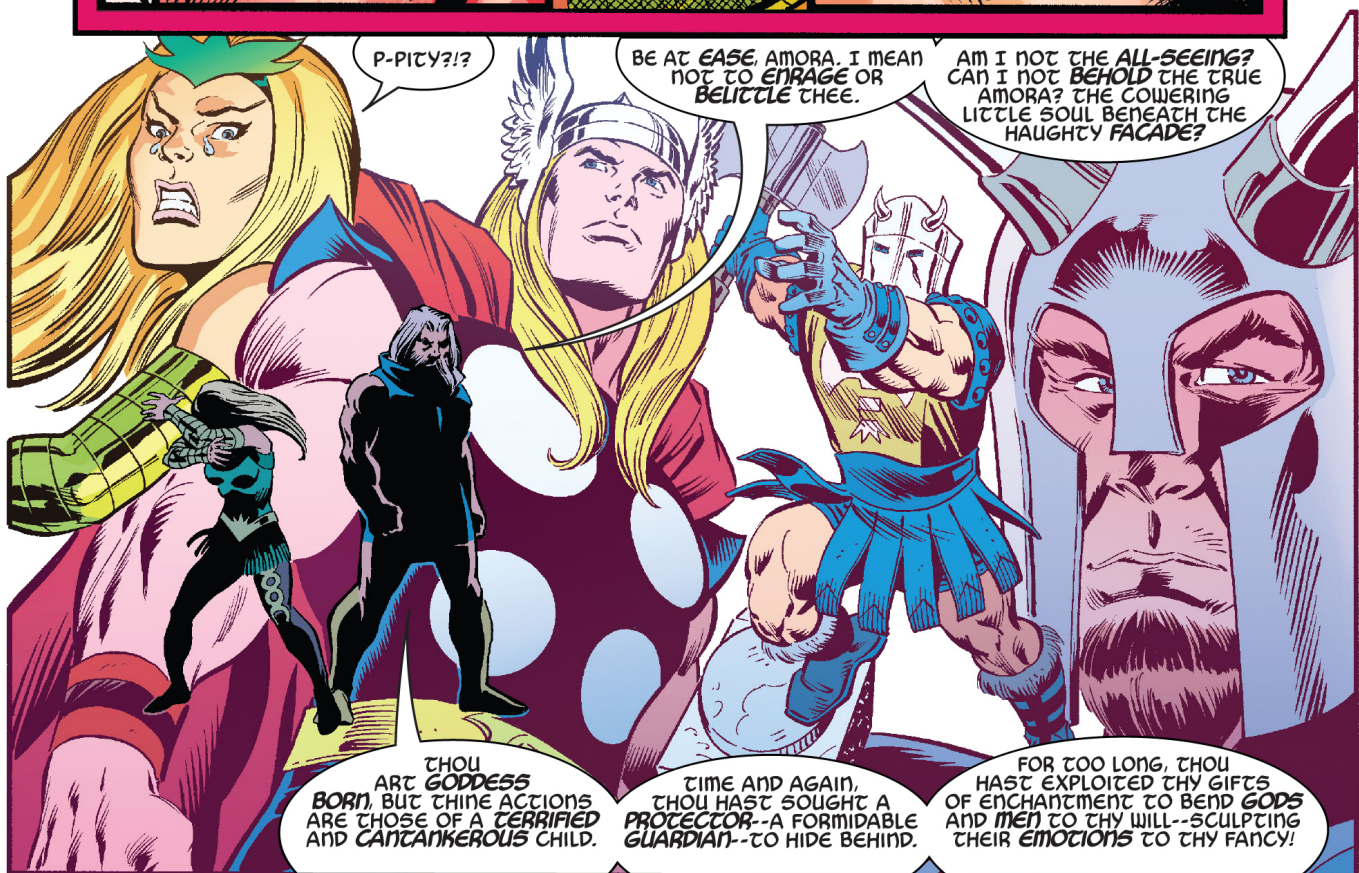
IT IS INCONCEIVABLE--
UNIMAGINABLE--THAT
THE ALL-FATHER
BE LAID LOW BY
SUCH A CRAVEN
PLOY.

ONCE AGAIN,
THY FEARS AND
DESIRES BLIND
THEE TO ALL
REASON.



THIS BASE BETRAYAL
FILLS ME WITH TOWERING
REVULSION--

--AND
IMMEASURABLE
PITY.



P-PITY?!?

BE AT EASE, AMORA. I MEAN
NOT TO ENRAGE OR
BELITTLE THEE.

AM I NOT THE ALL-SEEING?
CAN I NOT BEHOLD THE TRUE
AMORA? THE COWERING
LITTLE SOUL BENEATH THE
HAUGHTY FACADE?

THOU
ART GODDESS
BORN, BUT THINE ACTIONS
ARE THOSE OF A TERRIFIED
AND CANKEROUS CHILD.

TIME AND AGAIN,
THOU HAST SOUGHT A
PROTECTOR--A FORMIDABLE
GUARDIAN--TO HIDE BEHIND.

FOR TOO LONG, THOU
HAST EXPLOITED THY GIFTS
OF ENCHANTMENT TO BEND GODS
AND MEN TO THY WILL--SCULPTING
THEIR EMOTIONS TO THY FANCY!

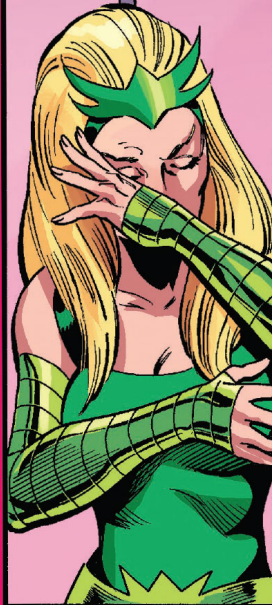
NO LONGER CANST
THOU BELIEVE THAT ANY
WOULD BESTOW THEIR
LOVE **FREELY! HAPPILY!**
ANXIOUSLY!

BUT
LORELEI AND
SKURGE PROVED
IT SO.



AND I...I
FAILED THEM
BOTH.

IS THERE NO
REPRIEVE FROM
MY OVERWHELMING
GUILT? NO **MERCY--**
NO **FORGIVENESS--**
FOR THE
ENCHANTRESS??



WE ARE ALL **HEARTSICK**,
AMORA. **ASGARD** LOST
TOO MANY OF OUR
BROTHERS, SISTERS
AND CHILDREN IN THE
RECENT **WAR**.



HAVE COMPASSION FOR
A FATHER WHO CANNOT
BEAR TO LOSE
ANOTHER.

BECOME THE
SHINING GODDESS
THAT COULD BE
THY DESTINY.



FORSAKE THE PETTY
JEALOUSIES AND
SELFISHNESS OF
THY PAST.

STRIDE UPON
THE PATH OF
RIGHTOUSNESS
A SINGLE STEP
AT A TIME.

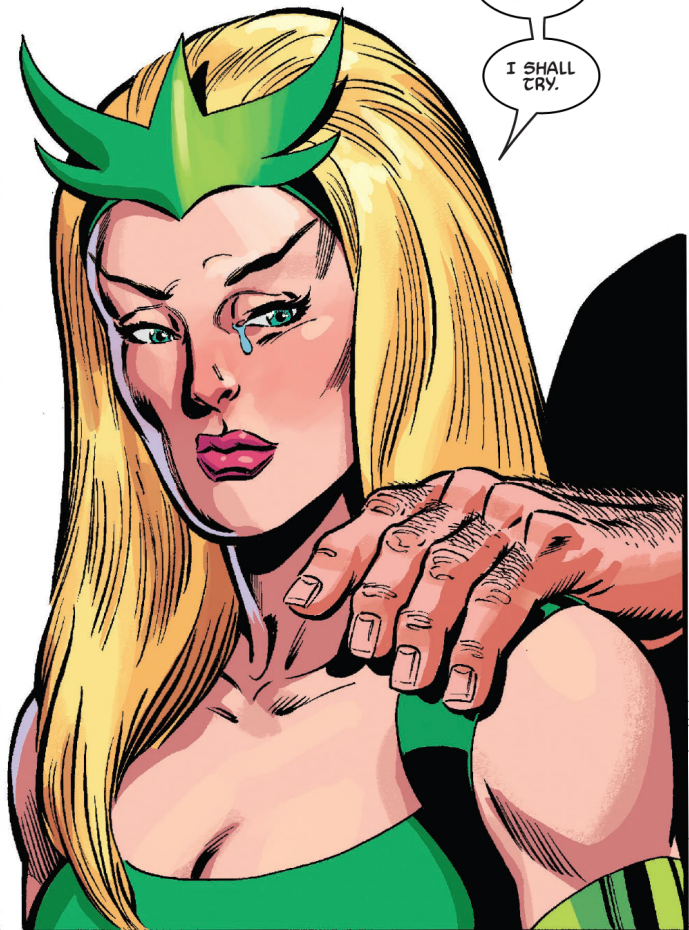
THOR BELIEVES
IN THEE.

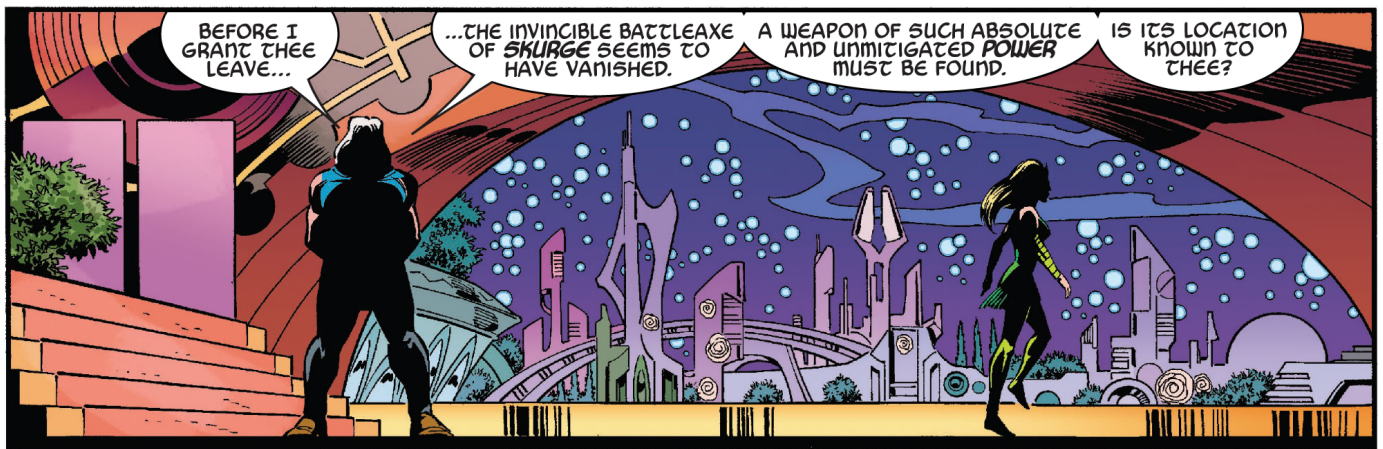
AS
DO I.



I SHALL
CRY, MY
LORD.

I SHALL
CRY.



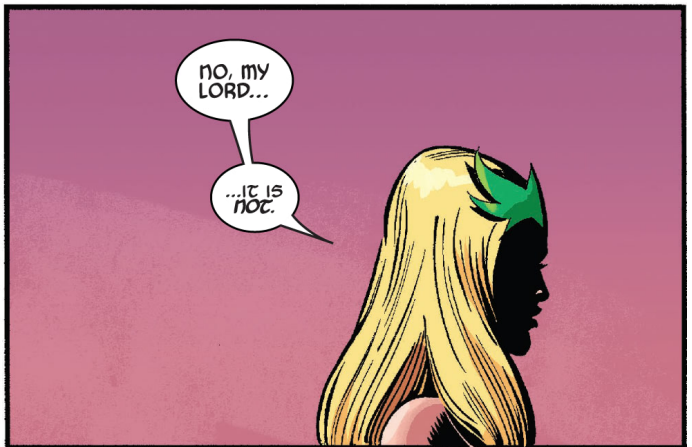
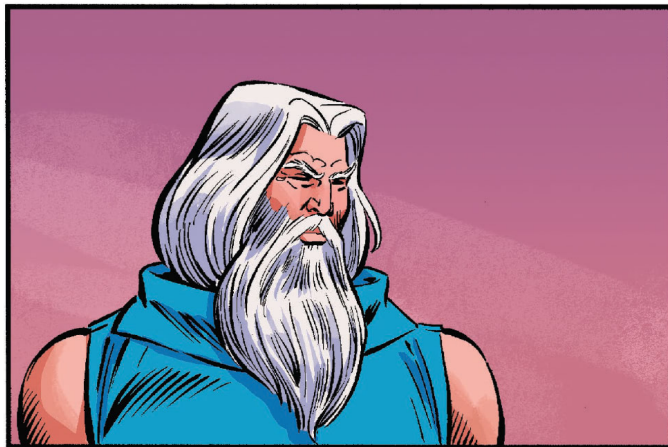


BEFORE I
GRANT THEE
LEAVE...

...THE INVINCIBLE BATTLEAXE
OF **SKURGE** SEEMS TO
HAVE VANISHED.

A WEAPON OF SUCH ABSOLUTE
AND UNMITIGATED **POWER**
MUST BE FOUND.

IS ITS LOCATION
KNOWN TO
THEE?

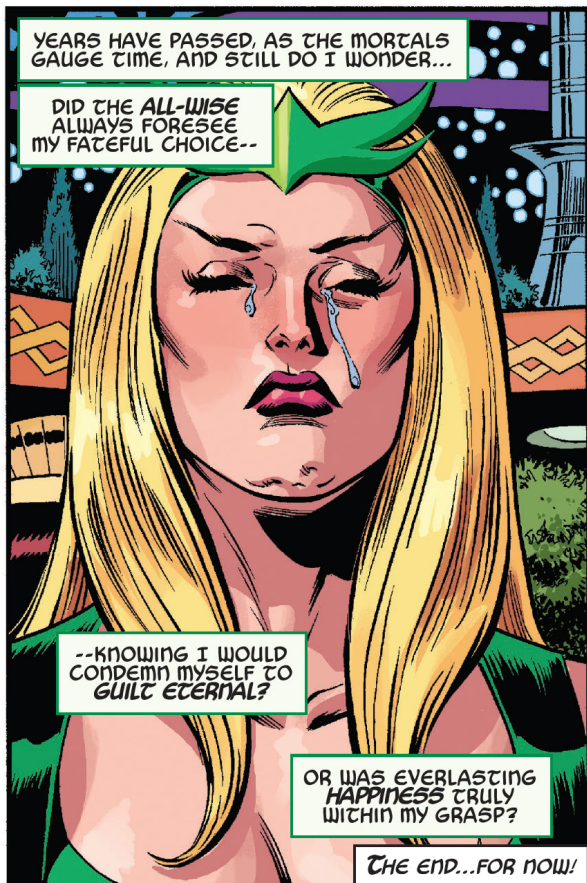


no, my
LORD...

...IT IS
not.



I...
...SEE.



YEARS HAVE PASSED, AS THE MORTALS
GAUGE TIME, AND STILL DO I WONDER...

DID THE **ALL-WISE**
ALWAYS FORESEE
MY FATEFUL CHOICE--

--KNOWING I WOULD
CONDEMN MYSELF TO
GUILT ETERNAL?

OR WAS EVERLASTING
HAPPINESS TRULY
WITHIN MY GRASP?

THE END...FOR NOW!

"THOR'S WEDDING"

(ADAPTED FROM THE NORSE MYTH)

NADIA SHAMMAS
WRITER
PETE PANTAZIS
COLOR ARTIST

SIMONE D'ARMINI
ARTIST
VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER

LOKI!

BROTHER.

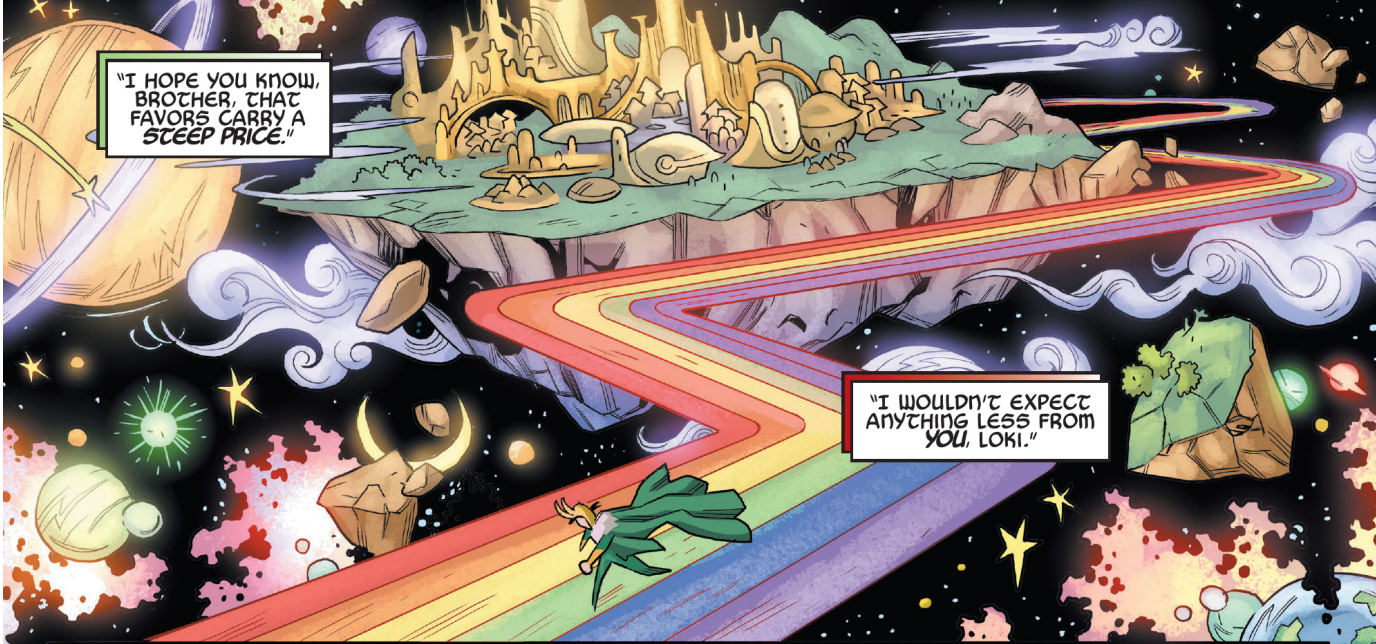
WHATEVER
YOU'RE HERE
FOR, I DIDN'T
DO IT.

DRINK?

FOR ONCE...
I AM NOT HERE
BECAUSE OF YOUR
MACHINATIONS.

I NEED...
A FAVOR.

A FAVOR,
IS IT?



"I HOPE YOU KNOW, BROTHER, THAT FAVORS CARRY A STEEP PRICE."

"I WOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LESS FROM YOU, LOKI."



"SO WHAT DESPERATE MADNESS BRINGS YOU BEGGING AT MY FEET?"

"IT'S...**MJOLNIR**. IT'S IN JOTUNHEIM, IN THE CLUTCHES OF ONE OF THE GIANT KINGS."

"CONSIDERING OUR HISTORY, I FEAR IT WOULD NOT BE *WISE* FOR ME TO GO ACCUSING A GIANT OF STEALING MY HAMMER."



"BUT SILVER-TONGUED AS YOU ARE...PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK."

"OH HO HO...YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY **BIG** AFTER THIS."



HAIL, KING **THRYM!** THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF THE GIANT KINGS."



IT GLADDENS ME TO SEE YOUR TIME WITH THE AESIR DIDN'T HAVE YOU FORGET YOUR MANNERS.

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY REALM?

GRACIOUS KING, I HAVE TRAVELED ACROSS THE WORLDS FOR THE SAKE OF MY BROTHER, THOR.

HIS GREATEST POSSESSION, MJOLNIR, IS MISSING.

AND NOW I COME HERE IN MY QUEST, HUMBL Y ASKING--

YES. I STOLE IT.*

*NOTE: IN THE ORIGINAL NORSE MYTHS, THERE WASN'T AN ENCHANTMENT ON MJOLNIR THAT ONLY ALLOWED THOR TO LIFT IT. --KAITLYN



I STOLE MJOLNIR AND BURIED IT EIGHT MILES DEEP IN THE FROZEN SOIL. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT, UNLESS I WANT THEM TO.

...I SEE. WHAT ARE YOUR DEMANDS?



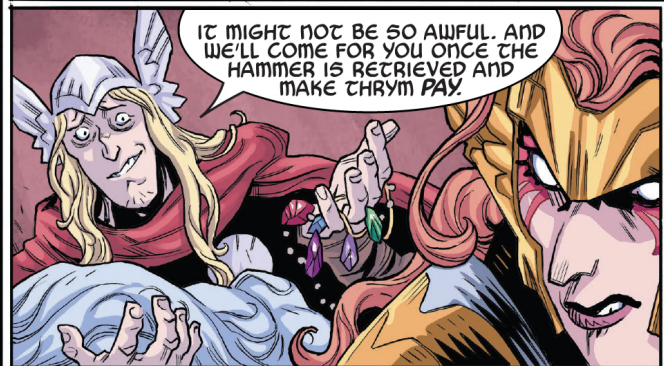
I DESIRE A WIFE.

I DESIRE YOUR SISTER, ANGELA.

I WILL EXPECT HER TO ARRIVE WITHIN THE WEEK.

OTHERWISE... MJOLNIR STAYS BURIED, LOST UNDER THE NEVER-ENDING SNOW OF JOTUNHEIM.









MY
LADY, I HAVE
PREPARED THE
MOST MAGNIFICENT
FEAST FOR
YOU.

WE HAVE
SLAUGHTERED
GOATS AND SHEEP.
WE HAVE AS MANY
BARRELS OF MEAD AS
THERE ARE STARS
IN THE SKY. WE
HAVE--

NO, MY KING.
TRULY I CANNOT WAIT
A MOMENT LONGER TO BE
MARRIED--WE SHOULD
GO TO THE CEREMONY
RIGHT NOW.



MY LADY,
SURELY IT WOULD
BE *DISRESPECTFUL*
TO YOUR NEW HUSBAND
TO DENY SUCH
A MARVELOUS
FEAST.

WE SIMPLY
MUST EAT,
NO?



VERY
WELL.

EXCELLENT!



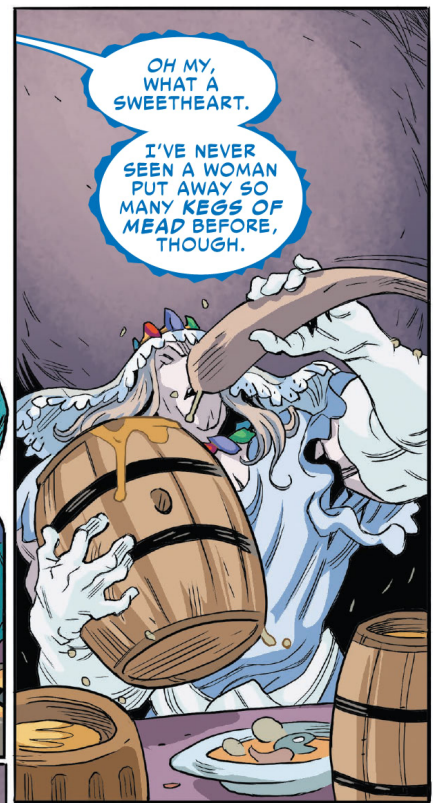
TO
ANGELA AND
OUR UNION!

TO
ANGELA AND
THRYM!



WHAT AN APPETITE YOU HAVE, MY DEAR.

SHE WAS SO EXCITED FOR HER WEDDING DAY, SHE DIDN'T EAT FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK!



OH MY, WHAT A SWEETHEART.

I'VE NEVER SEEN A WOMAN PUT AWAY SO MANY KEGS OF MEAD BEFORE, THOUGH.



OH, MY, LADY IS JUST NERVOUS.

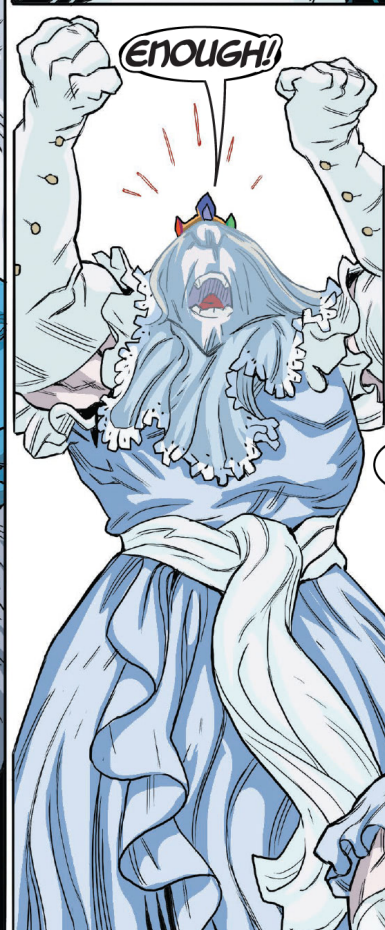
AS VORACIOUS AS HER DESIRE IS FOR YOU...SHE'S NEVER FELT THE TOUCH OF A MAN SUCH AS YOURSELF.



DON'T WORRY, MY DELICATE BLOSSOM. I'LL BE GENTLE.

HAHAHAHA!

PAT PAT



ENOUGH!!



AHEM...

HUSBAND, I SO DESIRE TO BE WITH YOU AND REIGN AS YOUR QUEEN.

WOULD YOU PLEASE GET MJOLNIR SO THAT I MAY FINISH MY OBLIGATION TO MY BROTHER AND BEGIN MY LIFE WITH YOU?



OH, WHO AM I TO DENY YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY?

GYMIR, BRING THE HAMMER.

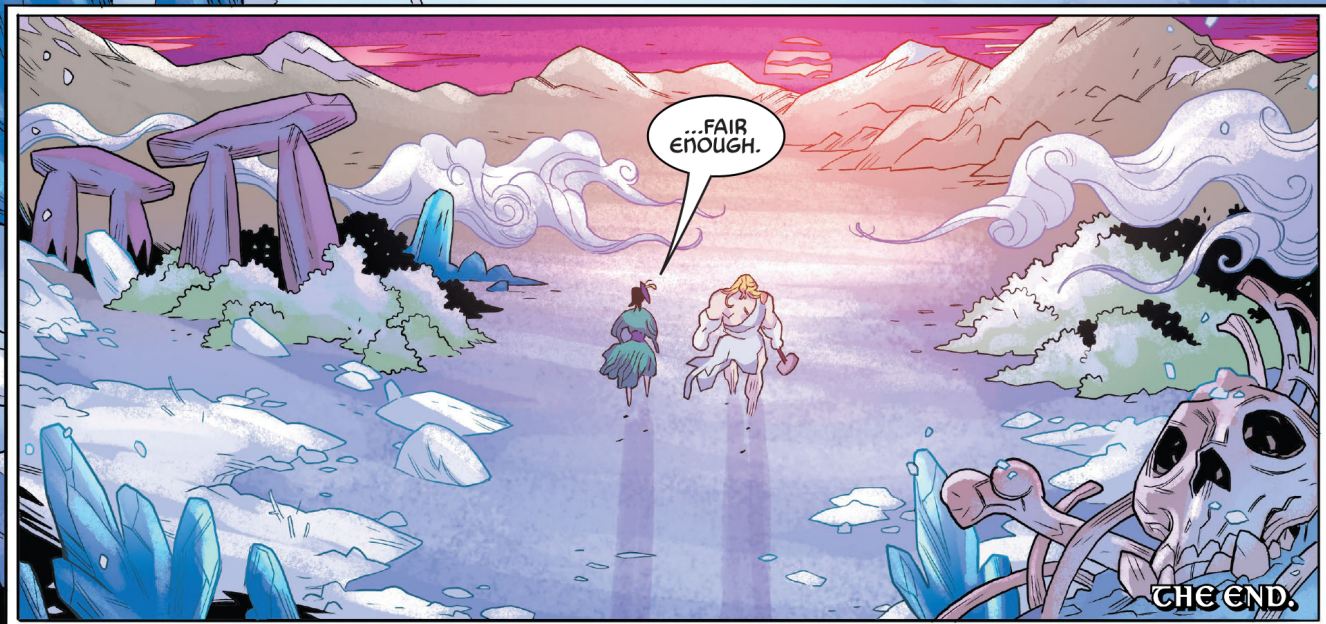
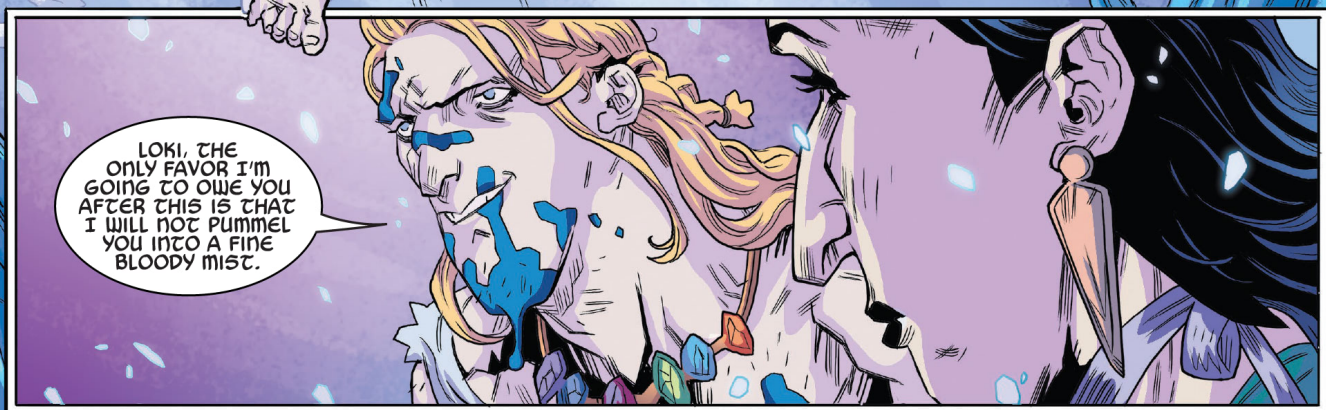
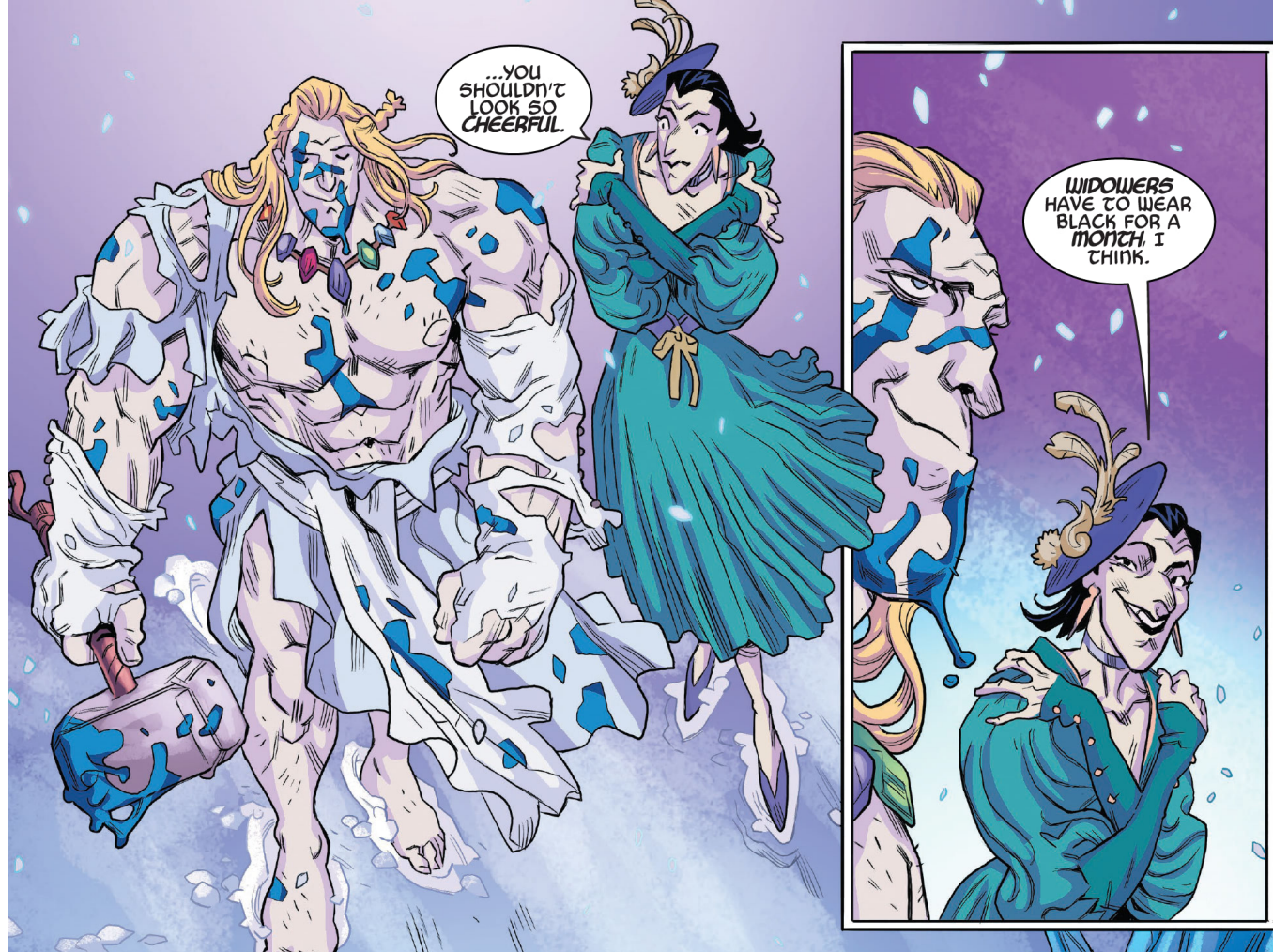
SKYBELCHNNNN

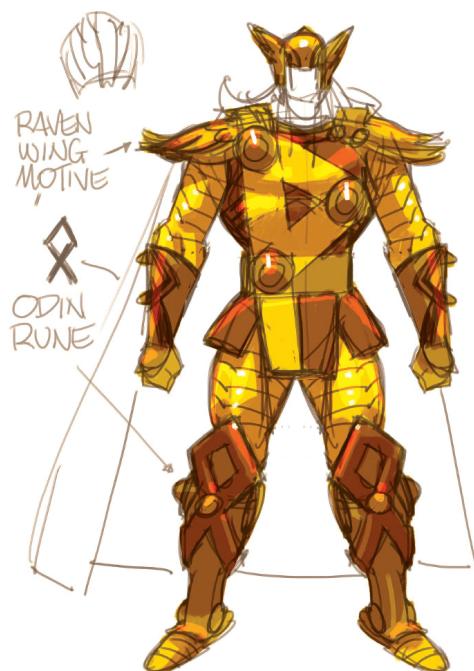
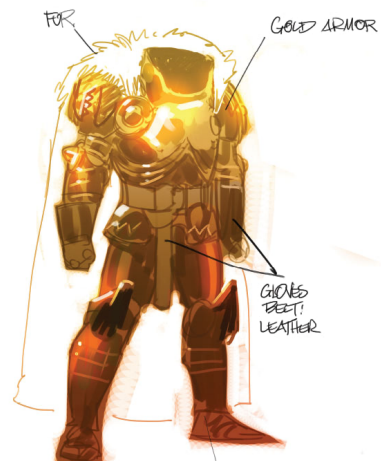
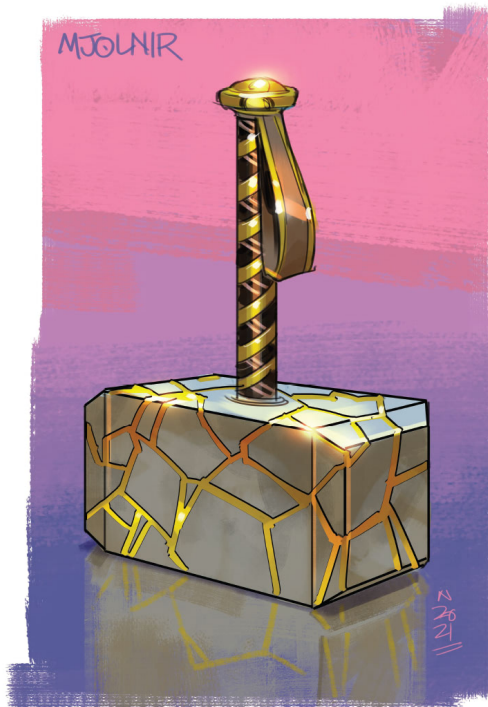
HELLO, OLD FRIEND...

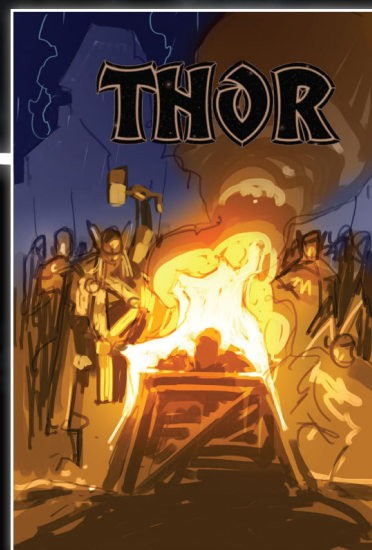
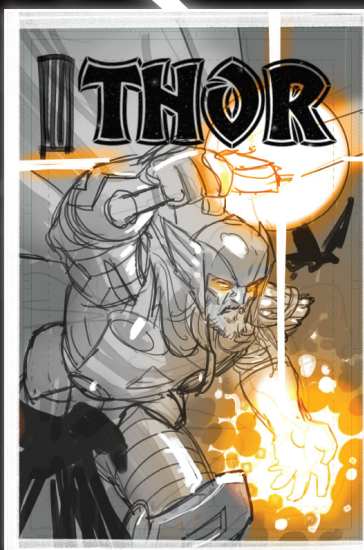
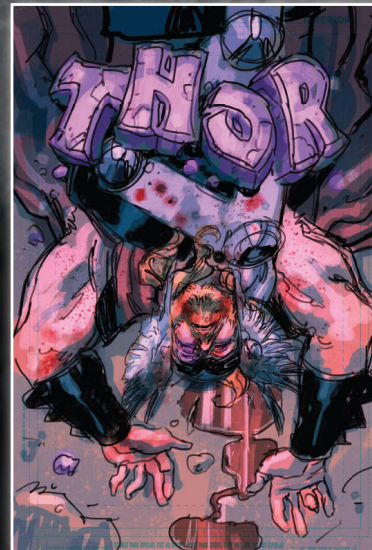
KRA-KA-THOOM

AHHHH!

"YOU KNOW..."







#19-24 COVER SKETCHES BY
Nic Klein



"ODIN DIED AT THE END OF #22, BUT THAT WASN'T GOING TO BE ON SALE YET BY THE TIME #24 WAS SOLICITED. SO AS TO NOT SPOIL ODIN'S DEATH ON THE #24 COVER, NIC KLEIN DID A 'RED HERRING' VERSION OF THE COVER FOR THE SOLICIT THAT SHOWED ODIN AMONG THE MOURNERS. THEN WE RAN THE ACTUAL COVER, WITH BETA RAY BILL IN ODIN'S PLACE, FOR THE PUBLISHED COMIC." - WIL MOSS

"This creative team sets everything up for the God of Hammers to take the spotlight." —Monkeys Fighting Robots

MJOLNIR HAS GONE MISSING!

NOBODY, NOT EVEN THE ALL-SEEING LADY SIF, IS ABLE TO LOCATE THE POWERFUL URU HAMMER Thor has wielded in battle for centuries. So Thor must turn to the last person he wants help from: Odin. For until Mjolnir is found, nobody is safe! Because it turns out that the hammer is on a rampage across the Ten Realms, leaving only death and destruction in its wake! The fatal prophecy of the God of Hammers is about to be unleashed, and Thor must act fast to save his kingdom! Is it all over for the All-Father? Not if an army of the Marvel Universe's greatest heroes can help it! Everything changes as Donny Cates and Nic Klein continue their action-packed Asgardian saga! Plus: Legendary creators return to celebrate Thor's mighty legacy!



COLLECTING **THOR (2020) #19-24** AND **MATERIAL FROM #25 (B, C STORIES)** — BY DONNY CATES, WALTER SIMONSON, TOM DeFALCO, DAN JURGENS, J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI, AL EWING, JASON AARON, NADIA SHAMMAS, NIC KLEIN, RON FRENZ, OLIVIER COIPEL, LEE GARBETT, DAS PASTORAS, RON FRENZ, SIMONE D'ARMINI, KLAUS JANSON, BRETT BREEDING, MATT WILSON, LAURA MARTIN, MATT MILLA, ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ, ANTONIO FABELA AND PETE PANTAZIS.

T+

MARVEL

